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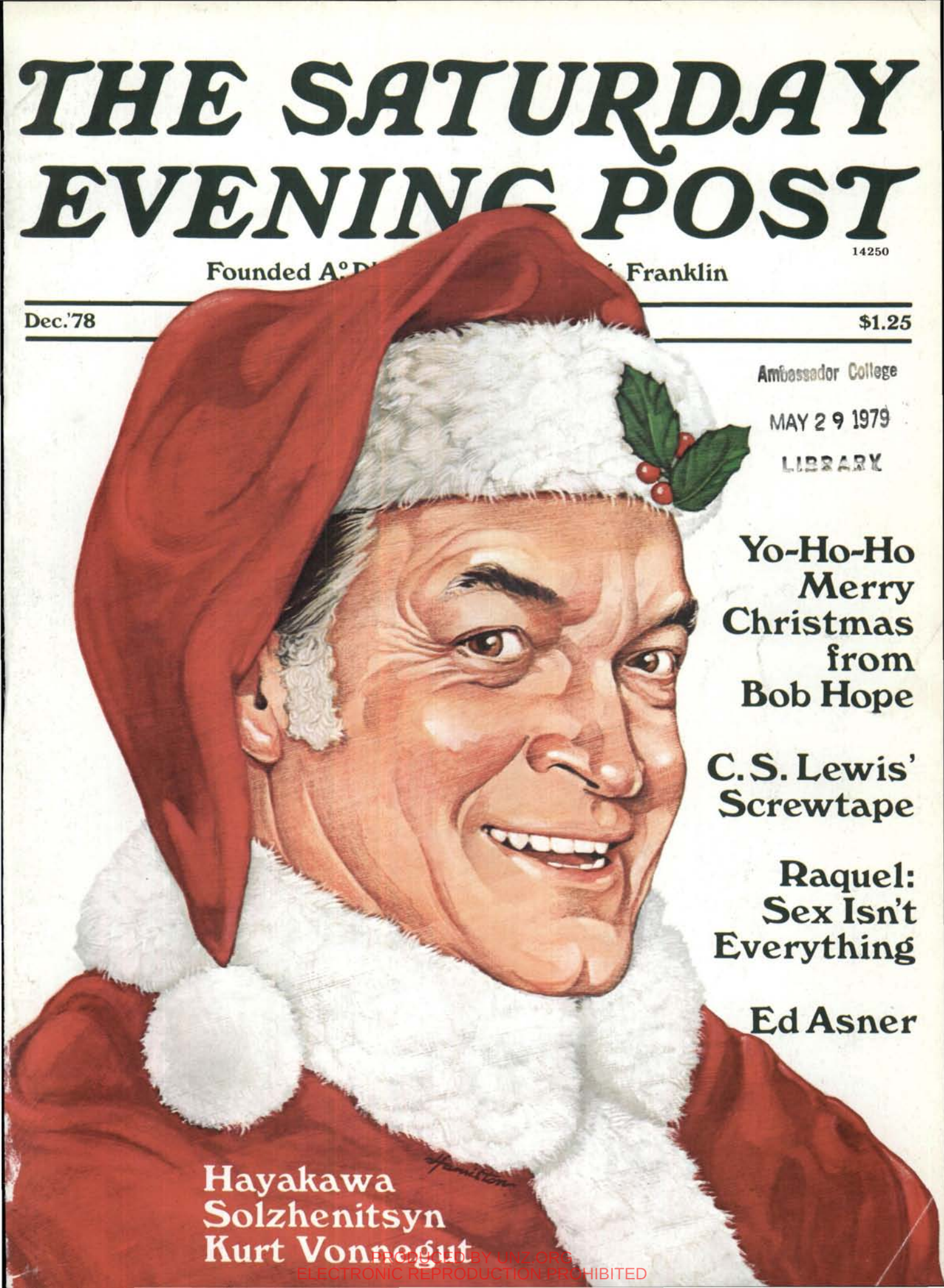

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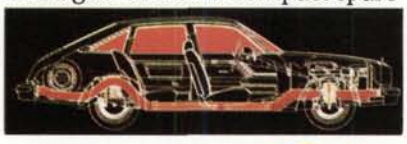

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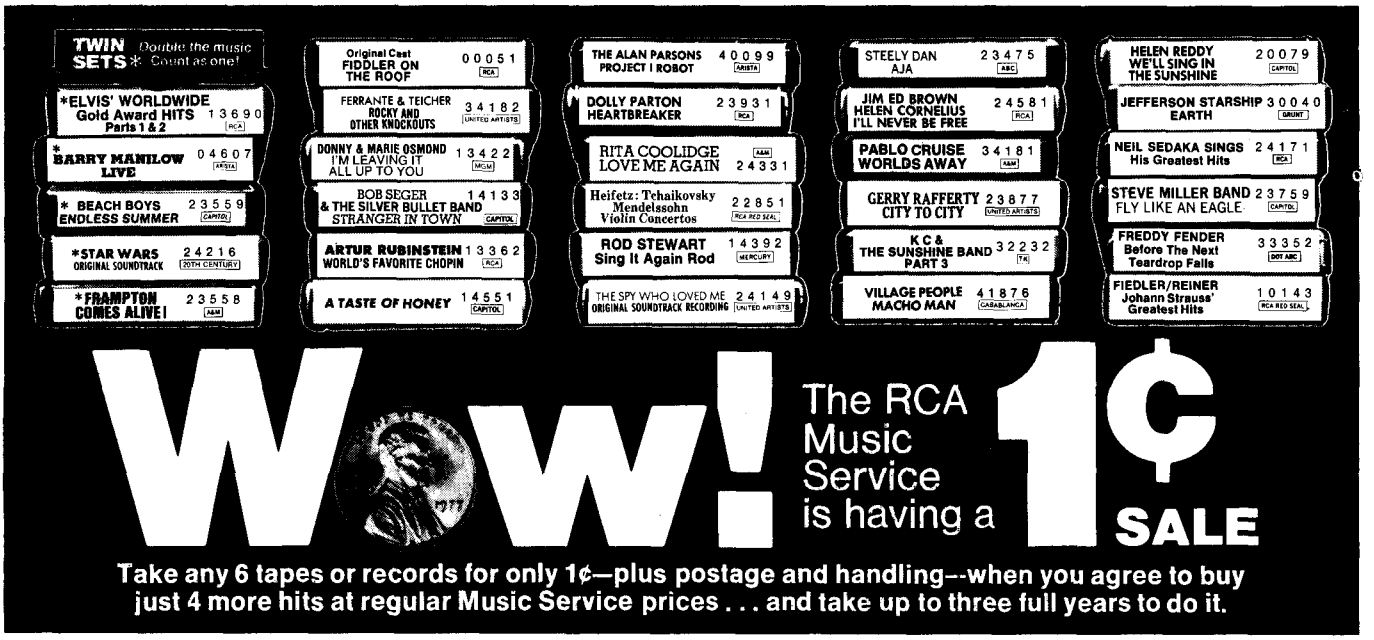
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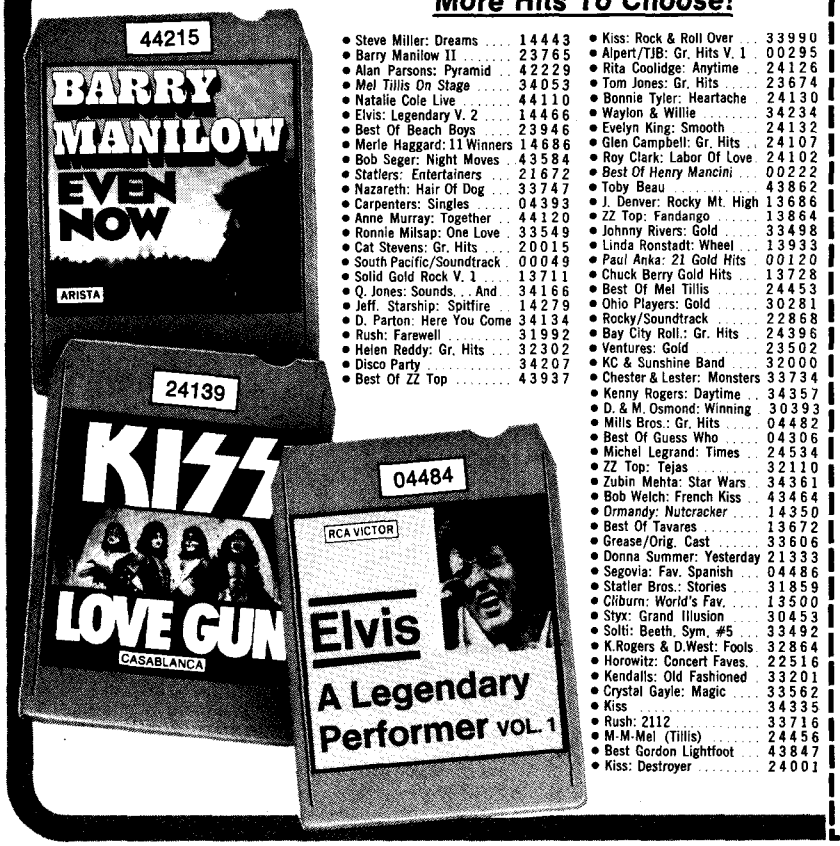

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Letters to the Editor

Habsburg Authority

Thanks for presenting the other side of the Rhodesian conflict. . . .

I consider Dr. Habsburg the best informed writer on the situation in Africa. He is a brilliant person from a wonderful family of hard-working, capable achievers. I hope you have more articles by him as his is one voice I can listen to with the confidence that he knows whereof he speaks.

Dorothy R. Ingling
Red Bank, New Jersey

Rhodesia

I wish to commend you for your article in your May/June issue, "The Rhodesians United." Yes, the responsible Rhodesians, both black and white, truly are united against those who wish to bring Communist tyranny to this fine land. Your article is an excellent reflection of the true situation here and I thank you for going to the trouble and expense to discover the truth about Rhodesia. You also deserve recognition for having the courage to express that truth in the face of the general stance of the U.S. government toward Rhodesia.

I am an American who has married a Rhodesian and have hopes of becoming a Rhodesian citizen if the government so permits. These people have my deepest admiration and deserve more of a fair shake than Western governments are giving them.

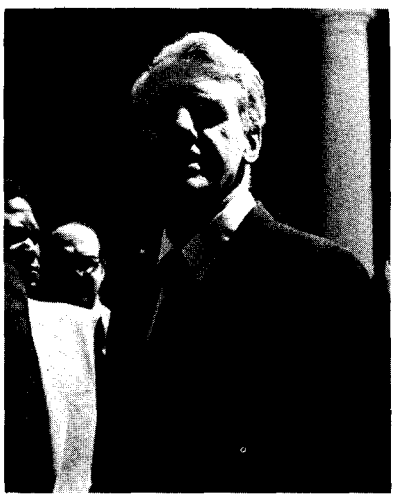
Your article is a service not only to Rhodesia but to all the Free World. For this part of the globe to fall to Communism is unthinkable. The security of America herself would be grossly endangered.

M. B. Wakefield
Bulawayo, Rhodesia

. . .Why you're the only publication in our country with its supposedly free press that *dares* print a true story about Rhodesia is a mystery I'd like to see solved. Now the question is: what to do to have it widely commented on?

Black leaders, Sithole, Chirau and Muzorewa, are all working toward a peaceable black and white government, joining in a single effort. But so-called "Patriotic Front" or "Freedom Fighters" (names invented for them by the Communists and slavishly used by our press and television) are definitely financed by the Communists. Why not call them frankly the jackals or hyenas? None belong to a native Rhodesian tribe. What a blood bath is in prospect.

The Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, Co-Prime Minister of Rhodesia and supporter, with Ian Smith, of the interim government. He is no puppet; his tribes once plotted to assassinate Smith. Ironically, Sithole's enemies, the Marxist terrorists, are aided by the U.K., U.S., U.S.S.R., and the World Council of Churches.



Prime Minister Ian Smith. Generations of his ancestors lie buried in Rhodesia. He's ready to retire from politics and go back to farming when the pending settlement is put into effect. He feels it will serve blacks as well as his own grandchildren.

The contrast between the black groups is amazing and *it is incredible that our government favors the terrorists who rely on murder to intimidate the millions of responsible blacks in the country.*

Gardiner Hawkins
Beaufort, South Carolina

. . .It's "past due" time for the press to begin to give some recognition to the efforts of the two fine southern African countries which are making a gallant effort to "stall off" the Communists.

But I'm afraid of the efforts being made by our vociferous representative in U.N. who, by the elevation to that office, is doing a great deal to help the Communists get a foothold, and as I see it, very little can be done to curb him.

Best wishes to you for taking a stand which I believe is popular in the U.S.

F.D. Hurd, M.D.
Great Falls, Montana

. . .It is good to know that someone has the intelligence and the courage to consider Rhodesia in the light of reality and of the best interests of the United States instead of the maudlin sentimentality with which our ears and eyes are assailed today.

E.C. Payne
Chatham, New Jersey

Congratulations, *SatEvePost*, for your scoop on Rhodesia, especially as it came in Prime Minister Ian Smith's own words.

SatEvePost readers, black and white, interested in reading more of Rhodesia's side of the story should write The Rhodesian Information Office, 2852 McGill Terrace NW, Washington, D.C. 20008. Some of my correspondents from Rhodesia were surprised that it was still operating, as they had heard that President Carter or his henchmen were about to close it up. But thanks to the intervention of some vigilant and influential senators it is still able and ready to supply its down-to-earth literature on request.

Colonel Roland Birnns
Brooksville, Florida

Editor's Note: *Our mail was overwhelmingly in favor of black leaders Sithole, Muzorewa, and Chirau who are supporters of Smith.*

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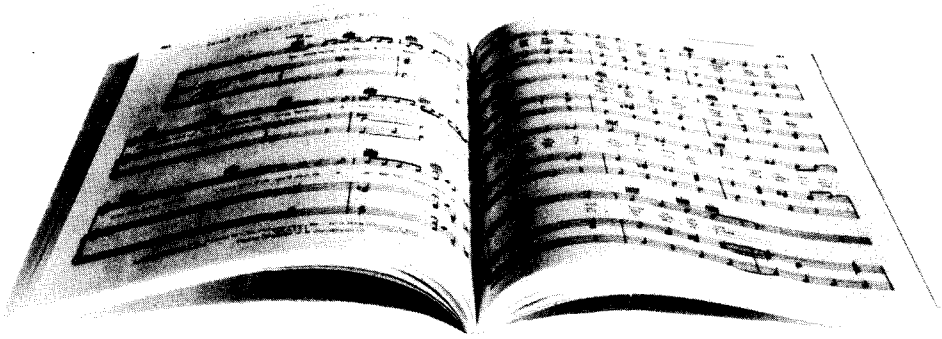
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Francis P. Church

Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa

Her whole name was Mrs. Laura Virginia O'Hanlon Douglas. She earned a master's degree from Columbia University and a doctorate from Fordham, and she had a long and distinguished career as a teacher and administrator in the New York City school system, but to millions of people she will always be the little girl who wrote a letter asking about Santa Claus.

"I was only a child, and my parents did everything for me that any parents could do," Mrs. Douglas told an audience of college students some 40 years later. "Quite naturally I believed in Santa Claus, for he had never disappointed me. But like you, I turned to those of my own generation, and so when less fortunate little boys and girls said there wasn't any Santa Claus, I was filled with doubts. I asked my father, and he was a little evasive on the subject.

"It was a habit in our family that whenever any doubts came up as to how to pronounce a word, or some question of historical fact was in doubt, we wrote to the 'Question and Answer' column in *The New York Sun*. Father would always say, 'If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so,' and that settled the matter.

" 'Well, I'm just going to write to the *Sun* and find out the real truth,' I said to father."

The editorial was written by Francis Pharcellus Church, a Civil War correspondent for the New York *Times* before he joined the *Sun* as a writer specializing in theological and controversial subjects.

Mr. Church died in 1906.

The New York Sun died in 1950.

Mrs. Douglas died May 13, 1971, at the age of 81.

But little Virginia, her letter, and the answer she received will live forever in America's heart.

Dear Editor: I am 8 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.
Papa says "If you see it in the Sun *it's so."*
Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?
—Virginia O'Hanlon

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

From *The New York Sun*, September 21, 1897

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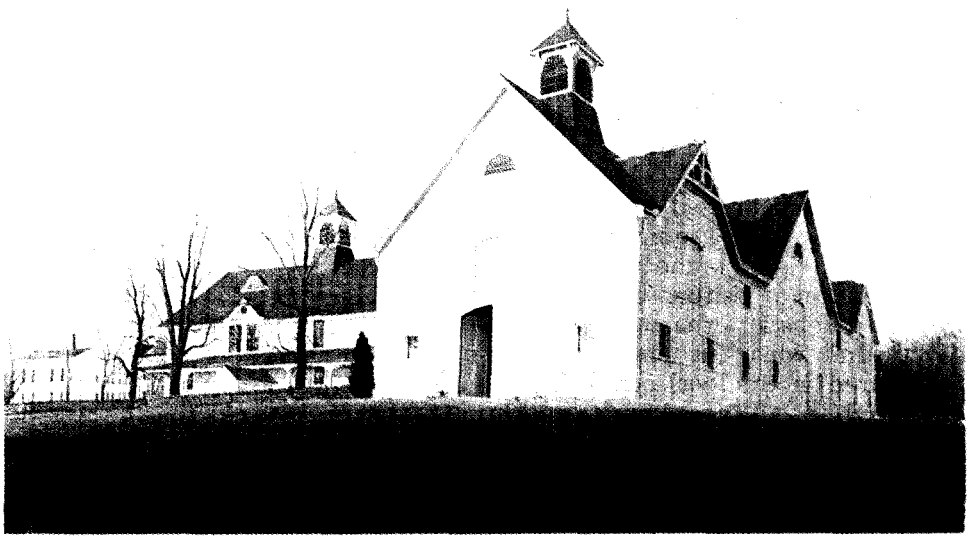

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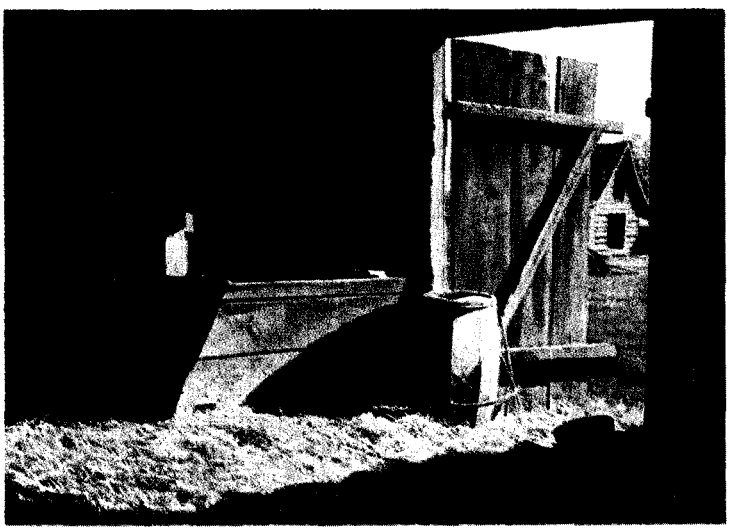

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ABNER OF THE PORCH

MacGillivray the terrier and Abner the cat waged a cold war, ending in détente and peace on the cathedral front.

by Geoffrey Household

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

When my voice broke, even Abner and MacGillivray understood my grief. I did not expect sympathy from MacGillivray, for he had no reason to like me. But he knew what it was to be excluded from cathedral ceremonies. He was the Bishop's dog.

Abner was masterless. I would not claim that he appreciated the alto's solo in the Magnificat when the organ was hushed and there was no other sound in the million and a half cubic feet of the Cathedral but the slender purity of a boy's voice; yet he would patronize me after such occasions with air of the master alto which he might have been. Though not a full Tom, he knew the ancestral songs which resemble our own. To our ears the scale of cats is distasteful, but one cannot deny them sustained notes of singular loveliness and clarity.

Abner's career had followed a common human pattern. My father was the gardener, responsible for the shaven lawns and discreet flower beds of the cathedral close. Some three years earlier he had suffered from an invasion of moles—creatures of ecclesiastical subtlety who avoided all the crude traps set for them by a mere layman. The cat, appearing from nowhere, took an interest. After a week he had caught the lot, laying out his game bag each morning upon the tarpaulin which covered the mower.

Fed and praised by my father, he began to pay some attention to public relations and attracted the attention of visitors. Officially recognized as an ornament of the Cathedral when his photograph appeared in the local paper, he ventured to advance from the lawns and tombstones to the porch.

There he captivated the Dean, always politely rising from the stone bench and thrusting his noble flanks against the gaitered leg. He was most gracious to the Bishop and the higher clergy, but he would only stroke the Dean. He knew very well from bearing and tone of voice, gentle though they were, that the Cathedral belonged to him. It was the Dean who christened him Abner.

To such a personage the dog of our new Bishop was a disaster. MacGillivray was of respectable middle age, and had on occasion a sense of dignity; but when dignity was not called for he behaved like any other Aberdeen terrier and would race joyously round the Cathedral or across the close, defying whatever human being was in charge of him to catch the lead which bounced and flew behind.

His first meeting with his rival set the future tone of their relations. He ventured with appalling temerity to make sport of the cathedral cat. Abner stretched himself, yawned, allowed MacGillivray's charge to approach within a yard, leaped to the narrow and rounded top of a tombstone, and, draping himself over it, went ostentatiously to sleep. MacGillivray jumped and yapped at the tail tip which graciously waved for him, and then realized that he was being treated as a puppy. After that the two passed each other politely but without remark. In our closed world of the Cathedral such coolness between servants of Dean and servants of Bishop was familiar.

MacGillivray considered that he should be on permanent duty with his master. Since he was black, small, and ingenious, it was difficult to prevent him. So devoted a friend could not be cruelly chained—and in summer the French windows of the Bishop's Palace were always open.

He first endeared himself to choir and clergy at the ceremony of the Bishop's installation. Magnificent in miter and full robes, the Bishop at the head of his procession knocked with his crozier upon the cathedral door to demand admission. MacGillivray, observing that his master was shut out and in need of help, hurtled across the close, bounced at the

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door, and added his excited barks to the formal solemnity of the Bishop's order.

Led away in disapproving silence, he took the enormity of his crime more seriously than we did. On his next appearance he behaved with decent humility, following the unconscious Bishop down the chancel and into the pulpit with bowed head and tail well below the horizontal.

Such anxious piety was even more embarrassing than bounce. It became my duty, laid upon me by the Bishop in person, to ensure on all formal occasions that MacGillivray had not evaded the butler and was safely confined. I was even empowered to tie him up to the railings on the north side of the close in cases of emergency.

I do not think the Bishop ever realized what was troubling his friend and erring brother, MacGillivray—normally a dog of sense who could mind his own business however great his affection for his master.

His indiscipline at home was, we were all sure, due to jealousy of Abner. He resented with Scottish obstinacy the fact that he was ejected in disgrace from the Cathedral whereas Abner was not.

The Dean could and did quite honestly declare that he had never seen that cat in the Cathedral. Younger eyes, however, which knew where to look, had often distinguished Abner curled up on the ornate stone canopy over the tomb of a 17th-century admiral. In winter he would sometimes sleep upon the left arm of a stone crusader in the cavity between shield and mailed shirt—a dank spot, I thought, until I discovered that it captured a current of warm air from the grating beside the effigy. In both his resting places he was, if he chose to be, invisible. He was half Persian, tiger-striped with brownish gray on lighter gray, and he matched the stone of the Cathedral.

As the summer went by, the feud between Abner and MacGillivray became more subtle. Both scored points. MacGillivray, if he woke up feeling youthful, used to chase the tame pigeons in the close. One morning, to the surprise of both dog and bird, a pigeon failed to get out of the way in time and broke a wing. MacGillivray was embarrassed. He sniffed the pigeon, wagged his tail to show that there was no ill feeling, and sat down to think.

Abner strolled from the porch and held down the pigeon with a firm, gentle paw. He picked it up in his mouth and presented it with liquid and appealing eyes to an elegant American tourist who was musing sentimentally in the close. She swore that the cat had asked her to heal the bird—which, by remaining a whole week in our town in and out of the vet's consulting room, she did.

MacGillivray's revenge was a little primitive. He deposited bones and offal in dark corners of the porch and pretended that Abner had put them there. That was the second worst crime he knew—to leave on a human floor the inedible portions of his meals.

I cannot remember all the incidents of the cold war. And, anyway, I could not swear to their truth. My father and the Dean read into the animals' behavior motives which were highly unlikely and then shamelessly embroidered them, creating a whole miscellany of private legend for the canons and the choir. So I will only repeat the triumph of MacGillivray and its sequel, both of which I saw myself.

That fulfillment of every dog's dream appeared at first final and overwhelming victory. It was September 1st, the feast of St. Giles, our patron saint. Evensong was a full choral and instrumental service, traditional, exquisite, and attracting a congregation whose interest was in music rather than religion. The Bishop was to preach. Perhaps the effort of composition, of appealing to well-read intellectuals without offending the simpler clergy, had created an atmosphere of hard work and anxiety in the Bishop's study. At any rate MacGillivray was nervous and mischievous.

While I was ensuring his comfort before shutting him up, he twitched the lead out of my hand and was off on his quarter-mile course round the Cathedral looking for a private entrance. When at last I caught him, the changes of the bells had stopped. I had only five minutes before the processional entry of the choir. There wasn't even time to race across the close and tie him up to the railings.

I rushed into the north transept with MacGillivray under my arm, pushed him down the stairs into the crypt, and shut the door behind him. I knew that he could not get out. Our Norman crypt was closed to visitors during the service, and no one on a summer evening would have reason to go down to the masons' and carpenters' stores, the strong room, or the boilers.

St. Giles, if he still had any

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A MOTHER'S KEEPSAKES

Just after the death of her mother, a distinguished journalist pays her tribute by reflecting on the relics that mirrored her long, beautiful life.

by Hortense Myers

Illustrated by Gene Boyer

A life can be traced by scraps of paper a mother saves.

The scraps preserve events of obvious significance—births, marriages, and deaths.

Sometimes—as in the trail of paper Stella Powner, this reporter's mother, left after her death at age 85—the saved items have significance not apparent to a stranger.

A crudely made Valentine was among the scraps Mother preserved for more than 40 years inside her big family Bible. Attached was a note so after-death readers would understand why she found it necessary to save this particular piece of paper.

"Little Tommy's last Valentine to his mother, made at school, Feb. 14, 1936," the note said.

Tommy was her youngest son, killed in a traffic accident in 1936. She had witnessed the car striking her son and knocking him lifeless beside the road.

In with the Valentine and Tommy's death certificate was a childish note written by her youngest daughter, Phyllis, which had been addressed to God:

"I would be so happy if you would do this—send me back Tommy. Your friend, Phyllis Ann," the note said. Tommy was eight when he was killed and Phyllis was six.

Mother's marriage license was another of the significant paper traces preserved to mark a life's important moment.

June 15, 1910, was a date she sometimes had talked about—her wedding day. She and another couple had ridden in a horse-drawn surrey with a fringe around the top from Plainfield, Indiana, where she had boarded while attending high school, to Danville, the Hendricks County seat. Always practical, she wore her long white commencement dress for her wedding dress.

The pioneer farmhouse was the only home she ever knew as a wife and mother.

Among the papers preserved was the land grant signed by President James Monroe, the nation's fifth president, and the 1895 deed by which the farmhouse and surrounding land had been sold to her father-in-law, Simeon Powner.

At 18, she was young enough to cry when a pet lamb she had bottle-fed was sold for slaughter, and strong enough to wring the necks of uncounted chickens to prepare the excellent meals for which she had a two-county reputation.

Tommy's was the only one of her children's birth certificates kept among her papers.

Those of her other four children went with them as starting pieces in the preservation of scraps of paper for a new family's history. ☐

Editor's Note: Hortense Myers, first appearing in the Post *with this issue, is an award-winning journalist for United Press International.*

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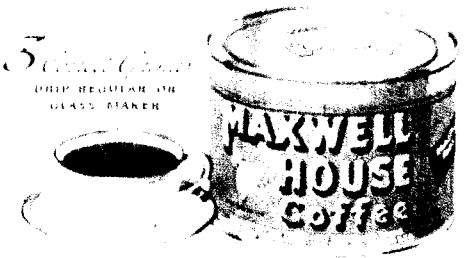

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Editorial Opinion

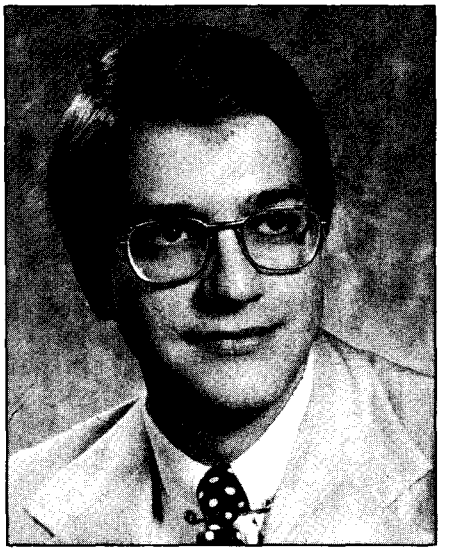
WHO'S AFRAID OF THE TAX REVOLT?

All across the land Americans are making it clear to officeholders and bureaucrats that taxes and government spending must be sharply reduced. But there are those who oppose what seems to be the public will for some rather strange reasons.

by Peter J. Rusthoven

While talk of taxes is hardly uncommon in an election year, a number of developments have precipitated an extraordinary amount of discussion on this topic in 1978. In June, Californians voted overwhelmingly in favor of Proposition 13, a measure that imposes severe upper limits on property taxes and state government spending. The Kemp-Roth bill, calling for a 33 percent cut in federal income taxes over a three-year period, has generated considerable support in Congress despite powerful opposition from the Democratic leadership in general and the Carter White House in particular. In New Jersey, Republican primary voters ousted four-term Senator Clifford Case (generally perceived as a liberal) in favor of Jeffrey K. Bell, whose key campaign issue was a proposal of a 30 percent income tax reduction. As a consequence of these and similar events, the media have proclaimed 1978 the year of the "taxpayer revolt."

It is probably premature to describe current voter unrest over taxes as any kind of full-scale "revolt." Nevertheless, the antitax movement appears to have more than transient significance, and the reactions of liberal politicians and pundits have in some ways been quite characteristic of a complacent leadership group suddenly confronted with an unexpected rebellion. Nowhere has this been more apparent than in the various responses to Proposition 13, by far the most dramatic and widely publicized of the year's antitax developments.



Peter Rusthoven is a free-lance writer, an attorney, and a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, where he was an editor of the Harvard Law Review.

Part of the reaction, particularly among liberal elected officials, has taken the form of an uncomfortable attempt at accommodation. Given the past performances of the gentlemen in question, however, the effort hasn't quite come off. Thus, California Governor Jerry Brown, on record as opposing Proposition 13 prior to its adoption, has abruptly switched course to endorse the basic thrust of the measure. President Carter exhibited considerably more *chutzpah*, issuing a statement that virtually applauded the California vote and sought to suggest that *he* had been talking about tax reduction all along, and it was high time Congress started paying attention. Yet Carter has persisted in his support for such inflationary new programs as compulsory national health insurance, and in his perfervid opposition to tuition tax credits, the Kemp-Roth bill, and the Steiger proposal for a reduction in capital gains tax rates.

A second typical response has involved a form of condescension which purports to understand the mood of the electorate, while deploring the kind of "meat-ax, reactionary" approach supposedly typified by Proposition 13. James Reston of the New York *Times* provides a good example of this approach, labeling the tax referendum as "probably the slickest trick to come out of California since Richard Nixon." According to Reston, it is certainly true that "the people are tired of being ripped off by wasteful politicians and bureaucrats" and are "worried about prices, inflation, [and] unemployment." But Proposition 13 is just too inarticulate and heavy-handed a response, "a ridiculous basis for policy that went too far." It doesn't specify where or how the necessary cuts in programs and services will be made or what the priorities should be in making such decisions. Rather, says Reston, it just asks the "silly question" whether people prefer "higher or lower taxes." Thomas Jefferson, he sniffs, would not have approved.

In fact, Jefferson was a moving force in a revolution stimulated in large part by a tax issue which an 18th-century James Reston would probably have considered equally "silly." More to the point, liberal criticism of Proposition 13 as inarticulate or as a "ridiculous basis for policy" has a decidedly hollow ring to those who can recall the

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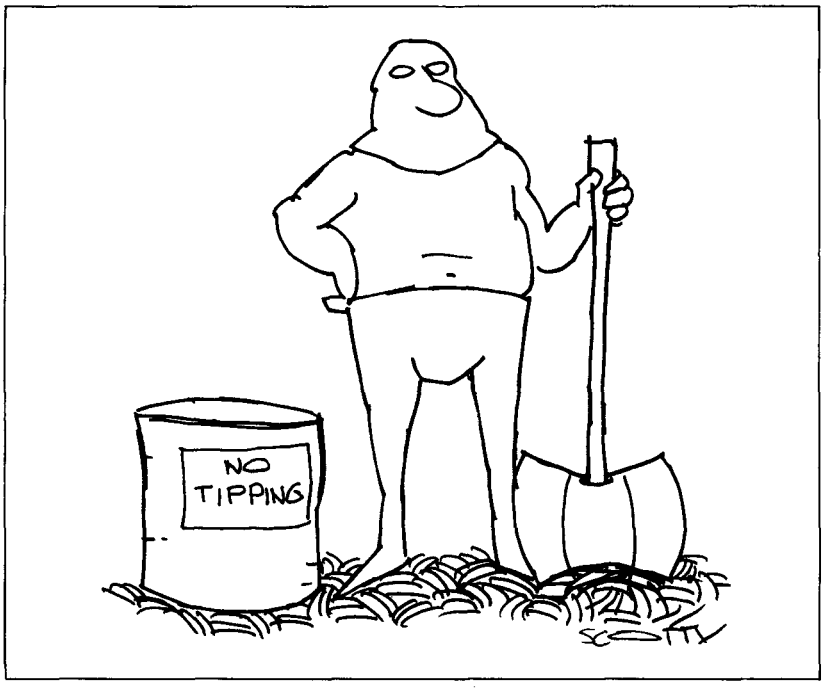
riots and student unrest of the mid to late 1960s. When riots virtually demolished downtown Detroit in 1964, the James Restons and Tom Wickers of the world voiced no fears that arson was "inarticulate," or that looting was an unsound "basis for policy." Rather, we were told that inner city disturbances were understandable, nay, well-nigh predictable and justifiable reactions to conditions for which we were all somehow to blame, and that we had better pay heed to the voice, albeit a violent one, of the people. Similarly, student demonstrations and riots about Vietnam were not decried as mindless, violent activity outside the bounds of civilized discourse, but instead solemnly remarked as telling expressions of deep-seated and legitimate frustration at American involvement in an "immoral" war. Yet Proposition 13, peacefully endorsed at the polling place by the ballots of ordinary citizens simply fed up with high taxes, is dismissed by the same commentators as too clumsy and imprecise and reactionary for responsible policy makers to take seriously.



Good old-fashioned demagoguery has also played its part in the left's reaction to the tax revolt. Trotting out phrases that have been lovingly intoned by generations of self-styled "populists," any number of persons who see their pet programs threatened have warned that measures like Proposition 13 "really benefit business, and not the people." This shopworn bit of sophistry is particularly inapt as applied to tax reduction. As Ronald Reagan, among others, has consistently pointed out, business is *not* a tax *payer*; it *is* a tax *collector.* Taxes on business are merely indirect taxes on the consuming public in the form of higher prices.

Taking a somewhat more modern but equally demagogic tact, the sage from South Dakota, George McGovern, has denounced Proposition 13 as "racist." The rationale behind this extraordinary *renunciamiento* is, presumably, that since billions in government spending are devoted to assorted social programs which McGovern and his ilk have devised and declared the best means of assisting blacks and other ethnic minorities, any move to cut taxes must, at bottom, rest on race prejudice. To this kind of single-minded and self-righteous posturing, it is scarcely necessary to respond.

While each of the various reactions just described has its amusing and irritating features, by far the most maddening and distorted attack on the tax revolt is the charge that it is simply "selfish" and morally deplorable. Nationally syndicated columnist Joseph Kraft has given full-blown expression to this view, summarizing the Proposition 13 vote as follows: "The latest flash from California announces that popular mistrust of elected officials gives license to middle-class greed. How to stop the rising wave of self-indulgence presents a genuine national problem." The tax revolt, says Kraft, represents "self-indulgence by the relatively comfortable majority at the expense of the poorer minorities." Accordingly, Californians who voted for Proposition 13 and those throughout the country who sympathized with the measure are little more than a collection of "middle-class hedonists," whom Kraft fondly hopes will "overplay their hand" and then be ignored.

For the vast majority of Americans who have built this country by their self-discipline, hard work, and, yes, their willingness to pay taxes to support a necessary level of government, the smug indictment levelled by Mr. Kraft and others is and should be insufferable. It is indeed a perfect illustration of how values and the language itself have been twisted by assorted intellectuals and ideologues who presume to sit in judgment on the lives and aspirations of ordinary citizens. Thus, the pejorative connotations of the word "hedonism," which describes a certain attitude toward the *use* one may make of his wealth and possessions, are applied by commentators such as Kraft to the legitimate desire of individuals simply to *retain* a fair percentage of the income they have in fact earned. In similar fashion, the same desire is denigrated as "license" and "middle-class greed." "Self-indulgence" at someone else's "expense" used to suggest that the one being "indulged" had taken something which in fairness belonged to the one who bore the "expense." To Kraft and those who agree with him, however, one stands condemned as "self-indulgent" for wanting to keep a greater portion of the product of his own endeavor. The "expense" to others, in the Kraft scenario, simply means that some people might receive less, through the intervention of taxation and government redistribution, of wealth created by the labor of the people whom Kraft considers "self-indulgent." Middle-class Americans struggling to pay their property taxes, whom Kraft blithely dismisses as "relatively

Continued on page 115

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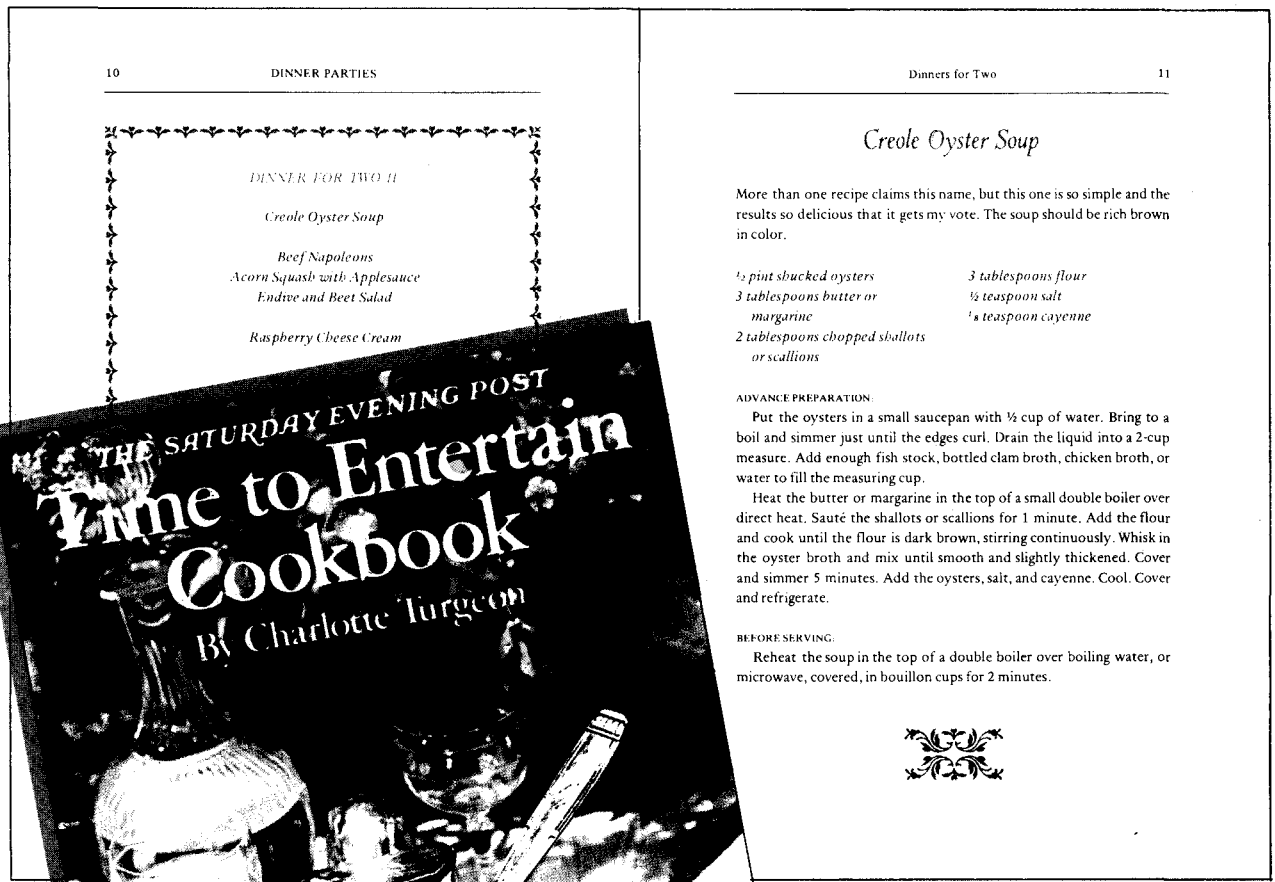


10 DINNER PARTIES

DINNER FOR TWO II

Creole Oyster Soup

Beef Napoleons
Acorn Squash with Applesauce
Endive and Beet Salad

Raspberry Cheese Cream

Dinners for Two 11

Creole Oyster Soup

More than one recipe claims this name, but this one is so simple and the results so delicious that it gets my vote. The soup should be rich brown in color.

½ pint shucked oysters
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons chopped shallots or scallions
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cayenne

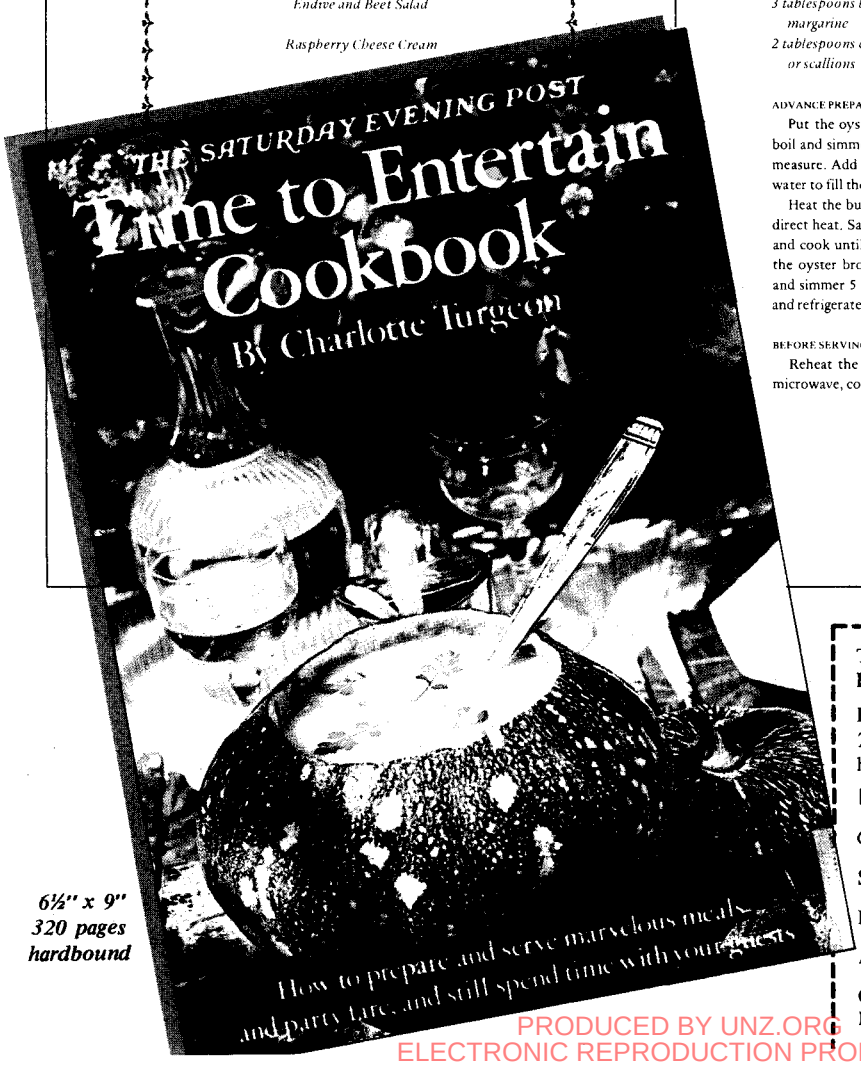
ADVANCE PREPARATION:

Put the oysters in a small saucepan with ½ cup of water. Bring to a boil and simmer just until the edges curl. Drain the liquid into a 2-cup measure. Add enough fish stock, bottled clam broth, chicken broth, or water to fill the measuring cup.

Heat the butter or margarine in the top of a small double boiler over direct heat. Sauté the shallots or scallions for 1 minute. Add the flour and cook until the flour is dark brown, stirring continuously. Whisk in the oyster broth and mix until smooth and slightly thickened. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Add the oysters, salt, and cayenne. Cool. Cover and refrigerate.

BEFORE SERVING:

Reheat the soup in the top of a double boiler over boiling water, or microwave, covered, in bouillon cups for 2 minutes.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WHO AM I THIS TIME?

During the day Harry Nash was only a clerk at Miller's Hardware. But at night he was likely to become Abe Lincoln, Henry the Eighth, Captain Queeg, or Stanley Kowalski.

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Illustrated by Craig Stilwell

The North Crawford Mask and Wig Club, an amateur theatrical society I belong to, voted to do Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* for the spring play. Doris Sawyer, who always directs, said she couldn't direct this time because her mother was so sick. And she said the club ought to develop some other directors anyway, because she couldn't live forever, even though she'd made it safely to 74.

So I got stuck with the directing job, even though the only thing I'd ever directed before was the installation of combination aluminum storm windows and screens I'd sold. That's what I am, a salesman of storm windows and doors, and here and there a bathtub enclosure. As far as acting goes, the highest rank I ever held on stage was either butler or policeman, whichever's higher.

I made a lot of conditions before I took the directing job, and the biggest one was that Harry Nash, the only real actor the club has, had to take the Marlon Brando part in the play. To give you an idea of how versatile Harry is, inside of one year he was Captain Queeg in the *Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*, then Abe Lincoln in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and then the young architect in *The Moon is Blue*. The year after that, Harry Nash was Henry the Eighth in *Anne of the Thousand Days* and Doc in *Come Back Little Sheba*, and I was after him for Marlon Brando in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Harry wasn't at the meeting to say whether he'd take the part or not. He never came to meetings. He was too shy. He didn't stay away from meetings because he had something else to do. He wasn't married, didn't go out with women—didn't have any close men friends either. He stayed away from all kinds of gatherings because he never could think of anything to say or do without a script.

So I had to go down to Miller's Hardware Store, where Harry was a clerk, the next day and ask him if he'd take the part. I stopped off at the telephone company to complain about a bill I'd got for a call to Honolulu. I'd never called Honolulu in my life.

And there was this beautiful girl I'd never seen before behind the counter at the phone company, and she explained that the company had put in an automatic billing machine and that the machine didn't have all the bugs out of it yet. It made mistakes. "Not only did I not call Honolulu," I told her, "I don't think anybody in North Crawford ever has or will."

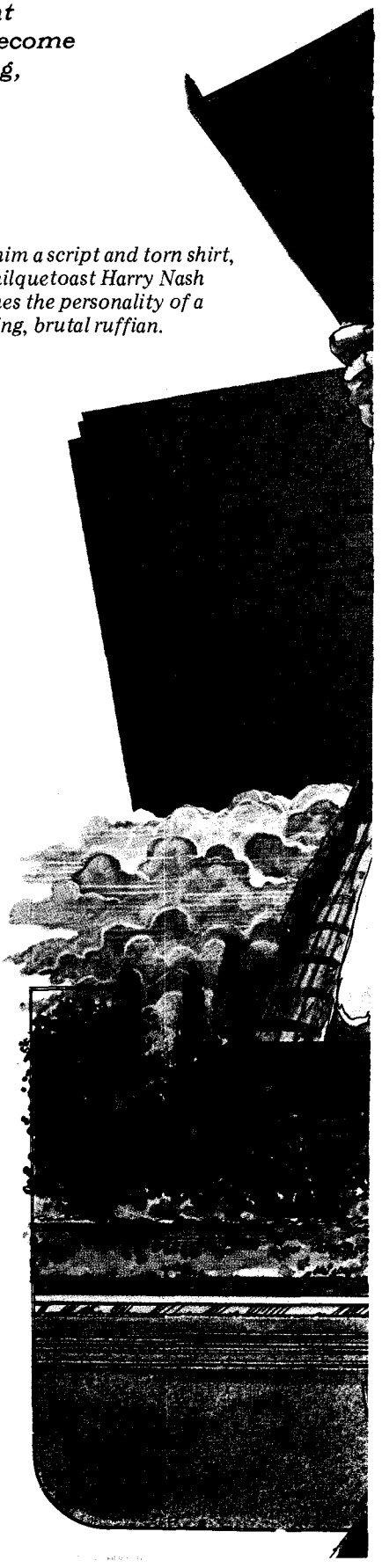
So she took the charge off the bill, and I asked her if she was from around North Crawford. She said no. She said she just came with the new billing machine to teach local girls how to take care of it. After that, she said, she would go with some other machine to someplace else. "Well," I said, "as long as people have to come along with the machines, I guess we're all right."

"What?" she said.

"When machines start delivering themselves," I said, "I guess that's when the people better start really worrying."

"Oh," she said. She didn't seem very interested in that subject, and I wondered if she was interested in anything. She seemed kind of numb, almost a machine herself, an automatic phone-company politeness machine.

"How long will you be staying



Give him a script and torn shirt, and milquetoast Harry Nash assumes the personality of a sneering, brutal ruffian.

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here in North Crawford?" I asked.

"I stay in each town eight weeks, sir," she said. She had pretty blue eyes, but there sure wasn't much hope or curiosity in them. She told me she had been going from town to town like that for two years, always a stranger.

And I got it in my head that she might make a good Stella for the play. Stella was the wife of the Marlon Brando character, the wife of the character I wanted Harry Nash to play. So I told her where and when we were going to hold tryouts and said the club would be very happy if she'd come.

She looked surprised, and she warmed up a little. "You know," she said, "that's the first time anybody ever asked me to participate in any community thing."

"Well," I said, "there isn't any other way to get to know a lot of nice people faster than to be in a play with 'em."

She said her name was Helene Shaw. She said she might just surprise me—and herself. She said she just might come.

You would think that North Crawford would be fed up with Harry Nash in plays after all the plays he'd been in. But the fact was that North Crawford probably could have gone on enjoying Harry forever, because he was never Harry on stage. When the maroon curtain went up on the stage in the gymnasium of the Consolidated Junior-Senior High School, Harry, body and soul, was exactly what the script and the director told him to be.

Somebody said one time that Harry ought to go to a psychiatrist so he could be something important and colorful in real life, too—so he could get married anyway, and maybe get a better job than just clerking in Miller's Hardware Store for $150 a week. But I don't know what a psychiatrist could have turned up about him that the town didn't already know. The trouble with Harry was he'd been left on the doorstep of the Unitarian Church when he was a baby, and he never did find out who his parents were.

When I told him there in Miller's that I'd been appointed director, that I wanted him in my play, he said to me what he always said to anybody who asked him to be in a play—and it was kind of sad, if you think about it.

"Who am I this time?" he said.

So I held the tryouts where they're always held—in the meeting room on the second floor of the North Crawford Public

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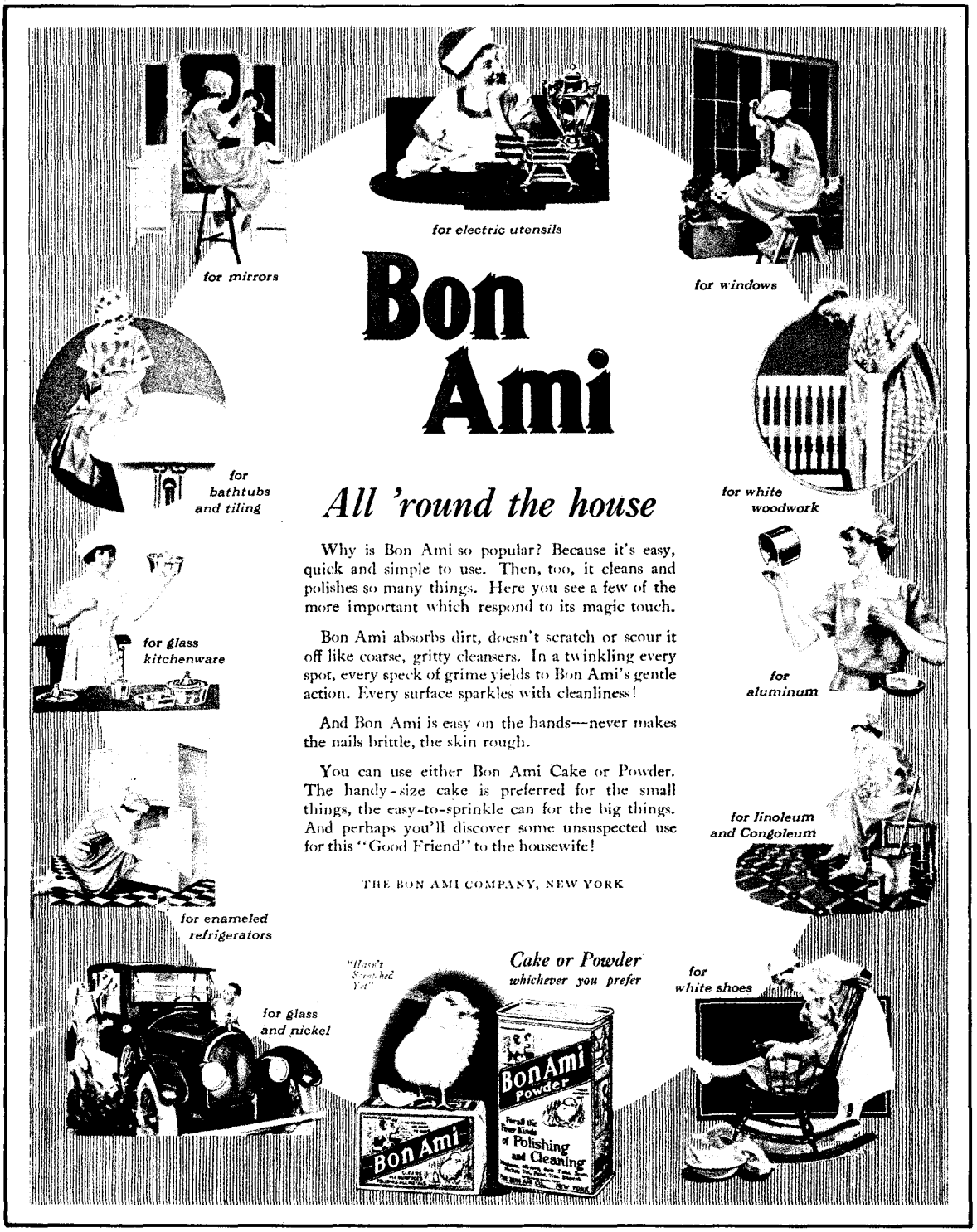
Bon Ami® at work, 1925.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Library. Doris Sawyer, the woman who usually directs, came to give me the benefit of all her experience. The two of us sat in state upstairs, while the people who wanted parts waited below. We called them upstairs one by one.

Harry Nash came to the tryouts, even though it was a waste of time. I guess he wanted to get that little bit more acting in.

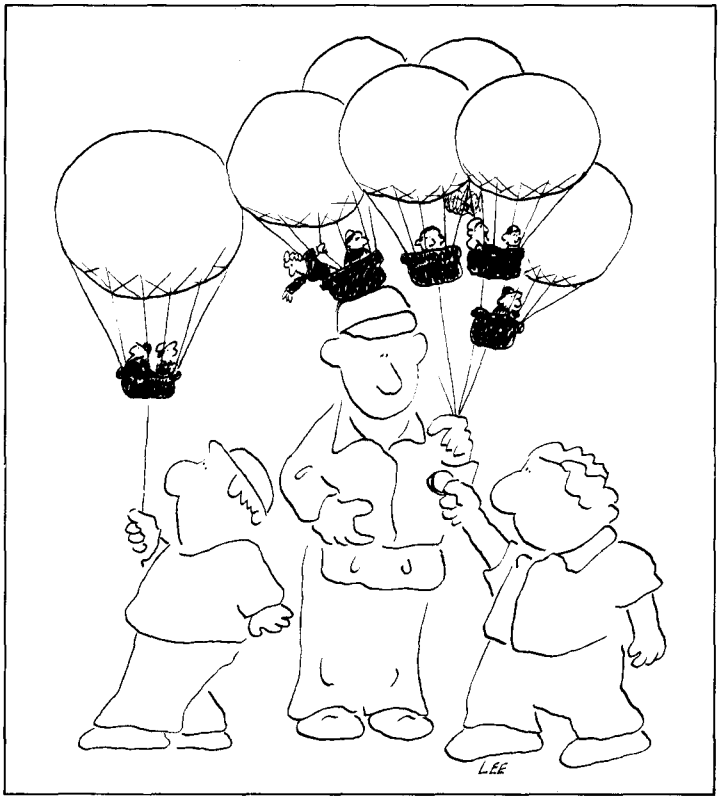
For Harry's pleasure, and our pleasure, too, we had him read from the scene where he beats up his wife. It was a play in itself, the way Harry did it, and Tennessee Williams hadn't written it all either. Tennessee Williams didn't write the part, for instance, where Harry, who weighs about 145, who's about five feet, eight inches tall, added 50 pounds to his weight and four inches to his height by just picking up a playbook. He had a short little double-breasted, bellows-back grade-school graduation suit coat on and a dinky little red tie with a horsehead on it. He took off the coat and tie, opened his collar, then turned his back to Doris and me, getting up steam for the part. There was a great big rip in the back of his shirt, and it looked like a fairly new shirt, too. He'd ripped it on purpose, so he could be that much more like Marlon Brando, right from the first.

When he faced us again, he was huge and handsome and conceited and cruel. Doris read the part of Stella, the wife, and Harry bullied that old, old lady into believing that she was a sweet, pregnant girl married to a sexy gorilla who was going to beat her brains out. She had me believing it, too. And I read the lines of Blanche, her sister in the play, and darned if Harry didn't scare me into feeling like a drunk and faded Southern belle.

And then, while Doris and I were getting over our emotional experiences, like people coming out from under ether, Harry put down the playbook, put on his coat and tie, and turned into the pale hardware-store clerk again.

It turned out that Helene Shaw *had* come for the tryouts, and Doris and I had our hearts broken. We thought the North Crawford Mask and Wig Club was finally going to put a really good-looking, really young girl on stage, instead of one of the beat-up 40-year-old women we generally have to palm off as a girl.

But Helene Shaw couldn't act for sour apples. No matter what we gave her to read, she was the same girl with the same smile for anybody who had a complaint about his phone bill.



"Have you ever been in love?" said Doris. "The reason I ask," she said, "remembering some old love might help you put more warmth in your acting."

"Would movie stars count?" said Helene. "I don't mean in real life. I never knew any. I just mean up on the screen."

Doris looked at me and rolled her eyes. "I guess that's love of a kind," she said.

And then Helene got a little enthusiastic. "I used to sit through movies over and over again," she said, "and pretend I was married to whoever the man movie star was in the picture."

"Uh huh," said Doris.

"Well, thank you, Miss Shaw," I said. "You go downstairs and wait with the rest. We'll let you know."

So we tried to find another Stella. And there just wasn't one, not one woman in the club with the dew still on her. "All we've got are Blanches," I said, meaning all we had were faded women who could play the part of Blanche, Stella's faded sister. "That's life, I guess—twenty Blanches to one Stella."

"And when you find a Stella," said Doris, "it turns out she doesn't know what love is."

Doris and I decided there was one last thing we could try. We could get Harry Nash to play a scene along with her. "He just might make her bubble the least little bit," I said.

So we called down the stairs for Helene to come back on up, and we told somebody to go find Harry. Harry never sat with the rest of the people at tryouts—or at rehearsals either. The minute he didn't have a part to play, he'd disappear into some hiding place where he could hear people call him, but where he couldn't be seen.

Helene came back upstairs, and we were very sorry and surprised to see that she'd been crying.

"Oh, dear," said Doris. "Oh, my—now what on earth's the trouble with you, dear?"

"I was terrible, wasn't I?" said Helene, hanging her head.

Doris said the only thing anybody can say in an amateur theatrical society when somebody cries. She said, "Why, no dear—you were marvelous."

"No I wasn't," said Helene. "I'm a walking icebox, and I know it."

"Nobody could look at you and say that," said Doris.

"When they get to know me, they can say it," said Helene. "When people get to know me, that's what they *do* say." Her

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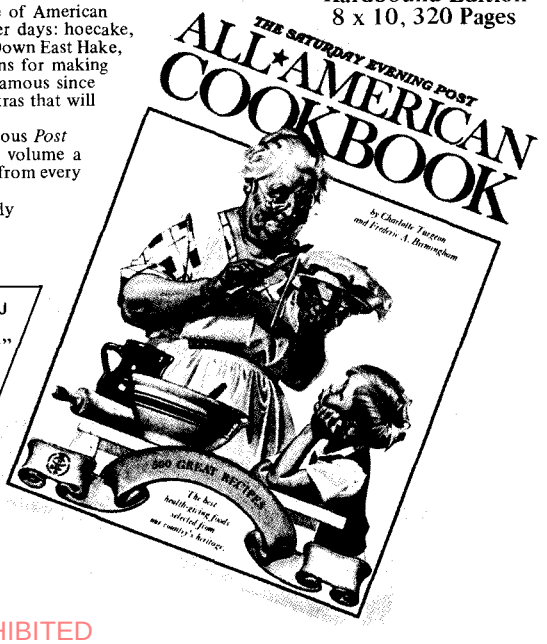

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tears got worse. "I don't want to be the way I am," she said. "I just can't help it, living the way I've lived all my life. The only experiences I've had have been in crazy dreams of movie stars. When I meet somebody nice in real life, I feel as though I were in some kind of big bottle, as though I couldn't touch that person, no matter how hard I tried." And Helene pushed on air as though it were a big bottle all around her.

"You ask me if I've ever been in love," she said to Doris. "No—but I want to be. I know what this play's about. I know what Stella's supposed to feel and why she feels it. I—I—I——" she said, and her tears wouldn't let her go on.

There was heavy clumping on the library stairs. It sounded like a deep-sea diver coming upstairs in his lead shoes. It was Harry Nash, turning himself into Marlon Brando. In he came, practically dragging his knuckles on the floor. And he was so much in character that the sight of a weeping woman made him sneer.

"Harry," I said, "I'd like you to meet Helene Shaw. Helene—this is Harry Nash. If you get the part of Stella, he'll be your husband in the play." Harry didn't offer to shake hands. He put his hands in his pockets, and he hunched over, and he looked her up and down, gave her looks that left her naked. Her tears stopped right then and there.

"I wonder if you two would play the fight scene," I said, "and then the reunion scene right after it."

"Sure," said Harry, his eyes still on her. Those eyes burned up clothes faster than she could put them on. "Sure," he said, "if Stell's game."

"What?" said Helene. She'd turned the color of cranberry juice.

"Stell—Stella," said Harry. "That's you. Stell's my wife."

I handed the two of them playbooks. Harry snatched his from me without a word of thanks. Helene's hands weren't working very well, and I had to kind of mold them around the book.

"I'll want something I can throw," said Harry.

"What?" I said.

"There's one place where I throw a radio out a window," said Harry. "What can I throw?"

So I said an iron paperweight was the radio, and I opened the window wide. Helene Shaw looked scared to death.

"OK, OK," said Harry, warming up, warming up. He scanned the stage directions. "Let's see," he said, "after I throw the radio, she runs off stage, and I chase her, and I sock her one."

"I can never remember. Is that a stalagmite or a stalactite?"

"Right," I said.

"OK, baby," Harry said to Helene, his eyelids drooping. What was about to happen was wilder than the chariot race in *Ben Hur*. "On your mark," said Harry. "Get ready, baby. Go!"

When the scene was over, Helene Shaw was as hot as a hod carrier, as limp as an eel. She sat down with her mouth open and her head hanging to one side. She wasn't in any bottle any more. There wasn't any bottle to hold her up and keep her safe and clean. The bottle was gone.

"Do I get the part or don't I?" Harry snarled at me.

"You'll do," I said.

"You said a mouthful!" he said. "I'll be going now.... See you around, Stella," he said to Helene, and he left. He slammed the door behind him.

"Helene?" I said. "Miss Shaw?"

"Mf?" she said.

"The part of Stella is yours," I said. "You were great!"

"I was?" she said.

"I had no idea you had that much fire in you, dear," Doris said to her.

"Fire?" said Helene. She didn't know if she was afoot or on horseback.

"Skyrockets! Pinwheels! Roman candles!" said Doris.

So we started having rehearsals four nights a week on the stage of the Consolidated School. And Harry and Helene set such a pace that everybody in the production was half crazy with excitement and exhaustion before we'd rehearsed four times. Usually a director has to beg people to learn their lines, but I had no such trouble. Harry and Helene were working so well together that everybody else in the cast regarded it as a duty and an honor and a pleasure to support them.

I was certainly lucky—or thought I was. Things were going so well, so hot and heavy, so early in the game that I had to say to Harry and Helene after one love scene, "Hold a little something back for the actual performance, would you please? You'll burn yourselves out."

I said that at the fourth or fifth rehearsal, and Lydia Miller, who was playing Blanche, the faded sister, was sitting next to me in the audience. In real life, she's the wife of Verne Miller. Verne owns Miller's Hardware Store. Verne was Harry's boss.

"Lydia," I said to her, "have we got a play or have we got a play?"

"Yes," she said, "you've got a play, all right." She made it sound

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as though I'd committed some kind of crime, done something just terrible. "You should be very proud of yourself."

"What do you mean by that?" I said.

"Do you know that girl's in love with Harry?" said Lydia.

"In the play?" I said.

"What play?" said Lydia. "There isn't any play going on now, and look at her up there." She gave a sad cackle. "You aren't directing this play."

"Who is?" I said.

"Mother Nature at her worst," said Lydia. "And think what it's going to do to that girl when she discovers what Harry really is." She corrected herself. "What Harry really isn't," she said.

I didn't do anything about it, because I didn't figure it was any of my business. I heard Lydia try to do something about it, but she didn't get very far.

"You know," Lydia said to Helene one night, "I once played Ann Rutledge, and Harry was Abraham Lincoln."

Helene clapped her hands. "That must have been heaven!" she said.

"It was, in a way," said Lydia. "Sometimes I'd get so worked up, I'd love Harry the way I'd love Abraham Lincoln. I'd have to come back to earth and remind myself that he wasn't ever going to free the slaves, that he was just a clerk in my husband's hardware store."

"He's the most marvelous man I ever met," said Helene.

"Of course, one thing you have to get set for, when you're in a play with Harry," said Lydia, "is what happens after the last performance."

"What are you talking about?" said Helene.

"Once the show's over," said Lydia, "whatever you thought Harry was just evaporates into thin air."

"I don't believe it," said Helene.

Then Helene got a little sore. "Anyway, why tell me about it?" she said. "Even if it is true, what do I care?"

And Lydia slunk away, feeling about as frowzy and unloved as she was supposed to feel in the play. After that nobody said anything more to Helene to warn her about Harry, not even when word got around that she'd told the telephone company that she didn't want to be moved any more.

So the time finally came to put on the play. We ran it for three nights—Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—and we murdered those audiences. They believed every word that was said on stage, and when the maroon curtain came down they were ready to go to the nut house along with Blanche.

On Thursday night the other girls at the telephone company sent Helene a dozen red roses. When Helene and Harry were taking a curtain call together, I passed the roses over the footlights to her. She came forward for them, took one rose from the bouquet to give to Harry. But when she went back to give Harry the rose in front of everybody, Harry was gone.

Helene's performance on Friday night wasn't nearly so good as Thursday's. She seemed to be thinking about other things. She watched Harry take off after curtain call. She didn't say a word.

On Saturday she put on the

Continued on page 134

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THE PATIENT AT PEACOCKS HALL

I was no longer just a doctor—
I was a criminal suspect and the police
were waiting downstairs.

by Margery Allingham

Illustrated by Larry Kritcher

Peter Gastineau admitted to me that he had given Francia Forde, the movie actress, a lethal dose of Dormital—but I, Dr. Ann Fowler, would go to jail for murder if she died.

I knew how the police would see it: Francia Forde was married to the man I had once been engaged to, Dr. John Linnett. The police would say I had killed her for revenge. Actually, I had sent an ambulance to London to fetch Francia to Peacocks Hall at Gastineau's request, not even knowing who the patient was.

On my first examination, I found Francia normal, except that she'd been drinking too much. Then, the next day, after John Linnett unexpectedly turned up at my house, I'd returned to Peacocks Hall to find Francia in a deep coma.

Nurse Tooley was assisting me on the case. With the best of intentions, she had destroyed the Dormital bottle—the one bit of evidence that might have saved me, because I had reported its theft from my medical bag a few days earlier.

When John stopped at Peacocks Hall to say good night, I blurted out the whole story. I knew his presence there would incriminate him, too, if Francia died.

John examined Francia and decided to give her a strychnine antidote. It was a dangerous risk, but it was our only chance to save her.

Conclusion

We made the decision, John and I, with Francia Forde lying senseless between us, and the whole picture was very clear to me. Once we were committed, there was a lot to be done, and I found that it was a return to our childhood, and that once again John, with his careful hands and cautious eyes, was the leading spirit and I his faithful assistant. Nurse Tooley found it extraordinary. She kept looking at us, her plump face curious but impressed.

Once when she and I happened to meet at the washbasin, she ventured to remark on it.

"A grand man. A grand man," she whispered. "You'll have known him before, no doubt?"

"All my life," I murmured back, and let her make what she would of it.

At the last moment there was a hitch. The kettle of freshly boiling water went over in the hearth, and the nurse, in a flurry, hurried downstairs for another. John and I were left waiting. It was a trying moment and neither of us spoke. The room seemed to have grown larger and more bare, and I could hear the tick of my wristwatch where it lay on the mantelshelf.

Nurse Tooley was gone a long time, and presently I began to walk up and down the rug, aware that my hands were growing wet and that my eyelids were sticky. John did not move. He was quite steady. He was looking absently at the expanse of chintz curtain over the windows, his eyes introspective and the muscles of his jaw relaxed and easy. He was worried, but not keyed up in any way. I was ashamed of myself.

The nurse returned with a rustle, a steaming kettle in her hand. "This is a madhouse," she whispered. "The servants have gone to their beds and there's no one in the kitchen but a perfect stranger talking to that dratted old cat of a Miss Luffkin, of all people."

I nearly dropped the glass tray I was holding, and John, noticing the involuntary movement, drew back the needle in his hand.

"We'll see to all that later. . . .Steady, Ann, please." The quiet voice jerked me back to sanity,

The man with the bowler hat was waiting at the top of the stairs—but, strangely, I wasn't afraid of him any more.

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and for the next three minutes nobody spoke at all. In complete silence we tried the last resort, so bold, so dangerous.

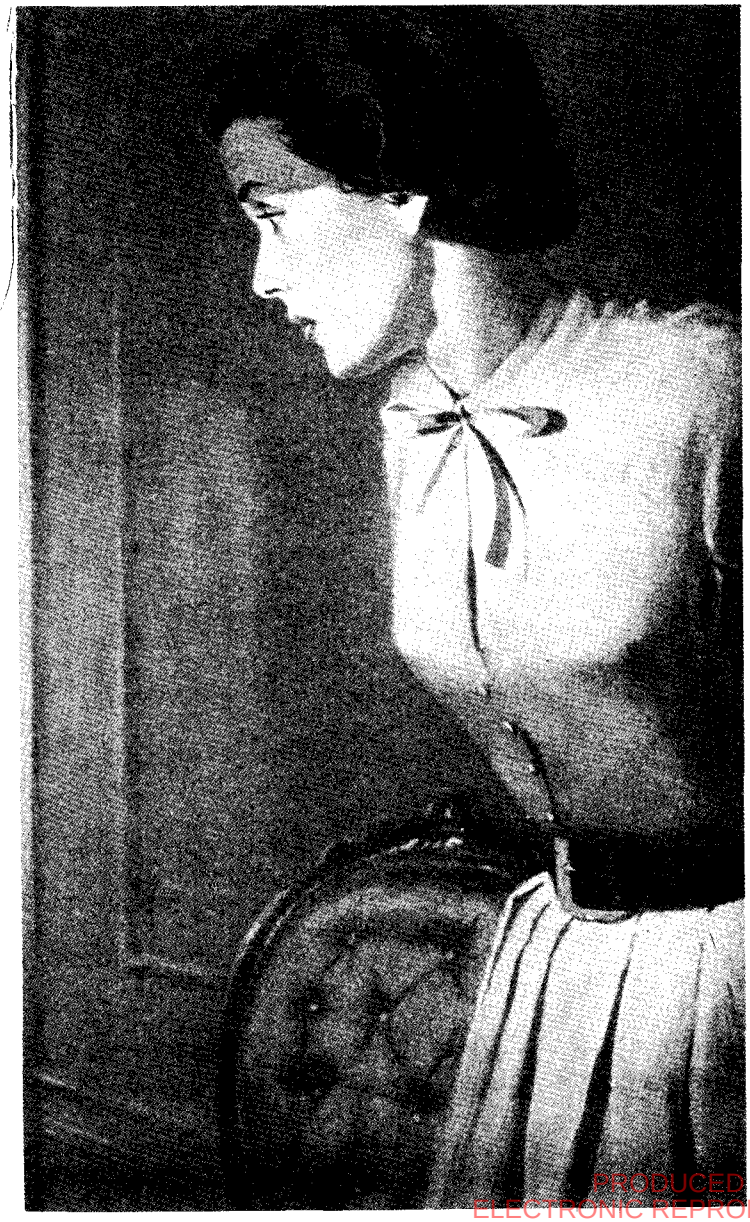
I saw the soft flesh of Francia's upper arm pinched between John's fingers. The blue shaft slid deftly under her pale, damp skin. Firmly the plunger went home. He dabbed the puncture with the spirit-soaked wool, laid her limp arm gently at her side, and drew the coverlet up to her chin. Then he went to the shelf and glanced at the watch.

"Twenty-five minutes before twelve," he said, looking at me. "Nothing to do now but wait . . . and pray."

I turned down the light by the bed and he went off to the bathroom to wash. The nurse was standing beside me and I leaned toward her.

"Did you say Miss Luffkin was downstairs?"

"Did you ever!" Her eyes were round with indignation. "Standing there with a milk pudding, every hair of her twiddled into a question mark. That woman will be snooping in purgatory. The whole town will hear everything, you know. What she saw, and what she didn't. What she thought, and what she didn't have time to think. I said to her, 'You be off to your bed or that bronchitis of yours will get you and the doctor and I will be too busy to see to you.' She soon went. I put the pudding on the side and shut the door after her."



"And the man?"

"Oh, him? I don't know what he was doing there at all. He wasn't answering her questions, I do remember that. Just stood holding his pipe politely, as far as I remember. I was busy, you see, getting the kettle to boil."

"Did he ask you anything?"

It was evident that she had not taken him very seriously. She was so used to running into unexplained people in the houses where she went to nurse.

"I don't think so," she said at last. "I remember him saying 'I expect you're busy' or something idiotic like that. He was only waiting, that's all."

"Yes." My word was hardly as light as a breath. She was right, of course. He was only waiting, whoever he was, and I made myself look at the still figure in the bed.

"That woman you were talking about just now." John had come back without my hearing him. "Is that the alarming old duck who rushes out with a flashlight and stops cars?"

"That'll be her, sir." Nurse Tooley spoke with conviction. "She's lonely. That's the best you can say for her. Did she have the cheek to stop yourself?"

"She did, but I couldn't help her, I fear, and she retired discomfited."

"So much the better." The nurse radiated satisfaction. "She's in the dark, that's what's got under her skin. She's often said to me, 'I'm not inquisitive, nurse, but I've got to know.' "

A faint, wry smile touched John's mouth as he met my eyes.

"The vultures gather," he said softly. "Nurse, if there's another room available, I should like you to lie down for an hour or two. Doctor Fowler and I will watch the patient, but we ought not to need you until about four a.m."

She dared not object. John had made a tremendous impression on her, and her instinct was unquestioning obedience. But I could see she didn't like it.

"I'll go down and see what room she can have," I said quickly, and went out before anyone could demur.

The grandfather clock struck midnight as I crossed the landing, and I thought how melodramatic it sounded. It had a very deep chime with an asthmatic wheeze or death rattle after each stroke.

The lights were bright downstairs, but the lobby struck chill as I reached it. I crept out to the kitchen. I don't know what I intended to say to the man with the umbrella, if I was anticipating some sort of showdown or if I just wanted to be sure I had not gone out of my mind and it was really he, but when I pushed open the kitchen door, there was no sign of him. Yet the lights were on and it was very warm and bright in there under the heavy beams. The stove was open and a chair by the table had been pushed back as if someone had just risen, but the room was empty.

The back door was closed, but not locked, and I went on out into a maze of dark pantries and wash-

Continued on following page

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houses not wired for electricity. In the middle of an outside passage I fell over a suitcase. It was perfectly ordinary, leather and shabby and fastened with heavy straps. It was just standing there, plumb in the way.

I did not shift it, since it was hardly my affair, and I went back to the kitchen. There a shock awaited me. The chair had been moved. I had left it where I had found it, some feet out in the room, but now it was back in its place, its seat neatly under the table. Also, hanging in the warm air, clear and unmistakable, was a blue wisp of tobacco smoke. Yet I had not been more than a few feet out of the kitchen and I had been listening, straining my ears, but I had not heard a sound.

I hurried into the hall, and there everything was the same, bare and bright and cold.

Gastineau's voice startled me when I knocked at the living-room door, even though I expected it. He was not in his usual place by the fire, and I glanced round the room nervously. Presently I found him, sitting in a high-backed wing chair which had been pulled up to the desk.

He was tidying a chaotic heap of papers which had covered it, and the wastepaper basket at his side was nearly full. He had moved when I came in and I saw the unspoken question in his eyes.

Its eagerness shocked me, and I spoke stiffly: "Miss Forde's condition is unchanged. I came to ask you if I could have a room for Nurse Tooley. If she can get a little sleep now, it will help."

"A long day tomorrow, eh? Take any one you like, doctor. They're all empty." He spoke brightly. "The servants sleep at the back, where they have their own staircase, and I shall not go to bed." He leaned back in the chair and pointed to the desk. "You see? I clean out my pigsty. It is about time, and it is as well to do something useful when one is compelled to do nothing but wait."

There was the same abominable frankness, the same suggestion that we were allies. I was still recoiling from it when his next remark caught me unawares.

"Doctor Ludlow telephoned, but I begged him to excuse my calling you down, as you were busy. I took the liberty of telling him that you had brought in Doctor Linnett."

He paused briefly and added, "He was relieved, and I imagine he has gone to bed. So you see, we are all three here."

I realized just a little too late that he had checked John's identity very neatly, and that this was a gentle reminder that we were all three in it together. Angry with myself and frightened, my only consolation lay in the fact that I saw he was on edge himself. I guessed our combined efficiency was a bit more than he had bargained for. I wished I felt even that much confidence in it.

"Here's one:
'Wise man w/ knowledge of parables, enigmas, allegories, and riddles. Some experience with vague generalities helpful but not required.' "

"Nurse can have any room, you say? Thank you. Good night, Mr. Gastineau. When there is any further news, I shall let you know."

I got out on that and went up again, my knees feeling weak and unreliable.

I found a room with a bed in it which wasn't damp, and I called Nurse Tooley out to it. She was very weary, but loath to rest while I was still on my feet, but she did as she was told. The sickroom was quiet and airy. John was by the bed as I entered, and I went over to him.

"So far, so good."

His narrow eyes were bright in the light of the lamp. "The lungs are sticking it, that's the mercy. Good vetting of yours, Ann."

"No reaction yet?"

"No. We'll have to wait. Come and sit down."

We sat by the fire in the chairs which the nurse and I had pulled up earlier in the evening. John lay back, his dark red head resting against the chintz, and I could see the profile that the film people had gone so crazy about when they made the movie which smashed his life and mine. I imagine that we both had the same thought just then. It amounted to a simple question: When, if ever, would he and I be able to sit quietly before a fire and speak freely again? If Francia died—and although I shrank from facing it, the chance of her recovery seemed very slender now—the answer was, irrevocably, never. Neither of us would do any cheating, betraying our oaths, or laying ourselves open to blackmail. The story was very simple to guess. There would be a few weeks of agony, gossip, and uncertainty, and then . . . what? Who was going to believe the literal truth from either of us? Would I, if I were on the jury?

John turned and caught my eye. The warm light made his face crimson. "I fell for the movies," he said abruptly.

The intimacy was so very precious to me that I dreaded saying something wrong. From out of my childhood a scene at a Christmas party crept into my mind. I saw myself in white silk knickerbockers lashed to a lamp-standard

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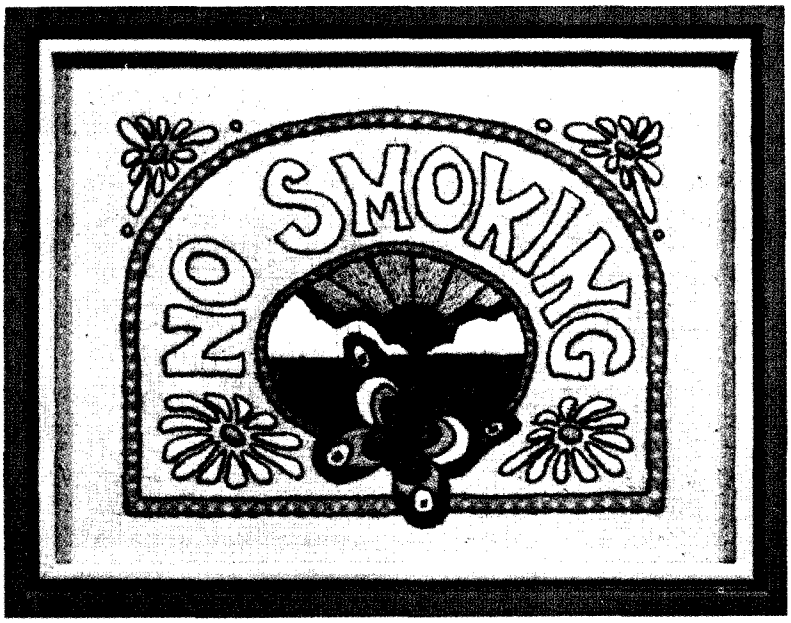

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mast in a crowded room.

"*The boy stood on the burning deck,*" I murmured.

He chuckled. The tears of laughter welled up and stood in his eyes. "Oh, heavens, you were funny!"

" 'Eh, eh, the lassie did her best.' "

"Father said that, I remember. Oh, you were so angry! You kicked the audience."

I laughed. "I made a fool of myself, I know. I still remember that with resentment."

"Do you?" He was staring back at the fire. "You didn't make such an ass of yourself as I did, Ann, in Italy."

I took all my courage in my hands. "It was a bad time just then, just after the war. Victory and nothing else, not even peace."

"That was just about it," he agreed wearily, his forehead wrinkling. "We were just kicking our heels. I was sick of stinks and suffering and useless sacrifices, and these film people were frightfully amusing. I couldn't follow half of what they said, but it all seemed very complimentary. There was one little chap like a sallow Hotei . . . do you remember?"

I nodded. I could see the fat little Chinese god of plenty sitting on Mrs. Linnett's bedroom mantelshelf. John was following my thought.

"I couldn't bear to come back to the empty house, Ann."

"No. Better not. Hotei was white, by the way."

"This little guy wasn't. He was gray. I don't know what he was or how he got there, but he was the big noise in the outfit. I was to be his big discovery, and he went through the command to get me the necessary leave like a knife going through butter. That's how that happened."

There was a long silence. I wanted to tell him that I could forgive anybody for shrinking from revisiting that pretty, shabby old house in Southersham where every click of a door latch must have brought him leaping up to meet parents who could never be there again. But I didn't say anything.

Behind us in the dark was the one thing which needed explaining. My throat grew dry and I fidgeted.

"Francia Forde was with them?" I murmured, and held my breath.

"She was about." His face was hardly so handsome with those deep lines in it.

"You fell for her, too?"

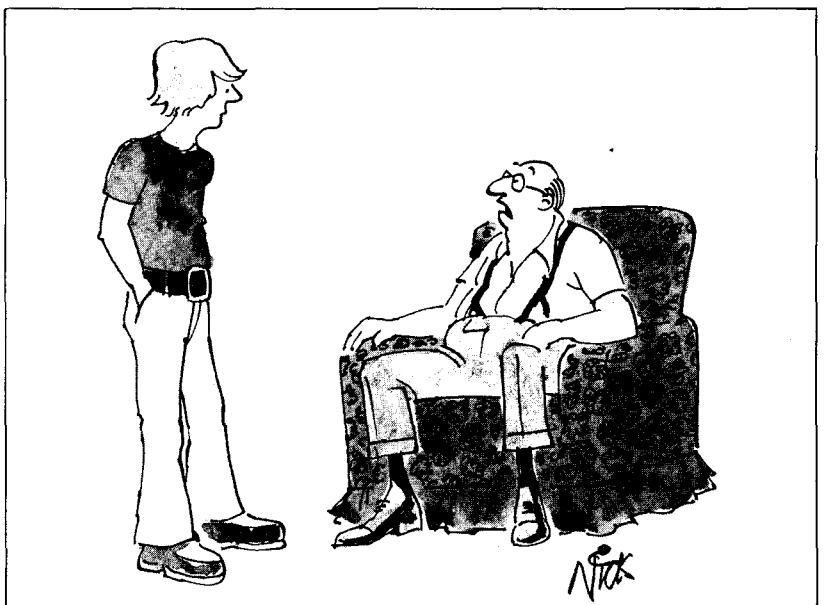
"That was a mistake. I knew it. I was a fool." I felt him draw into himself and the shutters come down between us. "That's something I can't tell you; or, rather, something I won't tell you. Do you mind?"

Mind? Mind? When we had so little time?

"Good heavens, no," I said. "I'm dying to talk about my work." And I climbed stiffly on my hobbyhorse. Gradually our talk came around to the diseases of children, and before we knew it, our old dreams were out again.

"I've had my eye on Nurse Tooley for our clinic," I said.

"What, this one?" He was very interested. "Yes, she's quite exceptional, isn't she? I noticed that. What's she like with kids?"



"When I asked my *dad for a 78, I meant a record, not a car."*

"Marvelous." I started to say it, and the word had caught and died in my throat. I bent my head over my hands. There was nothing I could do. The tears ran down my face and over my chin. I stuffed my body into the chair and struggled with myself, and his hand crept over my elbow and on to my wrist, where it settled like a band of steel.

"Ann. Oh, Ann."

It might have been the end of the world.

I heard it first. My ears, attuned to the faintest nuance in his voice, the slightest sound in the house, picked up the altered breathing from the bed. As I sprang to my feet the other sound came. It was deep, breathy, and quite horribly loud.

We were both on the other side of the room in an instant, and John's fingers fumbled as he felt for the lamp switch. Francia lay as we had left her. But for the first time since I had seen her, her eyes were open, and as the light reached them they fluttered shut again. Her lips moved, and very slowly she turned her head away. Hardly daring, I put out my hand and took her wrist. The pulse was not so fast. It was no longer fluttering.

I looked at John on the other side of the bed. His face startled me. He was radiant. Pure joy looked out of his eyes as he watched her. His lips were half open, as if he were helping her, forcing her, to speak.

She woke like the Sleeping Beauty after a thousand years. She was still drugged. Her eyes tried to focus and gave up. Her dry lips moved and she struggled with the clouds which held her. Her will to live was tremendous. I felt it in her pulse. She was fighting manfully. One could only admire her.

I gave her a tiny sip from the cup beside me and she swallowed greedily.

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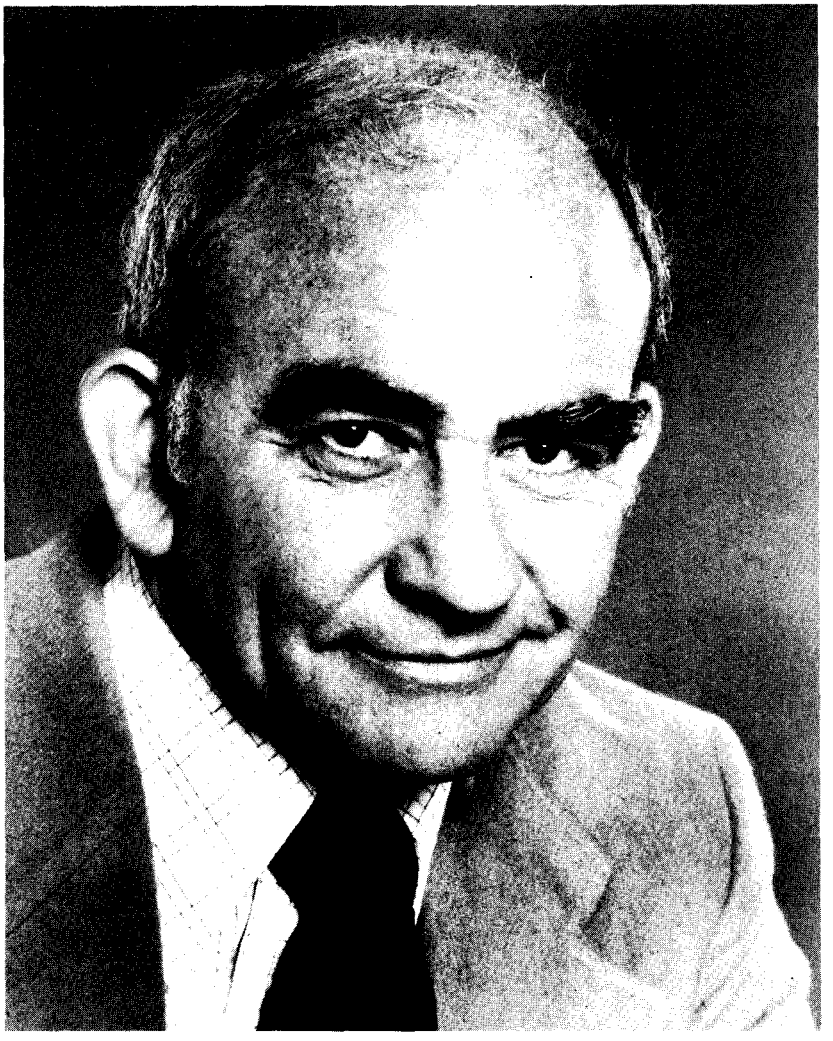
ED ASNER'S WARM MEMORIES

TV's "Lou Grant" tells of a boyhood "Magical Mystery Tour."

by Don Freeman

Mostly, as Ed Asner's thoughts return to the Hanukkah celebrations of his boyhood, he remembers the candles in the menorah, which is the eight-pronged candelabrum used in Jewish worship. He remembers the shafts of light flickering delicately in the shadows, an enduring reminder of a religious tradition dating back to 165 B.C.E. "The candlelight," says Asner, speaking very softly, "was a magical mystery tour to me as a boy. It was a restating of spiritual principles. It was beauty. It was . . . family. And it was unforgettable."



Three Emmys for "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" and two more for roles in "Rich Man, Poor Man" and "Roots" make Ed Asner a winning contender in his profession. His own show has become a CBS success.

Many years have passed since Edward Asner, TV's star of the "Lou Grant" series, was a child living in the two-story, red-brick house on a hill with a large elm tree in the front yard at 1814 Oakland Avenue in Kansas City, Kansas. But his memories persist, constant and warming, of how it was when the Asners celebrated Hanukkah, the Jewish Festival of Lights, in the dusk of December evenings.

We are in the commissary at CBS Studio Center in Studio City, close to Hollywood, where "Lou Grant" is filmed, and Ed Asner is toying with an unappealing salad. He had shed 35 pounds on a liquid protein diet, but he is still a man of considerable bulk. He is wearing a well-tailored gray suit, a white shirt, and a striped, blue and gray Brooks Bros. tie. He is congenial and likable, a strong, sensitive, rich-humored man that anyone would want to have for a friend.

Asner was the youngest of five children in an Orthodox Jewish household. His father, Morris David Asner, had migrated as a teenager from Vilna, then in the free state of Lithuania but now a part of the Soviet Union. After working for a year in a garment district sweatshop in New York, he ventured out to Kansas where he went into the junk business, was married, and began to raise a family.

"My father," Ed Asner says, "was a bear of a man with hands twice as big as mine. His nails were cracked from working with iron and steel—man's work, brawny and sweaty. He was 56 when I was born, the big gap in years a wide chasm for father and youngest son, but he gave me the gift of a time I never knew. He would talk about the excitement of once having heard Teddy Roosevelt speak . . . and Billy Sunday. He never fell out of love with America. 'Golden America,' he called it. He loved this country, and he loved the Old Testament."

His voice turns gentle as he talks about his mother, Lizzie Seliger Asner, born in Odessa in southern Russia, an emigrant to Kansas City by way of Galveston. "My mother was a prototype mother, the mother of us all," Asner says. "She was 47 when I was born, so I knew her only as middle-aged, gray-haired. She was

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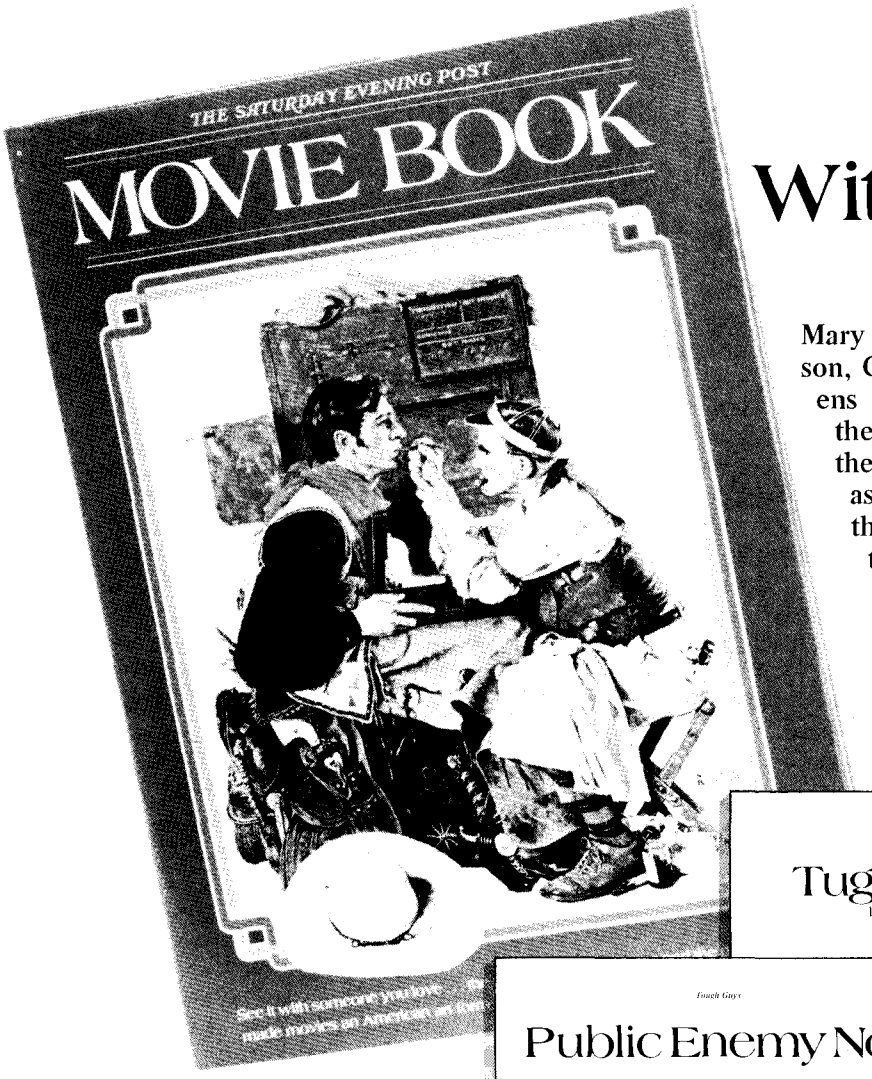
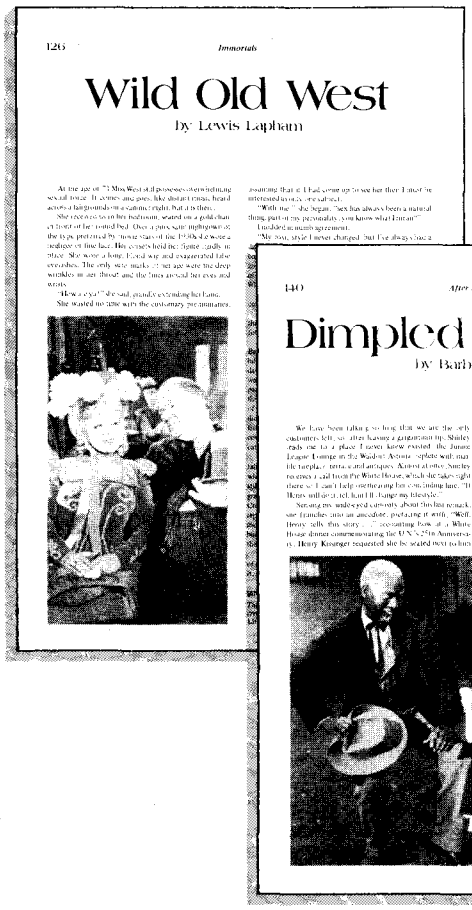


See It With Someone You Love

Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Groucho Marx, Marilyn Monroe, and dozens of others. They are the names that gave the silver screen its sparkle. From the first, the *Post* followed the stars. Join them again as they take you behind the scenes and into the life and literature of Hollywood—the techniques, the business, and the scandals.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Wild Old West

by Lewis Lapham

140 *After Hollywood*

Dimpled Diplomat

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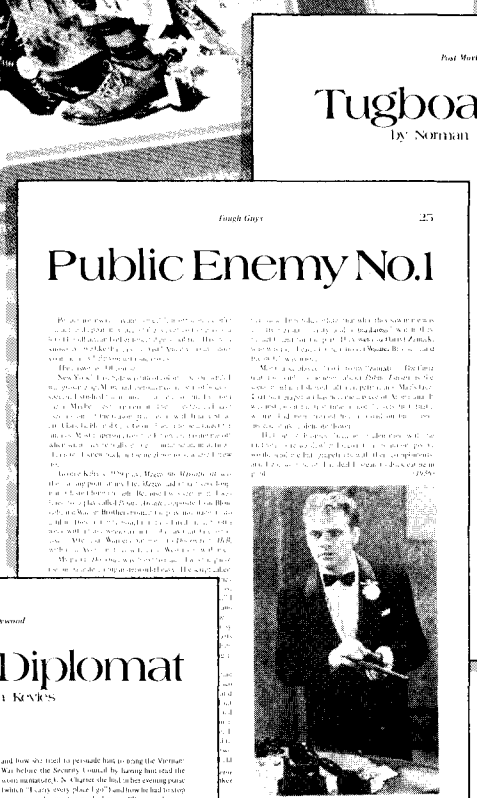
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*	March '74	___	March '77
___	April '74	___	April '77
___	May '74	___	May/Jun '77
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___	Aug/Sep '74	___	September '77
___	October '74	___	October '77
___	November '74	___	November '77
___	December '74	___	December '77
___	Jan/Feb '75	___	Jan/Feb '78
___	March '75	___	March '78
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short, perhaps 5 feet 4, plump—pleasingly so. As the youngest of the brood, I was her baby. I can remember so clearly standing behind her, staring wide-eyed at the menorah, watching the candles being lit. My mother had beautiful hazel eyes. They would shine in the candlelight. How they would shine!"

Not long ago, Asner narrated a film on Hanukkah for public television. To many viewers the historic details were richly informative, but for Ed Asner, who attended Hebrew school regularly as a boy, the program was simply a recitation of what he had learned long ago, and remembered.

"What you learn as a child, if it's important, you don't forget," Asner says. "The word itself—*Hanukkah*. In Hebrew it means 'rededication.' What it signifies is the struggle of the Jews for freedom. It's a rededication to the ideal of freedom for all men. This goes back to the year 165 B.C.E. when the Maccabees defeated the pagan Syrians in Jerusalem and regained the Holy Temple that had been desecrated.

"It's interesting how the term 'Maccabee' came about. The Jews were led in battle by Judas the Hammer, also known as Judas the Maccabee because he had a motto inscribed on his banner: 'Who is Like unto Thee among the Mighty, O Lord?' The initial letters in the motto in Hebrew, *Mi chamocha baelim Adonai*, suggested the word 'Maccabee.'

"As tradition has it," Asner continues, "all of the oil for the holy lamps of the Temple had been defiled by pagan worshipers. But there was one untouched bottle of oil found sealed and hidden away. The oil it contained was only enough to last for one day, but, miraculously, it lasted for eight days. So it was decreed that an eight-day festival be held thereafter with one of eight candles in a menorah being lit each night."

So at sundown in the kitchen of the Asner home a match would be put to the eight candles, one by one on successive nights, and Ed remembers that his father, working late in the junkyard, would rarely be home in time for the ceremony. "My dad would come through the front door, tired and grimy," Asner says, "and he would go right to the kitchen where the candles had already been lit, and he would say to my mother, in Yiddish: '*Chag sameach*.' Happy holiday. And my mother would say in return: '*Chag sameach*.' Somehow, that exchange would make it official—my mother and my father both smiling, together with the whole family."

As Asner explains, it is by coincidence, not design, that Hanukkah shares with Christmas the month of December. "Hanukkah is based on the ancient lunar calendar. The eight days of Hanukkah just happen to fall in December. But to Orthodox Jews, Hanukkah is a nonobservance of Christmas, and the two have nothing in common except that there are small gifts for the children and prayers and hymns and familial togetherness and a lifting of the spirit."

He paused and then he grinned broadly. "We had no holly on the door, but we had challah in the breadbox," he added, referring to the Jewish-style white bread rich in eggs and often topped by sesame seeds.

Today, at the Asners' home in Bel Air, Hanukkah is celebrated by Ed and his wife, the former Nancy Lou Sykes (who was raised an Episcopalian), and their three children: the 15-year-old twins, Liza and Matthew, and Kathie, 11. The candles are lit, and Ed Asner thinks back to other times of Hanukkah, in the kitchen of a house atop a hill in Kansas, and past and present are joyously mingled. ⁂

From a Northwest Site

autumn shook the forest of its leaves
till naked limbs compose this tangled scene,
branches clack and creak on icy winds
come world-round to blow bleak winter in;

brittle moss glows brighter on the trees
holding fast, determined not to freeze—
yet even now before the last leaf's down
upon each twig a sealed bud-tip is found.

—Jeffrey Lee Allen

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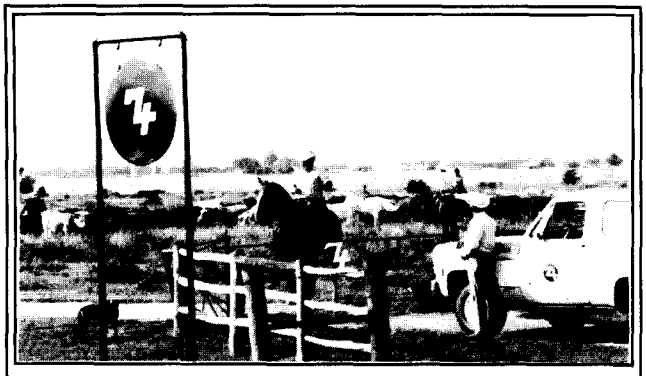

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THE BIG ROCK CANDY FIGGY PUDDING PITFALL

'Tis the season to succumb to the lure of the artsy-craftsy urge.

by Joan Didion

Illustration by Andrea Eberbach

You will perhaps have difficulty understanding why I conceived the idea of making 20 hard-candy topiary trees and 20 figgy puddings in the first place. The heart of it is that although I am frail, lazy, and unsuited to doing anything except what I am paid to do, which is sit by myself and type with one finger, I like to imagine myself a "can-do" kind of woman, capable of patching the corral fence, pickling enough peaches to feed the hands all winter, and then winning a trip to Minneapolis in the Pillsbury Bake-Off. In fact, the day I stop believing that if put to it I could win the Pillsbury Bake-Off will signal the death of something.

It was late in September, about the time certain canny elves began strategically spotting their *Make it Yourself for Christmas* books near supermarket check-out counters, when I sensed the old familiar discontent. I would stand there in the Westward Ho market, waiting to check out my frozen chicken Tetrazzini, and leafing through the books, I would see how far I had drifted from the real pleasures. I did not "do" things. I did not sew spangles on potholders for my friends. I did not make branches of marzipan mistletoe for my hostesses. I did not give Corn Dog and Caroling Parties for neighborhood children (Did I know any neighborhood children? Were there any neighborhood children? What exactly was my neighborhood?), the Corn Dogs to be accompanied by Hot Santa's Grog.

Nor had it ever occurred to me to buy Styrofoam balls, cover them with hard candies, plant them on wooden stalks in small flowerpots, and end up with amusingly decorative hard-candy topiary trees, perfect for centerpieces or last-minute gifts. At the check-out counter, I recognized clearly that my plans for the Christmas season—making a few deadlines—were stale and unprofitable. Had my great-great-grandmother come west in a covered wagon and strung cranberries on scrub oaks so that I might sit by myself in a room typing with one finger and ordering Italian twinkle lights by mail from Hammacher Schlemmer?

I wanted to be the kind of woman who made hard-candy topiary trees and figgy puddings. The figgy puddings were not in the *Make it Yourself for Christmas* books but something I remembered from a carol. "Oh bring us a figgy pudding and a happy new year," the line went. I was unsure what a figgy pudding was, but it had the ring of the real thing.

"Exactly what kind of therapy are we up to this week?" my husband asked when I arrived home with 20 Styrofoam balls, 20 flowerpots, and 60 pounds of, or roughly 6,000, hard candies, each wrapped in cellophane.

"Hard-candy topiary trees, if you don't mind," I said briskly, to gain the offensive before he could mention my last project, a hand-knitted sweater which would have cost $60 at Jax, the distinction being that, had I bought it at Jax, it would very probably be finished. "Twenty of them. Decorative. Amusing."

He said nothing.

"*Christmas* presents," I said.

There was a moment of silence as we contemplated the dining-room table, covered now with shifting dunes of lemon drops.

"Presents for whom?" he said.

"Your mother might like one."

"That leaves nineteen."

"All right. Let's just say they're centerpieces."

"Let's just say that if you're making 20 centerpieces, I hope you're under contract to Chasen's. Or maybe to Hilton."

"That's all *you* know," I countered, wittily.

Provisions for the figgy puddings were rather more a problem. *The Vogue Book of Menus and Recipes* made no mention of figgy pudding, nor did my cookbook, although the latter offered a recipe

Continued on page 90

Amid tilted topiaries and fizzled figs, it's back to the typewriter.

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RELIGION

SCREWTAPE PROPOSES A TOAST

A clever devil instructs a class of junior Tempters on the right ways to make human beings go wrong.

by C.S. Lewis

Illustrated by Jared Lee

(The scene is in Hell at the annual dinner of the Tempters' Training College for young Devils. The principal, Dr. Slubgob, has just proposed the health of the guests. Screwtape, a very experienced Devil, who is the guest of honor, rises to reply.)

Mr. Principal, Your Imminence, Your Disgraces, my Thorns, Shadies, and Gentledevils: It is customary on these occasions for the speaker to address himself chiefly to those among you who have just been graduated and who will very soon be posted to official Tempterships on earth. It is a custom I willingly obey. I well remember with what trepidation I awaited my own first appointment. I hope and believe that each one of you has the same uneasiness tonight. Your career is before you. Hell expects and demands that it should be—as mine was—one of unbroken success. If it is not, you know what awaits you.

Here's to the Tempters' Training College, its graduate devils, and its repast of vintage Pharisee.

Your dreaded principal has included in a speech full of points something like an apology for the banquet which he has set before us. Well, Gentledevils, no one blames *him*. But it would be vain to deny that the human souls on whose anguish we have been feasting tonight were of pretty poor quality. Not all the most skillful cookery of our tormentors could make them better than insipid.

Oh, to get one's teeth again into a Herod, a Henry the Eighth, or even a Hitler! There was real crackling there; something to crunch; a rage, an egotism, a cruelty only just less robust than our own.

Instead of this, what have we had tonight? There was a municipal authority with Graft sauce. But personally I could not detect in him the flavor of a really passionate and brutal avarice such as delighted one in the great tycoons of the last century. Then there was the lukewarm Casserole of Adulterers. Could you find in it any trace of a fully inflamed, defiant, rebellious, insatiable lust? I couldn't. The Trade Unionist garnished with sedition was perhaps a shade better.

Continued on following page

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He had done some real harm. He had, not quite unknowingly, worked for bloodshed, famine, and the extinction of liberty.

But now comes the point. Gastronomically all this is deplorable. But I hope none of us puts gastronomy first. Is it not, in another and far more serious way, full of hope and promise?

Consider first the mere quantity. The quality may be wretched; but we never had souls (of a sort) in more abundance.

And then the triumph. We are tempted to say that such souls—or such residual puddles of what once was soul—are hardly worth damning. Yes, but the Enemy—for whatever inscrutable and perverse reason—thought them worth trying to save. Believe me, He did. You youngsters who have not yet been on active service have no idea with what labor, with what delicate skill, each of these miserable creatures was finally captured.

The difficulty lay in their very smallness and flabbiness. Here were vermin so muddled in mind, so passively responsive to environment, that it was very hard to raise them to that level of clarity and deliberateness at which mortal sin becomes possible. To raise them just enough; but not that fatal millimeter of "too much." For then, of course, all would possibly have been lost. They might have seen; they might have repented.

"I've never found it difficult to believe in the hereafter. It's the here and now that's hard to believe."

In each individual choice of what the Enemy would call the "wrong" turning, such creatures are at first hardly, if at all, in a state of full spiritual responsibility. They do not understand either the source or the real character of the prohibitions they are breaking. The job of their Tempters was first, of course, to harden these choices of the Hellward roads into a habit by steady repetition. But then—and this was all-important—to turn the habit into a principle, a principle the creature is prepared to defend. After that, all will go well. Conformity to the social environment, at first merely instinctive or even mechanical—how should a *jelly* not conform?—now becomes an unacknowledged creed or ideal of Togetherness or Being Like Folks. Mere ignorance of the law they break now turns into a vague theory about it—remember they know no history—a theory expressed by calling it *conventional* or *puritan* or *bourgeois* morality.

These, then, are two welcome phenomena. First, the abundance of our captures; however tasteless our fare, we are in no danger of famine. And secondly, the triumph; the skill of our Tempters has never stood higher. But the third moral, which I have not yet drawn, is the most important of all.

The sort of souls on whose despair and ruin we have—well, I won't say feasted, but at any rate subsisted—tonight are increasing in numbers and will continue to increase. Our catches will be ever more numerous; but they will consist increasingly of trash—trash which we should once have thrown to Cerberus and the hellhounds as unfit for diabolical consumption. And there are two things I want you to understand about this. First, that however depressing it may seem, it is really a change for the better. And secondly, I would draw your attention to the means by which it has been brought about.

It is a change for the better. The great—and toothsome—sinners are made out of the very same material as those horrible phenomena, the great saints. The virtual disappearance of such material may mean insipid meals for us. But is it not utter frustration and absolute famine for the Enemy? He did not create the humans—He did not become one of them and die among them by torture—in order to produce candidates for Limbo; "failed" humans. He wanted to make saints, gods, things like Himself. As the great sinners grow fewer and the majority lose all individuality, the great sinners become far more effective agents for us. Every dictator or even demagogue—almost every film star or crooner—can now draw tens of thousands of the human sheep with him. There may come a time when we shall have no need to bother about *individual* temptation at all, except for the few. Catch the bellwether, and his whole flock comes after him.

But do you realize how we have succeeded in reducing so many of the human race to the level of ciphers? This has not come about by accident.

Let me recall to your minds what the human situation was in the latter part of the 19th century—the period at which I ceased to be a practicing Tempter and was rewarded with an administrative post. The great movement toward liberty and equality among men had by then borne solid fruits and grown mature. Slavery had been abolished. The American War of Independence had been won. The French Revolution had succeeded. Religious toleration was almost everywhere on the increase. In that movement there

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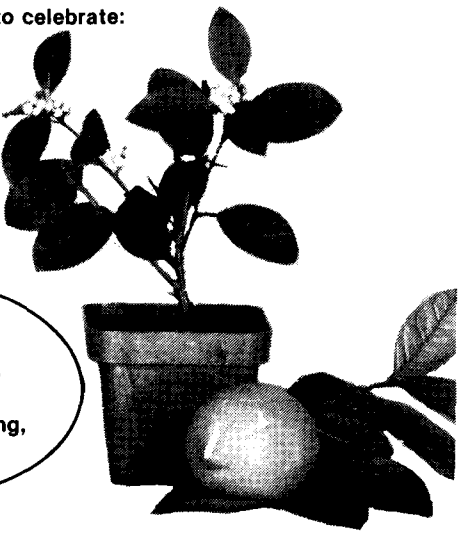

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had originally been many elements which were in our favor. Much atheism, much anticlericalism, much envy and thirst for revenge, even some rather absurd attempts to revive paganism, were mixed in it. It was not easy to determine what our own attitude should be. On the one hand it was a bitter blow to us—it still is—that any sort of men who had been hungry should be fed or any who had long worn chains should have them struck off. But on the other hand there was in the movement so much rejection of faith, so much materialism, secularism, and hatred that we felt we were bound to encourage it.

But by the latter part of the century the situation was much simpler and also much more ominous. In the English sector—where I saw most of my front-line service—a horrible thing had happened. The Enemy, with His usual sleight of hand, had largely appropriated this progressive or liberalizing movement and perverted it to His own ends. Very little of its old anti-Christianity remained. The dangerous phenomenon called Christian Socialism was rampant. Factory owners of the good old type who grew rich on sweated labor, instead of being assassinated by their workpeople—we could have used that—were being frowned upon by their own class. The rich were increasingly giving up their powers not in the face of revolution and compulsion, but in obedience to their own consciences. As for the poor who benefited by this, they were behaving in a most disappointing fashion. Instead of using their new liberties—as we reasonably hoped and expected—for massacre, rape, and looting, or even for perpetual intoxication, they were perversely engaged in becoming cleaner, more orderly, more thrifty, better educated, and even more virtuous. Believe me, Gentledevils, the threat of something like a really healthy state of society seemed then perfectly serious.

"Look at the bright side—you no longer have to put up with those corny get-well cards."

Thanks to our Father Below the threat was averted. Our counterattack was on two levels. On the deepest level our leaders contrived to call into full life an element which had been implicit in the movement from its earliest days. Hidden in the heart of this striving for liberty there was also a deep hatred of personal freedom. That invaluable man Rousseau first revealed it. In his perfect democracy, you remember, only the state religion is permitted, slavery is restored, and the individual is told that he has really willed (though he didn't know it) whatever the government tells him to do. From that starting point, via Hegel (another indispensable propagandist on our side) we easily contrived the formation of both the Nazi and the Communist states.

Such was our counterattack on one level. You who are mere beginners will not be entrusted with work of that kind. You will be attached as Tempters to private persons. Against them, or through them, our counterattack takes a different form.

"Democracy" is the word with which you must lead them by the nose. The good work which our philological experts have already done in the corruption of human language makes it unnecessary to warn you that they should never be allowed to give this word a clear and definable meaning. They won't. It will never occur to them that "democracy" is properly the name of a political system, even a system of voting, and that this has only the most remote and tenuous connection with what you are trying to sell them. Nor, of course, must they ever be allowed to raise Aristotle's question: whether "democratic behavior" means the behavior that democracies like or the behavior that will preserve a democracy. For if they did, it could hardly fail to occur to them that these need not be the same.

You are to use the word purely as an incantation; if you like, purely for its selling power. It is a name they venerate. And, of course, it is connected with the political ideal that men should be equally treated. You then make a stealthy transition in their minds from this political ideal to a factual belief that all men *are* equal. Especially the man you are working on. As a result, you can use the word "democracy" to sanction in his thought the most degrading—and also the least enjoyable—of all human feelings. You can get him to practice, not only without shame but with a positive glow of self-approval, conduct which, if undefended by the magic word, would be universally derided.

The feeling I mean is, of course, that which prompts a man to say "I'm as good as you."

The first and most obvious advantage is that you thus induce him to enthrone at the center of his life a good, solid, resounding lie. I don't mean that his statement is false merely in fact—that he is no more equal to everyone he meets in kindness, honesty, and good sense than in height or waist measurement. I mean that he does not believe it himself. No man who says "I'm as good as you" believes it. He would not say it if he did. The St. Bernard never says it to the toy dog, nor the scholar to the dunce, nor the employable to the bum, nor the pretty woman to the plain. The claim to equality, outside the strictly political field, is made only by those who feel themselves

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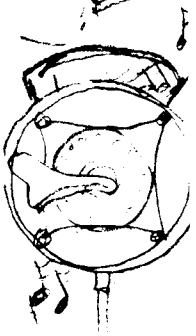

SOUNDSTAGE I

SONGS (ARTIST)

Take the "A" Train (Duke Ellington Band)
They Say It's Wonderful (Frank Sinatra)
More Than You Know (Lena Horne)
When the Saints (Louie Armstrong)
Tangerine (J. Dorsey Orch.)
Pennsylvania 6-5000 (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Strings of Pearls (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I'm Getting Sentimental Over You (Mel Torme)
Lady Be Good (Count Basie and the Orch.)
When You Were Sweet Sixteen (The Ink Spots)
Music Makers (The Harry James Orch.)
The Last Time I Saw Paris (Johnny Desmond)
Garden in the Rain (The Sportsmen)
I'll Be Seeing You (Kate Smith)
Let's Get Away From It All (Tommy Dorsey)
Sunrise Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE II

SONGS (ARTIST)

These Foolish Things (Ted Weems)
I've Heard That Song Before (Harry James)
A Tisket, A Tasket (Ella Fitzgerald)
It's the Talk of the Town (Johnny Desmond)
I Surrender Dear (Mel Torme)
Blueberry Hill (Louie Armstrong)
Green Eyes (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Navy Fight Song (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Boogie Woogie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
To Each His Own (Ink Spots)
In The Mood (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Yankee Doodle Boy (Norman Brooks Orch.)
Moonlight Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Sing, Sing, Sing (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Frankie & Johnny (Lena Horne)
You Made Me Love You (Judy Garland)

SOUNDSTAGE III

SONGS (ARTIST)

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (Kate Smith)
Got a Pebble in My Shoe (Ella Fitzgerald)
Don't Get Around Much (Duke Ellington)
I've Got a Crush on You (Frank Sinatra)
This Can't Be Love (Johnny Desmond)
Somewhere Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland)
Don't Fence Me In (Shep Fields Orch.)
Moonlight Cocktail (Glenn Miller Orch.)
So Rare (Jimmy Dorsey Orch.)
Bugle Call Rag (Benny Goodman Orch.)
If I Didn't Care (Ink Spots)
Twilight Time (Les Brown Orch.)
Heartaches (Ted Weems)
Taking a Chance on Love (Tommy Dorsey)
Red, Red Robin (Sportsmen)
I'm Getting Sentimental (Tommy Dorsey)

SOUNDSTAGE IV

SONGS (ARTIST)

Ghost of a Chance (Mel Torme)
When I Take My Sugar (Shep Fields Orch.)
Side by Side (Kate Smith)
Harbor Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
Woodchoppers Ball (Woody Herman Band)
Swanee River (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Best Things in Life Are Free (Frank Sinatra)
Elmer's Tune (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
Cuddle Up A Little Closer (Ink Spots)
Flat Foot Floogie (Louie Armstrong)
Little Brown Jug (Glenn Miller Orch.)
That Old Devil Moon (Johnny Desmond)
Somebody's Taking My Place (Ted Weems)
Sophisticated Lady (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Wish You Were Here (Judy Garland)
Don't Squeeze Me (Lena Horne)

SOUNDSTAGE V

SONGS (ARTIST)

Velvet Moon (Harry James Orch.)
I Wonder Why (Bing Crosby/Judy Garland)
I Had the Craziest Dream (Harry James)
Ain't Misbehavin' (Fats Waller)
A Slow Boat to China (Dick Haymes)
I'll Be Around (Anita Ray)
Tuxedo Junction (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Song of India (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Blue Skies (The Sportsmen)
Habanera (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Perfidia (Billy Daniels)
If I Had You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Red Sails in the Sunset (Sportsmen)
Swing Low (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
People Will Say We're in Love (Kate Smith)
Rock-a-Bye Basie (Count Basie Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VI

SONG (ARTIST)

You Do Something to Me (Frank Sinatra)
Kalamazoo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
All of You (Johnny Desmond)
Me and My Shadow (Shep Fields Orch.)
Music Maestro Please (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
All or Nothing at All (Billy Daniels)
Oh, Look at Me Now (Dick Haymes)
At Last (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Coffee Time (Les Brown Orch.)
But Not Like You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Sunday Kind of Love (Anita Ray)
April in Portugal (Ted Heath Orch.)
I've Got the Sun in the Morning (Bing Crosby)
This Love of Mine (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Linger Awhile (Shep Fields Orch.)
The Man With a Horn (Harry James Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VII

SONG (ARTIST)

Say It Isn't So (Ted Weems)
Rock-a-Bye Your Baby (Judy Garland)
Chattanooga Choo Choo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Maria Lena (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
April in Paris (Count Basie Orch.)
The Poor People of Paris (Lawrence Welk)
Don't Worry 'Bout Me (Mel Torme)
Poor Butterfly (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Marie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Isle of Capri (Shep Fields Orch.)
Sentimental Journey (Les Brown Orch.)
American Patrol (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Peanut Vendor (Stan Kenton Orch.)
Just You, Just Me (Frank Sinatra)
My Heart Stood Still (Dick Haymes)
Frenesi (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VIII

SONGS (ARTIST)

Serenade in Blue (Glenn Miller Orch.)
When My Sugar Walks (The Sportsmen)
So Far (Dick Haymes)
Prelude to a Kiss (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Stompin' at the Savoy (Benny Goodman Orch.)
There Are Such Things (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Got the World on a String (Bill Daniels)
A Fine Romance (Shep Fields Orch.)
Blue Moon (Les Brown Orch.)
Cherokee (Charlie Barnett Orch.)
Full Moon Empty Arms (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
I Know Why (Glenn Miller Orch.)
It Ain't Necessarily So (Pres Prado Orch.)
Jeepers, Creepers (Louie Armstrong)
Tennessee Newsboy (Frank Sinatra)
Moonglow (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE IX

SONGS (ARTIST)

I Found A New Baby (Benny Goodman Orch.)
I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm (Les Brown)
I'll Never Smile Again (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Let's Put Out the Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
I Can't Believe That You're In Love (Mel Torme)
After You've Gone (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Blue Champagne (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Stardust (Al Goodman Orch.)
Sleepy Time Gal (Harry James Orch.)
Hold Tight (Andrews Sisters)
Tenderly (Kate Smith)
I Can't Get Started (Johnny Desmond)
Polka Dots and Moonbeams (Frank Sinatra)
Claire De Lune (Glenn Miller Orch.)
This Time the Dream's on Me (Dick Haymes)
Chasing Rainbows (Lawrence Welk Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE X

SONGS (ARTIST)

Ten O'clock Jump (Count Basie Orch.)
There Must Be A Way (Shep Fields Orch.)
Anvil (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I Can't Give You Anything (Mel Torme)
Who's Sorry Now (Kate Smith)
I Don't Want to Walk (Anita Ray)
Sunny Side of the Street (Tommy Dorsey)
Come Rain or Come Shine (Kate Smith)
Sleepy Lagoon (Harry James)
Drigo's Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
There's a Small Hotel (Johnny Desmond)
Don't Be That Way (Benny Goodman)
Champagne Waltz (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
Once In A While (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Begin the Beguine (Al Goodman Orch.)
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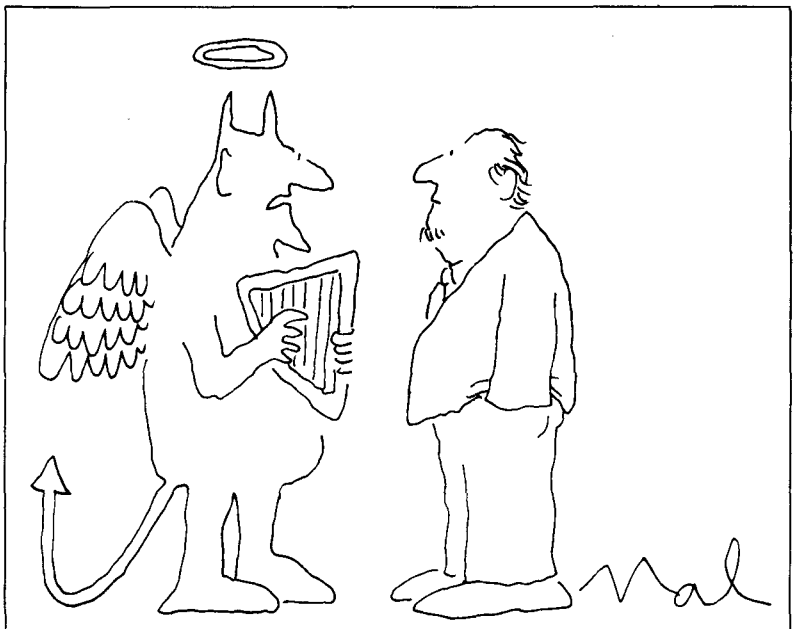
to be in some way inferior. What it expresses is precisely the itching, smarting, writhing awareness of an inferiority which the patient refuses to accept. And therefore resents.

Yes, and therefore resents every kind of superiority in others; denigrates it; wishes its annihilation. Presently he suspects every mere difference of being a claim to superiority. No one must be different from himself in voice, clothes, manners, recreations, choice of food: "Here is someone who speaks English rather more clearly and euphoniously than I—it must be a vile, upstage, la-di-da affectation. Here's a fellow who says he doesn't like hot dogs—thinks himself too good for them, no doubt. Here's a man who hasn't turned on the jukebox—he's one of those damned highbrows and is doing it to show off. If they were honest-to-goodness all-right Joes they'd be like me. They've no business to be different. It's undemocratic."



"Frankly, on questions of good and evil I'm rather ambivalent."

Now this useful phenomenon is in itself by no means new. Under the name of Envy it has been known to the humans for thousands of years. But hitherto they always regarded it as the most odious, and also the most comical, of vices. Those who were aware of feeling it felt it with shame; those who were not gave it no quarter in others. The delightful novelty of the present situation is that you can sanction it—make it respectable and even laudable—by the incantatory use of the word "democratic."

Under the influence of this incantation those who are in any or every way inferior can labor more wholeheartedly and successfully than ever before to pull down everyone else to their own level. But that is not all. Under the same influence those who come, or could come, nearer to a full humanity, actually draw back from it for fear of being undemocratic. I am credibly informed that young humans now sometimes suppress an incipient taste for classical music or good literature because it might prevent their Being Like Folks; that people who would really wish to be—and are offered the Grace which would enable them to be—honest, chaste, or temperate refuse it. To accept it might make them Different, might offend against the Way of Life, take them out of Togetherness, impair their Integration With the Group. They might (horror of horrors!) become individuals.

Meanwhile, as a delightful by-product, the few (fewer every day) who will not be made Normal and Regular and Like Folks and Integrated, increasingly tend to become in reality the prigs and cranks which the rabble would in any case have believed them to be. For suspicion often creates what it suspects: "Since, whatever I do, the neighbors are going to think me a witch, or a Communist agent, I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb and become one in reality." As a result we now have an intelligentsia which, though very small, is very useful to the cause of Hell.

But that is a mere by-product. What I want to fix your attention on is the vast, overall movement toward the discrediting, and finally the elimination, of every kind of human excellence—moral, cultural, social, or intellectual. And is it not pretty to notice how democracy—in the incantatory sense—is now doing for us the work that was once done by the most ancient dictatorships, and by the same methods? You remember how one of the Greek dictators (they called them "tyrants" then) sent an envoy to another dictator to ask his advice about the principles of government. The second dictator led the envoy into a field of grain, and there he snicked off with his cane the top of every stalk that rose an inch or so above the general level. The moral was plain. Allow no preeminence among your subjects. Let no man live who is wiser, or better, or more famous, or even handsomer than the mass. Cut them all down to a level; all slaves, all ciphers, all nobodies. All equals. Thus tyrants could practice, in a sense, "democracy." But now "democracy" can do the same work without any other tyranny than her own. No one need now go through the field with a cane. The little stalks will now of themselves bite the tops off the big ones. The big ones are beginning to bite off their own in their desire to Be Like Stalks.

I have said that to secure the damnation of these little souls, these creatures that have almost ceased to be individual, is a laborious and tricky work. But if proper pains and skill are expended, you can be fairly confident of the result. The great sinners *seem* easier to catch. But then they are incalculable. After you have played them for 70 years, the Enemy may snatch them from your claws in the 71st. They are capable, you see, of real repentance. They are conscious of real guilt. They are, if things take the wrong turn, as ready to defy the social pressures around them for the Enemy's sake as they were to defy them for ours.

My own experience, as I have said, was mainly on

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Oticon celebrates a year of government regulation.

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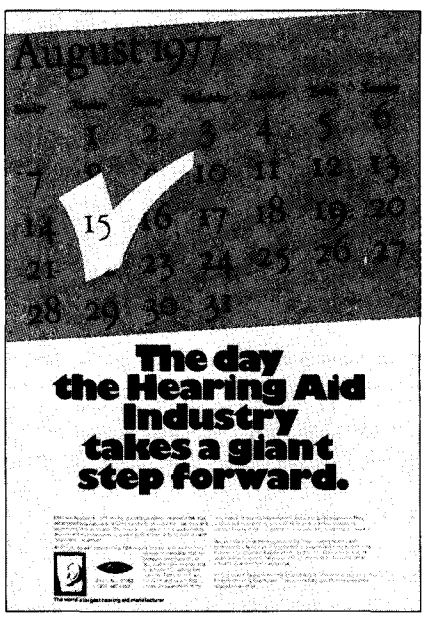

Oticon ran this message in the New York Times on Aug. 15th, 1977 to mark the beginning of FDA regulation. We predicted it would be a giant step forward for the industry. It was.

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the English sector, and I still get more news from it than from any other. It may be that what I am now going to say will not apply so fully to the sectors in which some of you may be operating. But you can make the necessary adjustments when you get there.

In that promising land the spirit of "I'm as good as you" has already become something more than a generally social influence. It begins to work itself into the educational system. How far its operations there have gone at the present moment I would not like to say with certainty; nor does it matter. Once you have grasped the tendency, you can easily predict its future developments; especially as we ourselves will play our part in the developing. The basic principle of the new education is to be that dunces and idlers must not be made to feel inferior to intelligent and industrious pupils. That would be "undemocratic." These differences among the pupils—for they are odiously and nakedly *individual* differences—must be disguised. This can be done on various levels. At universities examinations must be framed so that nearly all the students get good marks. Entrance examinations must be framed so that all, or nearly all, citizens can go to universities, whether they have any power or wish to profit by higher education or not. At schools the children who are too stupid or lazy to learn languages and mathematics and elementary science can be set to doing the things that children used to do in their spare time. Let them, for example, make mud pies and call it modeling. But all the time there must be no faintest hint that they are inferior to the children who are at work. Whatever nonsense they are engaged in must have—I believe the English already use the phrase—"parity of esteem." An even more drastic scheme is not impossible. Children who are fit to proceed to a higher class may be artificially kept back, because the others would get a "trauma"—Beelzebub, what a useful word!—by being left behind. The bright pupil thus remains democratically fettered to his own age group throughout his school career, and a boy who would be capable of tackling Aeschylus or Dante sits listening to his coeval's attempts to spell out "A Cat Sat on a Mat."

In a word, we may reasonably hope for the virtual abolition of education when "I'm as good as you" has fully had its way. All incentives to learn and all penalties for not learning will vanish. The few who might want to learn will be prevented—who are they to overtop their fellows? We shall no longer have to plan and toil to spread imperturbable conceit and incurable ignorance among men. The little vermin themselves will do it for us.

Of course, this would not follow unless all education became state education. But it will. That is part of the same movement. Penal taxes, designed for that purpose, are liquidating the middle class, the class which was prepared to save and spend and make sacrifices in order to have its children privately educated. The removal of this class, besides linking up with the abolition of education, is fortunately an inevitable effect of the spirit that says "I'm as good as you." This was, after all, the social group which gave to the humans the overwhelming majority of their scientists, physicians, philosophers, theologians, poets, artists, composers, architects, jurists, and administrators. If ever there was a bunch of tall stalks that needed their tops knocked off, it was surely they. As an English politician remarked not long ago, "A democracy does not want great men."

It would be idle to ask of such a creature whether by "want" it meant "need" or "like." But you should be clear. For here Aristotle's question arises again.

We, in Hell, would welcome the disappearance of democracy in the strict sense of that word—the political arrangement so-called. Like all forms of government it often works to our advantage; but on the whole less often than other forms. And what we must realize is that "democracy" in the diabolical sense—"I'm as good as you," Being Like Folks, Togetherness—is the finest instrument we could possibly have for extirpating political democracies from the face of the earth.

For "democracy" or the "democratic spirit" (diabolical sense) leads to a nation without great men, a nation mainly of subliterates, morally flaccid from lack of discipline in youth, full of the cocksureness which flattery breeds on ignorance, blustering or whimpering if rebuked. And that is what Hell wishes every democratic people to be. For when such a nation meets in conflict a nation where children have been made to work at school, where talent is placed in high posts, and where the ignorant mass is allowed no say in public affairs, only one result is possible.

"A no smoking section? You gotta be kidding!"

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The democracies were surprised lately when they found that the Soviet Union had got ahead of them in science. What a delicious specimen of human blindness! If the whole tendency of their society is opposed to every sort of excellence, why did they expect their scientists to excel?

It is our function to encourage the behavior, the manners, the whole attitude of mind, which democracies naturally like and enjoy, because these are the very things which, if unchecked, will destroy democracy. You would almost wonder that even humans don't see it themselves. Even if they don't read Aristotle (that would be undemocratic) you would have thought the French Revolution would have taught them that the behavior that aristocrats naturally like is not the behavior that preserves aristocracy. They might then have applied the same principle to all forms of government.

But I would not end on that note. I would not—Hell forbid!—encourage in your own minds that delusion which you must carefully foster in the minds of your human victims. I mean the delusion that the fate of nations is *in itself* more important than that of individual souls. The overthrow of free peoples and the multiplication of slave states are for us a means, but the real end is the destruction of individuals. Only individuals can be saved or damned, can become sons of the Enemy or food for us.

But now for the pleasantest part of my duty. It falls to my lot to propose on behalf of the guests the health of Principal Slubgob and the Tempters' Training College. Fill your glasses. What is this I see? What is this delicious bouquet I inhale? Can it be? Mr. Principal, I unsay all my hard words about the dinner. I see—and smell—that even under wartime conditions the college cellar still has a few dozen of sound old vintage Pharisee. Well, well, well! This is like old times.

Your Imminence, your Disgraces, my Thorns, Shadies, and Gentledevils: I give you the toast of—Principal Slubgob and the college!

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...AND A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE

Looking for unusual gifts this Christmas season? Consider 42 geese a-laying, 40 maids a-milking, 30 lords a-leaping.

by Keith Waterhouse

Illustrated by Jared Lee

A pear tree, sir? Yes, indeed, sir, we have a wide selection of pear trees. May I recommend the Jargonelle, number three in the catalog? It bears a small green and brown tapering fruit, will succeed on a sunless wall, and is resistant to scab.

Naturally we deliver, sir. If you will write down the lady's address we can guarantee that she'll get her pear tree on the first day of Christmas.

Will there be anything else, sir?

A partridge? Of course, sir. We specialize in game birds. If you would step into the Food Hall. . . .

Oh, I see, a *live* partridge. If we don't have one in stock we can certainly get one for you, sir.

I suppose we *could* find a way of attaching it to the pear tree, sir. We could probably tie its feet up with string. Or ribbon, if you'd like it gift-wrapped.

Excuse me, sir, let me be quite sure I've got your instructions clear. You want 12 pear trees, to be delivered on successive days?

Would you like different varieties of pear trees? Packham's Triumph? Conference? Laxton's Early Market? Very good, sir. Twelve of the Jargonelle.

And twelve live partridges.

No bother at all, sir, I assure you. I'll just make out your invoice, unless you'd like to look around at all?

Two turtledoves, sir? Ah, I've got you. *Twenty*-two turtledoves, to be delivered in 11 batches, the first pair to arrive on the second day of Christmas.

Do you want them tied up in any particular kind of tree, sir? Bramley Seedling? Newton Wonder? Flowering cherry?

Very good, sir. No more trees.

Yes, sir, we do a very good line in French hens. They go very well with the dwarf conifers, I think you'll find. We could strap their feet to the branches and sprinkle them with glitter dust, if you so required. Highly seasonable effect, sir.

Just the French hens. As you wish, sir. Three per diem, making two and a half dozen in all. I don't know whether we've got that many in stock, sir, but we can always have them flown in for you.

If the lady's interested in bird life, sir, we can do you a slightly shop-soiled ostrich. Or what about 30 or 40 penguins?

Owls? Parrots? Oyster catchers? Snowy egrets? Laughing gulls? Vultures?

Colly birds it is, sir. A wise choice, if I may say so. I think the lady will be very pleased.

Is there anything else I can show you, sir? Fur coats? Cigarette lighters? Rare coins? Precious stones? Jewelry?

You can have as many gold rings as you wish, sir.

You wouldn't like to round it up to an even 25 gross, would you, sir? It would save me opening the crate.

Just as you like, sir. Five gold rings each day, delivery to commence on the fifth day of Christmas. There'll be a small extra charge for the use of the armored car. Unless you'd care to buy it outright, sir? Many ladies are driving their own armored cars this season.

Ah, well, if the lady doesn't drive there's no point in drawing your attention to our excellent stock of Rolls-Bentleys. Would you like to see the music depart-

Continued on page 135

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How Words Change Our Lives

By S. I. HAYAKAWA

The end product of education, yours and mine and everybody's, is the total pattern of reactions and possible reactions we have inside ourselves. If you did not have within you at this moment the pattern of reactions which we call "the ability to read English," you would see here only meaningless black marks on paper. Because of the trained patterns of response, you are (or are not) stirred to patriotism by martial music, your feelings of reverence are aroused by the symbols of your religion, you listen more respectfully to the health advice of someone who has "M.D." after his name than to that of someone who hasn't. What I call here a "pattern of reactions," then, is the sum total of the ways we act in response to events, to words, and to symbols.

Our reaction patterns—our semantic habits, as we may call them—are the internal and most important residue of whatever years of education or miseducation we may have received from our parents' conduct toward us in childhood as well as their teachings, from the formal education we may have had, from all the sermons and lectures we have listened to, from the radio programs and the movies and television shows we have experienced, from all the books and newspapers and comic strips we have read, from the conversations we have had with friends and associates, and from all our experiences. If, as the result of all these influences that make us what we are, our semantic habits are reasonably similar to those of most people around us, we are regarded as "well-adjusted," or "normal," and perhaps "dull." If our semantic habits are noticeably different from those of

Continued on following page

About the Author

S. I. (Samuel Ichiye) Hayakawa was born in Vancouver and was graduated from the University of Manitoba, McGill University, and the University of Wisconsin. He taught and lectured at several American universities before becoming acting president of San Francisco State College in 1968. Later that year he assumed the college presidency, serving until 1973 when San Francisco State College achieved university status. Dr. Hayakawa then became president emeritus, a role he filled until being elected to the United States Senate in 1976. Senator Hayakawa is the author of several books on language and is married to the former Margedant Peters; they have three children. *Photograph by Joern Gerdts*

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others, we are regarded as "individualistic" or "original," or, if the differences are disapproved of or viewed with alarm, as "screwball" or "crazy."

Semantics is sometimes defined in dictionaries as "the science of the meaning of words"—which would not be a bad definition if people didn't assume that the search for the meanings of words begins and ends with looking them up in a dictionary.

But semantics does not deal with the "meaning of words" as that expression is commonly understood. P. W. Bridgman, the Nobel Prize winner and physicist, once wrote, "The true meaning of a term is to be found by observing what a man does with it, not by what he says about it." He made an enormous contribution to science by showing that the meaning of a scientific term lies in the operations, the things done, that establish its validity, rather than in verbal definitions.

Here is a simple, everyday kind of example of "operational" criticism. If you say, "This table measures six feet in length," you could prove it by taking a foot rule, performing the operation of laying it end to end while counting, "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." But if you say—and revolutionists have started uprisings with just this statement—"Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains!"—what operations could you perform to demonstrate its accuracy or inaccuracy?

But let us carry this suggestion of "operationalism" outside the physical sciences where Bridgman applied it, and observe what "operations" people perform as the result of both the language they use and the language other people use in communicating to them. Here is a personnel manager studying an application blank. He comes to the words "Education: Harvard University," and drops the application blank in the wastebasket (that's the "operation") because, as he would say if you asked him, "I don't like Harvard men." This is an instance of "meaning" at work—but it is not a meaning that can be found in dictionaries.

If I seem to be taking a long time to explain what semantics is about, it is because I am trying, in the course of explanation, to introduce the reader to a certain way of looking at human behavior. Semantics—especially the general semantics of Alfred Korzybski (1879-1950), Polish-American scientist and educator—pays particular attention not to words in themselves, but to semantic reactions—that is, human responses to symbols, signs, and symbol-systems, including language.

I say *human* responses because, so far as we know, human beings are the only creatures that have, over and above that biological equipment which we have in common with other creatures, the additional capacity for manufacturing symbols and systems of symbols. When we react to a flag, we are not reacting simply to a piece of cloth, but to the meaning with which it has been symbolically endowed. When we react to a word, we are not reacting to a set of sounds, but to the meaning with which that set of sounds has been symbolically endowed.

"The true meaning of a term is to be found by observing what a man does with it, not by what he says about it."

A basic idea in general semantics, therefore, is that the meaning of words (or other symbols) is not in the words, but in our own semantic reactions. If I were to tell a shockingly obscene story in Arabic or Hindustani or Swahili before an audience that understood only English, no one would blush or be angry; the story would be neither shocking nor obscene—indeed, it would not even be a story. Semantics is therefore a social study, basic to all other social studies.

It is often remarked that words are tricky—and that we are all prone to be deceived by "fast talkers," such as high-pressure salesmen, skillful propagandists, politicians, or lawyers. Since few of us are aware of the degree to which we use words to deceive ourselves, the sin of "using words in a tricky way" is one that is always attributed to the other fellow. When the Russians use the word "democracy" to mean something quite different from what we mean by it, we at once accuse them of "propaganda," of "corrupting the meanings of words." But when we use the word "democracy" in the United States to mean something quite different from what the Russians mean by it, they are equally quick to accuse us of "hypocrisy." We all tend to believe that the way we use words is the correct way, and that people who use the same words in other ways are either ignorant or dishonest.

Leaving aside for a moment such abstract and difficult terms as "democracy," let us examine a common, everyday word like "frog." Surely there is no problem about what "frog" means! Here are some sample sentences:

"If we're going fishing, we'll have to catch some frogs first." (This is easy.)

"I have a frog in my throat." (You can hear it croaking.)

"She wore a loose, silk jacket fastened with braided frogs."

"The blacksmith pared down the frog and the hoof before shoeing the horse."

"In Hamilton, Ohio, there is a firm by the name of American Frog and Switch Company."

In addition to these "frogs," there is the *frog* in which a sword is carried, the *frog* at the bottom of a bowl or vase that is used in flower arrangement, and the *frog* which is part of a violin bow. The reader can no doubt think of other "frogs."

The foregoing are only striking examples of a principle to which we are all so well accustomed that we rarely think of it; namely, that most words have more meanings than dictionaries can keep track of. And when we consider further that each of us has different experiences, different memories, different likes and dislikes, it is clear, then, that all words evoke different responses in each one of us individually.

Words being as varied in their meanings as they are, no one can tell us what the correct interpretation of a word should be in ad-

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vance of our next encounter with that word. The reader may have been taught always to revere the word "mother." But what is he going to do the next time he encounters this word, when it occurs in the sentence "Mother began to form in the bottle"? If it is impossible to determine what a single word will mean on next encounter, is it possible to say in advance what is the correct evaluation of such events as these: (1) next summer, an individual who calls himself a socialist will announce his candidacy for the office of register of deeds in your city; (2) next autumn, there will be a strike at one of your local department stores; (3) next week, your wife will announce that she is going to change her style of hairdo; (4) tomorrow, your little boy will come home with a bleeding nose?

A reasonably sane individual will react to each of these events in his own way, according to time, place, and the entire surrounding set of circumstances; and included among those circumstances will be his own stock of experiences, wishes, hopes, and fears. But there are people whose pattern of reactions is such that some of them can be completely predicted in advance. Mr. A will never vote for anyone called "socialist," no matter how incompetent or crooked the alternative candidates may be. Mr. B-1 always disapproves of strikes and strikers, without bothering to inquire whether or not this strike has its justifications; Mr. B-2 always sympathizes with the strikers because he hates all bosses. Mr. C belongs to the "stay sweet as you are" school of thought, so that his wife hasn't been able to change her hairdo since she left high school. Mr. D always faints at the sight of blood.

Alfred Korzybski, the founder of general semantics, called such short-circuited responses "identification reactions." He used the word "identification" in a special sense; he meant that persons given to such fixed patterns of response identify (that is, treat as identical) all occurrences of a given word or symbol; they identify all the different cases that fall under the same name. Thus, if one has hostile identification reactions to "women drivers," then all women who drive cars are "identical" in their incompetence.

Korzybski believed that the term "identification reaction" could be generally used to describe the majority of cases of semantic malfunctioning. Identification is something that goes on in the human nervous system.

"But we can cut expenses to the bone and cash in on the nostalgia craze at the same time by simply rerunning the entire 1956 TV season!"

"Out there" there are no absolute identities. No two Harvard men, no two Ford cars, no two mothers-in-law, no two politicians, no two leaves from the same tree, are identical with each other in all respects. If, however, we treat all cases that fall under the same class label as one at times when the differences are important, then there is something wrong with our semantic habits.

We are now ready, then, for another definition of general semantics. It is a comparative study of the kinds of responses people make to the symbols and signs around them; we may compare the semantic habits common among the prejudiced, the foolish, and the mentally ill with those found among people who are able to solve their problems successfully, so that, if we care to, we may revise our own semantic habits for the better. In other words, general semantics is, if we wish to make it so, the study of how not to be a damn fool.

Identification reactions run all the way through nature. The capacity for seeing similarities is necessary to the survival of all animals. The pickerel, I suppose, identifies all shiny, fluttery things going through the water as minnows and goes after them all in pretty much the same way. Under natural conditions, life is made possible for the pickerel by this capacity. Once in a while, however, the shiny, fluttery thing in the water may happen to be not a minnow but an artificial lure on the end of a line. In such a case, one would say that the identification response, so useful for survival, under somewhat more complex conditions that require differentiation between two sorts of shiny and fluttery objects, proves to be fatal.

To go back to our discussion of human behavior, we see at once that the problem of adequate differentiation is immeasurably more complex for men than it is for pickerel. The signs we respond to, and the symbols we create and train ourselves to respond to, are infinitely greater in number and immeasurably more abstract than the signs in a pickerel's environment. Lower animals have to deal only with certain brute facts in their physical environment. But think of what constitutes a human environment. Think of the items that call for responses that no animal ever has to think about. We live in a vast human dimension of which the lower animals have no inkling, and we have to have a capacity for differentiation adequate to the

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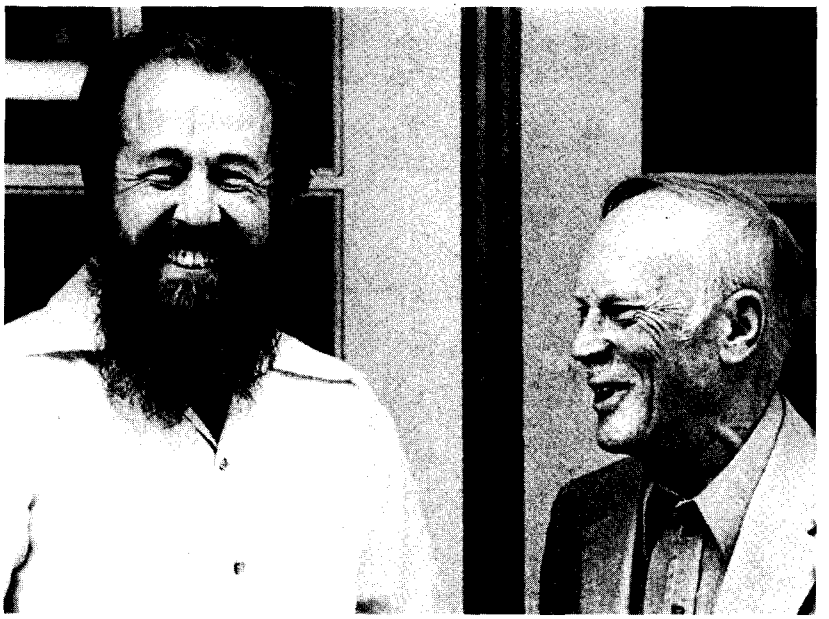
KNOWING SOLZHENITSYN

A Russian friend in America offers his privileged view of the Nobel laureate's personality and work.

by Nicholas Pervushin

Editor's Note: *If to Western observers Russia continues to be "a riddle wrapped in an enigma," then her exiled son, dissident writer, and outspoken prophet, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn may be the personification of that metaphor. The author of "Knowing Solzhenitsyn," Professor Nicholas Pervushin, is a Russian-American who resides in Canada. His academic background, his early life in Russia, and his personal acquaintance with Solzhenitsyn provide Mr. Pervushin with privileged insight into the thoughts and actions of the famous Russian writer. Born about 20 years earlier than Solzhenitsyn, about 700 miles northeast of the writer's boyhood home, Mr. Pervushin has experienced life in both East and West. He was an instructor in economics and sociology at the University of Kazan in the early 1920s. In 1923 he left Russia and in 1946 emigrated from France to the United States. Professor Pervushin first corresponded with Solzhenitsyn when the Russian writer was living in Switzerland following his expulsion from the Soviet Union. Solzhenitsyn later visited Pervushin's Montreal home and also spent several days in the summer of 1975 visiting Norwich University's Russian school which Pervushin and his friends founded in 1960 at Putney, Vermont, and later moved to Northfield. Professor Pervushin has taught at McGill University in Montreal, the University of Ottawa, and Windham College in Vermont.*



Nicholas Pervushin and friend, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, exchange pleasantries during the writer's visit to Norwich University in 1975. It can be an elating experience to be in Solzhenitsyn's company, says Pervushin.

He once said about a Russian poet, "A fire from heaven singed him." This was my feeling when I first saw Solzhenitsyn in my house in 1975. Powerful, quick, superintelligent, with a friendly smile, here was the Russian wanderer seeking a Messianic vision of the City of God in our contemporary world. As the Russian philosopher of the 20th century, Nikolai A. Berdyayev, once said: " . . . the tragedy and the crisis of culture are perhaps in every authentic Russian soul. . . ." They are certainly there in the soul of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

Solzhenitsyn's life has been truly extraordinary. He has brushed death many times. During the war almost all the men of his battery perished. In the concentration camps where he spent eight years, the mortality rate was enormous; and very few survived the cancer ward as he did.

Solzhenitsyn must believe that a supreme will has kept him alive. Accordingly he is a believer in God and a member of the Russian Orthodox Church, the Church of his parents and forefathers.

He must also consider himself a man of destiny, a man with a mission. His mission in the world, a mission for all his life, for which he is ready to give all his blood to the last drop, is to make Russian people free and happy, to give them back self-respect and pride in being Russian, and to afford them residence in peace with all peoples of the world. To do this he has to write, since God gave him that rare talent—one may say genius—to create literary works. Everything which helps him in his mission is necessary and useful; all the rest—amenities, conventionalities, and customs—must be discarded. He has only limited time for his gigantic task.

When in Solzhenitsyn's presence, I can almost feel the energy radiating from him. Many people feel uneasy being with him for long. They feel a certain stress and uneasiness when faced with his outflowing energy and power, and soon they feel tired. But sometimes it is elating to be in his company. He is warm and kind to his close friends, family, and children, but he is ruthless in his struggle against evil where he sees it in Russia or here in the West.

Solzhenitsyn lives among his family, his collaborators, his helpers, and a few friends. But there is a special category of men and women he singles out as the spiritual elite of Russian people—the

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former inmates of concentration camps who retained their dignity and survived the ordeal without compromising, without surrendering. It is probably these people he had in mind when he spoke at Harvard at the Commencement of June 8, 1978: "Through intense suffering our country has now achieved a spiritual development of such intensity that the Western system in its present form of spiritual exhaustion does not look attractive. . . ."

Solzhenitsyn spoke about them too in his address to the Nobel Prize Committee. He spoke not for himself alone; he spoke also and in the first place for those columns of prisoners "in exhausting camp marches under rows of lanterns lighting the darkness of subzero nights; more than one of them felt in their throats what they would have liked to shout to the whole world, if only the world could have heard some spokesman from among them." He believes that he is that spokesman.

Some are shocked by Solzhenitsyn's disregard for people who are interested in him. He avoids publicity and hates journalists eager to get some "news" from him. He told a Soviet journalist at the beginning of his career that the path from writer to reader is only through his books and that he has the right not to say anything about his work. He does not answer letters, does not give his telephone number to people who should not have it. When still in the U.S.S.R., he was capable of telling a friend to take a train in half an hour, otherwise he might miss the last train and be obliged to stay overnight with him! Such an attitude in Russia is unusual, but he had his work, his mission, always in mind.

Solzhenitsyn's pronouncements in the United States have sometimes been misunderstood. Some negative impressions from his famous Harvard Commencement speech stemmed from an incomplete or faulty translation. William F. Buckley wrote that the English translation of the address was crude and caused the reader to grope for the exact meaning intended. For instance, Rosalynn Carter protested on television his accusation that Americans lack courage, retorting that she knows the American people are courageous. What Solzhenitsyn actually meant was that there was a decline of civic courage, particularly among the ruling groups and the intellectual elite, adding: "Thus the impression is created that the whole nation has lost courage. . . ." These words are not to be found in the English translation. He also added: "There are many courageous individuals. . . ."

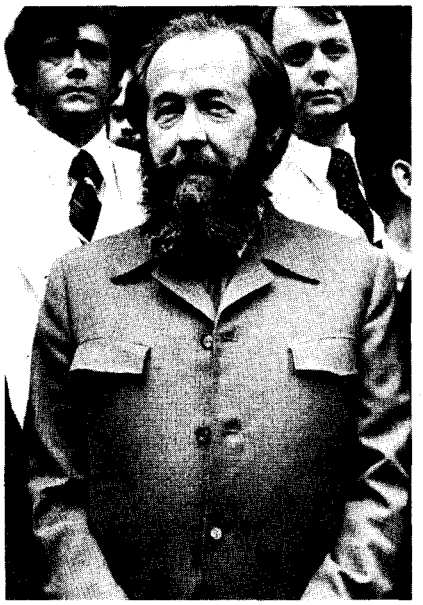
His friends and well-wishers might have warned him against making some mistakes, as, for instance, his stand on the Vietnam war, which he stills considers a holy crusade against Communism. But does he listen to anybody once he has made up his mind? His first wife, Natalya Alekseyevna, said once that he is absolutely sure of the correctness of the diagnoses he himself makes. He brushes aside everything which doesn't correspond to them.

One must, however, be cautious with what his first wife writes in her book *Sanya* (a cozy, diminutive name for Aleksandr). When he was yet in the prison camps she divorced him and married another man. After his release and rehabilitation, and when he began to achieve fame as a writer, she returned to him and wanted to become his spokesman and inspirer. When the authorities started to persecute him, she sided with his tormentors. Her book is an alloy of half-truths, official propaganda, lies, and the emotions of wounded pride and jealousy of the woman who once was his wife.

His second wife, Natalya Dmitriyevna, is his real friend and great helper. Intelligent, devoted to her husband and to his ideas, mother of his three children, she brings real happiness into his life, happiness of which he had been deprived for so long.

As we can see from his Harvard speech, what worries Solzhenitsyn very much is the lack of great statesmen in the West. He sees in this absence one of the signs of a perishing society. When he was at the Russian School of Norwich University in August 1975, he asked our American students, "Whom would you elect as your President,

Continued on page 112



Solzhenitsyn to Congress

Gentlemen:

Here, in the Senate Office Building, I must begin by saying that I have not forgotten the high, indeed the exceptional, honor paid me by the United States Senate in twice endeavoring to declare me an honorary citizen of the United States.

I take this to mean that you had in mind not only myself as an individual but also the millions of my fellow countrymen who have been deprived of rights, and even those in the other Communist countries, those millions who have never been able, and are still unable, to express their opinions in the press, in parliaments, or at international conferences.

As I convey to you my gratitude for the decisions of the United States Senate concerning myself, I am all the more conscious of my responsibility as a spokesman for those others, a responsibility almost too massive for the shoulders of a single human being. But I have never lost sight of the suffering, the striving, and the hopes of those voiceless millions, and have had no aim in life other than to give them expression, and this lends me strength for my public appearances in this country and for my appearance before you to-

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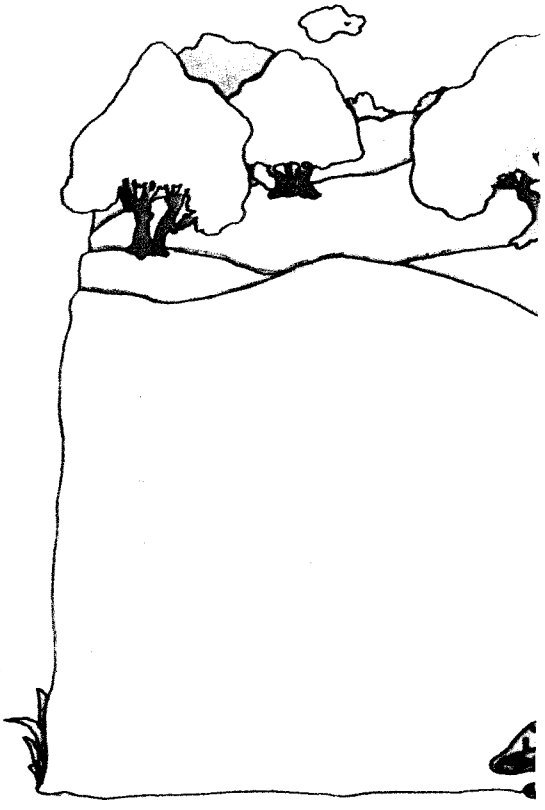
DON PAYASITO

"For us, Lucas of Pedrería was the most amazing person in the world. 'We want to see Don Payasito,' we'd tell him, for if Lucas didn't call him, Don Payasito wouldn't come."

by Ana María Matute

Translation by Robyn Kimble
Illustration by Andrea Eberbach

"Don Payasito majestically entered the cave and we followed him inside."



On Grandpa's farm, among the day laborers, was an old man named Lucas of Pedrería. Everyone said this Lucas was a good-for-nothing rascal and a trickster, but Grandpa still liked him in a special way and was always telling old stories about him:

"In the old days, he traveled all over the world. But he was his own worst enemy. He was even on the islands of Java. . . ."

Lucas' adventures made the grownups laugh, but not the children. For us, Lucas of Pedrería was the most amazing person in the world. My brother and I felt a kind of love, fear, and admiration for him that we haven't felt since.

Lucas of Pedrería lived by himself in the last of the huts where Grandpa's woods had been cleared away. He cooked his own meals of meat, onions, and potatoes, sometimes scooping some out for us with his bone ladle, and he washed his own clothes in the river, beating them hard with a stick. He said he was so old he'd lost his last year and didn't know where to find it. Whenever we could, we'd take off for Lucas' hut because we'd never met anyone before who could tell us the things he did.

"Lucas, Lucas!" we called when we didn't see him waiting in the doorway.

He looked at us, rubbing his eyes, with strands of his white, white hair falling across his forehead. He was a tiny, bent old man, and he almost always talked in verses—strange verses that sometimes didn't rhyme, but still fascinated us.

"O little eyes of lantern lights," he would say. "What have you come to find?"

We went up to him slowly, filled with a sweet fear and overwhelmed by curiosity. Being next to him was like being surrounded by the black butterflies, the wind, and the green lights that swept over the foul cemetery grounds.

"We want to see Don Payasito," we'd say, and our voices were so low no one could hear us—except for him, our magician friend.

He would put a finger, dark and crooked as a cigar, to his lips.

"Hush, little children, be still—you wicked little pair from the Isle of Evil!"

He always called us "wicked little pair from the Isle of Evil," or "evil ones, sinners, ravens." And it made us so happy. Whenever we heard him say that, something swelled inside us, like a colorful balloon.

Lucas of Pedrería would sit down and ask to see our hands:

"Over here with your little hands, so's I can 'divine'; over here, and I will tell you all that your little hearts hide."

We'd stretch them out palms up. And our hearts were beating so hard we thought they were really in our hands. We could see them there: trembling, laughing.

He squinted his eyes and looked closely at the palms and backs of our hands. Then he looked again and screwed up his face.

"These are the hands of a fallen little farmer boy. O what a shame! that your poor little hands give all your sins away. . . ."

He'd go on like that, singing in a low voice and spitting on the ground from time to time. We had to bite our lips to keep from laughing.

"You lied three times in a row, like Saint Peter long ago," he might say to my brother. And my brother would just turn red and keep quiet. Maybe it was true, maybe not. But who could argue with Lucas of Pedrería?

"And you, you are selfish and have a sweet tooth. On the bottom of the river you have hidden your loot. Grains of pure gold. The same stories are told about the bad fishermen of Java. . . ."

He always made a point of getting in something about the bad fishermen of Java. And, like my brother, I kept quiet, because who knew whether I had hidden grains of gold in the riverbed. Could I

Editor's Note: *"Don Payasito" is one of a collection of short pieces entitled* Stories from Artámila, *which Ana María Matute says derives from impressions and memories of what happened to her or to somebody she knew during the summers she spent on her grandparents' farm in the mountains of northern Spain. Those idyllic summers came to an abrupt end, however, when the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936 and the realities and bitterness of life shattered the special childhood world in which this 10-year-old girl lived. This she has never forgotten.*

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ever have said it wasn't true? Me? No. Never.

"Please, Lucas, please. We want to see Don Payasito. . . ."

Lucas would look very thoughtful for a moment, then finally say:

"Scat, you little devils, get away from here. Don Payasito's headed for the cave. He's taking the road over there. And you'll be sorry; you'll be sorry if you wait, if you get there too late!"

My brother and I would jump up and run to the woods. As soon as we got in among the trees, we were overwhelmed by the greenish blackness, the silence, and the twinkling rays of sun that pierced the thick layer of branches. We went through the moss and crossed the rushing stream on lichen-covered rocks. Way up there was the little cave of Don Payasito, our secret friend.

We were panting by the time we reached the mouth of the cave. When we sat down to wait, our blood seemed to throb in our throats. Our cheeks burned, and we could feel our hearts galloping when we put our hands to our chests.

A little while later, Don Payasito would appear. He'd come up the hill, wrapped in a crimson cape with yellow suns. He had a tall, blue pointed hat, hair made of tow, and a beautiful white face—it was wonderful, like the moon. With his right hand he leaned on a big walking stick that was decorated with flowers of bright red paper, and on his free hand he wore little golden bells that jingled as he walked.

My brother and I would jump to our feet and bow down to him. Don Payasito majestically entered the cave and we followed him inside.

There was a strong sheep smell in the cave, because the shepherds sometimes kept their flocks there overnight. Without wasting a drop of oil, Don Payasito would light the lantern he kept hidden in a corner of the cave and then sit down on a big rock in the middle, the one scorched by the shepherds' bonfires.

"What did you bring today?" he'd ask in an eerie voice that seemed to come from the shadowy depths of the cave.

We'd dig into our pockets and take out the sinful pieces of money we stole for him. Don Payasito loved those small silver coins. He checked them over carefully and hid them, for safekeeping, deep in his cape. Then, like magic, from the same place he'd pull out a small accordion.

"The dance of Timotea the Witch!" we begged him.

Don Payasito danced. He danced in an unbelievable way, dancing and screaming to the sound of his music. His cape puffed out as he spun round, and we pressed back against the wall of the cave not knowing whether to laugh or run away. Then he asked for more money. And he began to dance again, to dance "the dance of the lost devil." His music was exotic and beautiful; his panting sounded like the strange noise of a river, and hearing it made us shake. As long as there was money, there were songs and dances. When the coins ran out, Don Payasito would fall to the ground, pretending to be asleep.

"Out, out, out!" he screamed. And, scared to death, we began running through the woods: pale, with chills crawling up and down our spines like snakes.

One day—I had just turned

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"There's a bad side to being a sex symbol because some people always want to tear you down. But the good side is being able to bring glamorous fantasy back into the world."

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THE SYMBOL WHO SURVIVED

Raquel Welch's love affair with Tinsel Town has cooled. In another decade she hopes to put her career on a back burner and learn how to cook.

by Lisa Mitchell

Somewhere back in 1963 or '64, a friend of mine who directed television commercials hadn't smiled in days. He had been looking for an actress/singer for a spot he was going to film, whose very presence would instantaneously register: *Superstar!* Girls from casting agencies all over Hollywood were processed through his office like so many chocolates on a candy factory conveyor belt. Lovely they were—and talented—but, my friend moaned, no one also read as *Superstar!* Then a dark-haired girl from San Diego walked in the door, sang "I'm A Woman," and was hired almost before she could say her name was Raquel Welch. My director friend smiled again. He would smile many times to himself over the years since then, watching the woman who played a superstar become one.

Streisand and Welch, the singer and the sex goddess. Both are single, working mothers in their 30s, singers, dancers, superstars comfortable in frizzy hair and funky clothes—and trying to break a stereotyped image.

Today, Raquel Welch sings "I'm A Woman" in her own nightclub act. It is an act which has been well-reviewed and received. A few years ago, she broke house records (previously set by Frank Sinatra) when she appeared at the Palais de Congrès in Paris. Today, after doing a Muppet show in England, performing on stage at the Sahara in Tahoe and Caesar's Palace in Vegas, and taking a holiday in Mexico, she is at home again, ready to talk.

We meet for our interview in her beige stone house, the one in which she's lived for the past 10 years. Though certainly spacious enough with its five bedrooms, there is a comfortableness in the furnishings, the antiques, the plants, all of which she picks out herself. One knows instantly who lives here, with all the framed pictures of Raquel Welch in the entrance hall, on the walls leading upstairs, in the powder room.

She sits barefoot, curled up in an upholstered white wicker armchair in the enclosed, plant-filled sun porch. This is a peaceful, favored room where she looks out upon her verdant backyard, pool, and guest house, and praises Beverly Hills for having such smogless blue skies.

Her skies were not always thus. Divorced, with two children to support, she used, as she says, what was at hand. Immediately accepted as a "sex symbol" ("Raquel Welch's still photographs don't stand still," Hollywood columnist Sidney Skolsky once wrote of her), she hoped to parlay the early notoriety into an acting career. And, in a field where the emotional stability and longevity of such types are all but unheard of, Raquel Welch survives.

Today, the most meaningful reward the career has brought is the newfound freedom to turn down any unpromising scripts; to pursue only her own special projects in which she believes she can make a statement. She will have such a chance in "Walks Far Woman," a television movie in which she will play an American Indian, and in a theatrical film for United Artists about a mother and her teenage daughter. She is deeply involved in the development and creation of the latter production (still called, at this point, only "my mother-daughter project"), as much of its heart stems from the relationship with her own 16-year-old daughter, Tahnee.

Both Tahnee and Damon, her 18-year-old son, live with her at home. I compliment Raquel—say "Full marks!" for being a successful, single, working mother. She defers, shrinks from setting herself up as an example. There were long absences, she says, during location shooting, when she couldn't take the children out of school, when she had to leave them in some other person's care. There are some guilts. Yet it appears that all's well that's ending well. The children seem happy, loving.

"It's not so much that I feel I've been a terrific mother," she says. "It's kind of like we've been together, supporting each other. . . . My children have been a good motivating factor for me. I think that's one of the reasons I have my personal survival doctrine. It's because I've been responsible for more than just my-

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self. I *couldn't*, I *can't* do self-destructive things. My children are very supportive. And they're so nurturing towards me, sometimes the roles are almost reversed."

Nurturing. It's a word that rises as prolifically and as naturally as the leaves on the many sun porch plants. One of her goals, she says, is to eventually give up her career—say, in about 10 years—and become a full-time "nurturing woman" to the right man. It's a role she's never had the chance to fulfill, her two marriages and subsequent relationships having taken place during periods of "single-minded concentration" on first launching, then maintaining, her career. She hopes to try marriage again, at a time when she could be entirely devoted to it.

"It's very hard work, making films, and I don't see anything wrong with stopping at one point. I think there are *chapters* in people's lives and they're all for given reasons. After you've done certain things, you want to move on."

When she leaves the business, she foresees doing her nurturing far from her present environs. "This is a one-idea town (Hollywood/Beverly Hills), and after a while, it's just too inhibiting to think about show business and movies and deals all the time. It's very superficial, with everything geared to appearances. All you see here are people who have been lifted and dyed every which way and who spend all their time shopping for clothes. After a while it becomes morbid."

She speaks glowingly of alternate ways of living, witnessed by her frequent traveling. After having been in France to film *L'Animal* opposite Jean-Paul Belmondo, she recently spent some time in the French countryside, where she was impressed by the time and care lavished, as an expression of love, in food preparation. She admits she "can't cook worth a bean" right now, and André Weinfeld, a French screenwriter, whom she describes as "the man in my life," does the cooking. But someday, in that future life—with world enough and time—perhaps then she will learn, as part of being a nurturing woman.

If she is geographically and/or professionally near actresses like Marlo Thomas and Candice Bergen, both staunch supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment and arch champions of the Women's Movement, is Raquel Welch sounding very far indeed from her cohorts with this talk of giving up her own career to nurture a man and his?

With her age rapidly approaching her chest measurement, Raquel's career will eventually depend on exposing more talent than skin. She recently completed filming L'Animal *in France with Jean-Paul Belmondo, and in a six-hour miniseries will portray a 90-year-old Indian woman—hardly a lightweight vehicle for a nonagenarian sexpot.*

Raquel: "I think the E.R.A. is a very worthwhile cause. I could get involved with that, too, if I weren't so busy most of the time. But to me, the E.R.A. is not the Women's Movement. It's a separate legislative situation to which women are entitled as human beings. But as far as Women's Lib changing the basic image of women is concerned, I don't think it has. It's been sort of an advertisement in the media to tell men what to expect. They've tried to assimilate this information . . . but it isn't taking because, basically, they're still men. They're built that way! They have certain feelings to be dominant in certain situations—to react to us as females. For a woman not to be tolerant of that attitude can make her bitter and frustrated. I don't believe in all this stuff about 'person.'

"I read recently about a nun who wanted to prove that God is also a woman. To try to make a point that we are being victimized in that regard is what I call really crazy. I mean, to want to see God pictured now as a girl! Well, how would they like Her to look? Like Raquel Welch?"

Images. . .

She will speak frequently throughout the afternoon of the confusions and conflicts that result from a preoccupation with "images"—not only for women—that we've all been fed. "Not every man really wants to be the Marlboro Man or Joe Namath, nor should he be!"

Her face is animated. Her speech is lively, runs fast, pours forth, punctuated here and there by a sudden "Ha!" almost as a good-natured reminder not to take herself too seriously for too long. She wears a pale lilac easy-fitting long tunic, from which only the bottoms of violet gauze ankle-fitting pants show. The jewelry is simple: little gold crescents in her pierced ears, a single ring on the right index finger, a slim gold chain around her neck. The light brown hair is shorter these days, permed to be worn in the curly style she calls "funky." It is slicked straight back with conditioner right now, still wet from just having washed it before I arrived. Pale lipstick is barely visible. Only her eyes are made up. Fingernails go unpolished, but the toenails of her tanned bare feet are signal red.

"Images!" she continues. "It doesn't matter who you are: Burt

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Reynolds, Julie Andrews, Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, the corner grocer! We *all* have image problems! We're in an age of media-mad frenzy where everybody has to be 'packaged' in something almost too neat. We wind up seeming one-dimensional and it permeates the whole culture. Because the people who watch television or read the magazines then tend to try to make them*selves* into an 'image' that will also be one-dimensional. We should be less image-conscious in this country and more human-conscious."

Yet, as phones ring in other rooms, as the Southern California sun goes glimmering on the water of her pool, she is the first to admit that her own "sex symbol image," while "damning" in many respects, offered advantages as "a stepping-stone." Probably no other actress since Marilyn Monroe has been as helped and as hindered by "packaged image" than Raquel Welch.

Raquel's advice to anyone in show business: "Never marry your manager." Her current relationship with André Weinfeld gives her freedom to be able to experiment with her career and her lifestyle.

She was born Raquel Tejada in Chicago on September 5, 1940, grew up in La Jolla and San Diego, where she married at 16, had her children, and worked as an actress in little theater, modeled, was a TV weather girl. Divorced, she came to Hollywood—not only to make use of her physical assets just to put food on the table. Her strong jaw had been firmly set toward a full acting career ever since she was seven years old—a reaction, she says, against her "grim childhood" with a rather unbending Bolivian father, an aerodynamics engineer, now deceased. (She was and still is close to her mother, a brother, and a sister.)

From an occasional TV commercial, bit parts in movies, a stint as the Billboard Girl on the once weekly "Hollywood Palace" show, she became a deb star, had a contract with 20th Century-Fox and wound up co-starring in *The Fantastic Voyage* all within a remarkably short time. But it was the film *One Million Years, B.C.* that made the real difference. There she was, on thousands and thousands of posters in that "doeskin bikini," all vital and perfect, tawny and proud as a lioness.

The press at the time wrote of a phenomenal "strategically engineered career campaign" waged by her then gentleman friend, Patrick Curtis, a former press agent who would, not long afterwards, become her second husband. Because her photograph was appearing on hundreds of magazine covers—usually in a bikini—before most Americans had ever really seen her perform in a movie, she was often derided. She was beginning her career from a defensive position. It was as though Hollywood jutted its chin to her, saying "Show us! Let's see you *prove* you can act!" while, at the same time, Hollywood was only offering her parts with excuses to display her figure in films of miasmic plot.

"You end up paying for those things in blood afterwards," she says and stares off into her goblet of water. "I struggled so hard just to survive some of those early roles—they were so awful."

I told her I hadn't seen many of the very early pictures, but that in those I did see from what might be called the middle period (*Myra Breckinridge*, *Hannie Caulder*, *The Wild Party*), I always found her able somehow to transcend her material. There would be some little bit of business she'd do to make me believe her: a pause she'd take, a flick of her fingers after delivering a certain line, a focus of comprehension in the eyes.

Eventually, she says, things did start "to blossom into some really nice work as a comedienne and also as an actress in dramatic things like *Kansas City Bomber*, a project of my own. I was also deeply gratified by winning the Golden Globe Award for my comedic work in *The Three Musketeers*. And now I think it [the career] is going to be much more definitive and more satisfying to me and also to the people who go to see me. There are a lot of things I want to do yet over the next 10 years. I think I would like to direct."

Trying to parlay a glittery symbol into an opportunity to reveal something of substance is repeated in her current nightclub stage show. "I start out with a lot of bugle beads and give them what they expect. Then, little by little, I sing some songs that are quite meaningful to me." Such a song is "You and Me Together," another expression of the relationship with her daughter, and one of five or so she wrote herself. She began composing songs about six months ago, some of which will go into her first record album on which she is presently working.

Whatever she's doing now, by whatever method, in whichever medium, Raquel Welch is, at last, in control.

Fortunately, she says, she can afford not to accept a script she disdains. "I deserve the freedom I have at this point. I've earned it, and it can be a frightening thing to say no to a lot of money."

While chary about accepting redundant, stereotypical sexpot roles, neither is she willing to hide her light under a bushel. She says she was recently asked why she had appeared on this year's Academy Awards show dressed in such

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MUGWUMPS, CALLITHUMPIANS, AND ASSORTED MAVERICKS

A lightsome excursion through the rambunctious language that is American English.

by Joseph T. Shipley

Photography by Don Moldroski

The early English colonists on the strange American shores, as they secured their hold upon the Atlantic coast, perforce grew acquainted with Indian habits and word ways, as they frequently buried the hatchet and smoked the pipe of peace before renewed hostilities. As the contacts widened westward, more and more Indian words filtered into the language, up to the start of the 20th century. Here are samples of Indian words that, through the years, have become part of our vocabulary:

From the Algonquian: *tomahawk, pecan, skunk, moccasin.* Cree: *woodchuck.* Narragansett: *moose, sachem.* Natick: *mugwump* (defined as a man with his mug on one side of the fence and his wump on the other). Ojibway: *makinaw, totem, wigwam.* Penobscot: *sagamore.* Powhatan: *raccoon.* Sioux: *tepee.* Wolf: *tuxedo* (from the Algonquian word for "round foot" applied in scorn to the Wolf tribe in mid-New York State. The land there, Tuxedo Park, was acquired by the Griswold family in payment of a debt; they opened an exclusive club, at which young Griswold Lorillard in the 1880s wore the first dinner jacket without tails. The wearer of a tuxedo may again be called a wolf.) New York's *Tammany* was the name of a Delaware Indian; it means "affable."

From farther south came other words. Carib: *canoe, hammock, hurricane, tobacco, iguana.* Taino: *key* (meaning "reef" or "islet"), *potato.* Tupi: *mahogany, jaguar, buccaneer.* Arawak: *barbecue.* Quechua: *quinine, alpaca, vicuna.* Nahuatl: *chocolate, tomato, tapioca, banana.* And from the far north Eskimo: *kayak, igloo, anorak.*

The English colonists' first major contact with other Europeans in America was with the Dutch, when the settlers of New Amsterdam were so dissatisfied with Governor Peter Stuyvesant's dictatorial ways that in 1664 they surrendered without a struggle to the soldiers of the Duke of York. Many of the Dutch place names were Anglicized: *Flatbush, Flushing, Van Cortland Park,* the *Bronx. Gramercy Park* is named not for French *grand merci,* "many thanks," but from Dutch *Krum Marisje,* "crooked little marsh": The waters of the East River then spread that far inland. And the northern creek that made Manhattan an island, through which the tides poured swiftly, was called *Spuyten Duyvil,* "despite the Devil." Dutch words that were turned into English include *boss, sleigh, cookie, cruller, coleslaw, scow.*

Names, indeed, have gone through curious alterations on both sides of the Atlantic. In old England, the tavern with the Norse name *Piga Waes Hael,* "Hail to the Virgin," was made easier on thirsty English tongues as the *Pig and Whistle.* The pious pub (public house) *God Encompasses Us* became the more diverting *Goat and Compasses.* The reveling *Bacchanals* was attuned to its frequenters as *Bag o' Nails.* A tavern named for the Spanish Crown Princess, *La Infanta de Castilla,* when Spain became an enemy turned into the *Elephant and Castle.* Along the way, the King's Road (*La Route du Roi*) was cockneyfied into *Rotten Row;* and by the farmers of England *Le Pied Poudreux* ("Dusty Foot"), the summary court for disposing of vagabonds at the county fair, was called the *Pie Powder* Court.

In the New World, many hundreds of our place names, from *Manhattan* in New York to *Puyallup* in Washington, are adaptations of the Indian names, which were transmogrified even more than the Dutch. There are 131 spellings recorded for what finally became *Winnipesaukee.* Many variations, including *Minnay Sota* ("Muddy Water") were used before the settlers settled on *Minnesota.* Other Indian names finally became *Neversink, Chattahoochee, Okefenokee, Okeechobee, Tippecanoe.*

"Vulgarisms are poetry in the egg."

French in its turn was twisted on pioneer tongues. *Du Chemin* became *Dishmaugh. Des Ruisseaux* is now *Dairysaw; Ile aux Galets, Skilligalee. L'Eau Froide* ("Cold Water") froze into *Low Freight. Chemin Couvert* ("Covered Way") came out as *Smackover.* The *Purgatoire* River in Texas flows on as *Picketwire.*

Even Latin became involved in American place names. When two explorers found the lake from which the Mississippi takes its course, one of them suggested call-

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ing it the Latin for "true source," *Veritas Caput*, as he put it; his less learned but more practical comrade sliced the words in half, giving its name to Lake *Itasca*. Of course, hundreds of American places just borrowed names from earlier cities abroad: *Syracuse, Ithaca, New London, Troy.*

By the steadfast stay-at-home English, the language divagations of the colonists were regarded with scorn. In 1735 Francis Moore wrote home of Savannah, Georgia: "It stands upon the flat of a hill; the bank of the river (which they in barbarous English call a bluff) is steep." With the Revolution, English scorn of the language spread to the culture. In 1778 Samuel Johnson bombasticated: "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American." At the opening of the War of 1812, Robert Southey wrote to Walter Savage Landor: "See what it is to have a nation take its place among civilized states before it has either gentlemen or scholars!"

Free from European threats after 1812, the Americans moved westward across their widespread land. From Canada down the Mississippi to New Orleans they encountered the French, from whom they took, along with the land, a number of words: *chowder, rapids, pioneer, prairie.* The last of these widened in well over a hundred combinations, such as *prairie grass;* the *open prairie; prairie schooner,* for the covered wagon of the pioneers. *Prairie coal* was dried buffalo chips, used as fuel. A *prairie oyster,* or *prairie cocktail,* was a raw egg in whiskey. *Cocktail* itself is of disputed origin; but the drink was at once popular—and politicized, in the Republican remark that cocktails were good for campaigning Democrats to proffer, because after a man had swallowed a cocktail, he was ready to swallow anything.

America was on the march. The pioneer was rough and ready, hail-fellow-well-met, hospitable, exuberant. He would offer a passer-through the continent, and serve him a tin cup of moonshine. On his surging course, and in his newly cleared towns, he coined many colorful words: *scoot, skidoo, high-falutin, scrumptious, hunkydory, spondulix, bullfrog, scalawag;* but also more sweet-sounding compounds like *morning glory, honeysuckle, whippoorwill.* Journalists for a time were amused to refer to *hatches, matches, and dispatches:* items for the birth, marriage, and obituary columns. As Lowell astutely remarked, vulgarisms are poetry in the egg.

Southward, and ultimately in the Far West, the expanding nation fell upon the Spaniards. From Florida, and along the Mexican border, more words came onto the tongues of the settlers and the cowboys: *fiesta, parade, siesta, sombrero, bonanza, mustang, lasso.* A *ranch* was at first a hut for the far-ranging herdsman, the *ranchero.* James Russell Lowell, pronouncing that *ch* like a *k*, wrote in *The Biglow Papers:* "These fellows are very propilly called Rank Heroes, and the more they kill the ranker and more heroick they bekim."

Gringo, a Mexican term for a man from north of the border, springs from the well-known verses of Robert Burns:

Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

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ALL THAT GLITTERS

Who's the man in the sequin spats, razzle-dazzle hot pants, and sparkle-plenty cape? Liberace, of course, and after 34 years, he's still laughing all the way to the bank.

by Holly Miller

Liberace enters the private dining room flanked by an entourage of sleepy-eyed aides, associates, and Boys Friday. At high noon he's a study in subtlety. A vision in canary Ultrasuede. With marcelled hair sprayed firmly into place and six of his ten fingers encased in a million dollar collection of "hardware," this is the casual Liberace, the understated Mr. Showmanship. Even in his offstage civvies he sparkles. Next to him, everyone else looks strictly rent-a-tux.

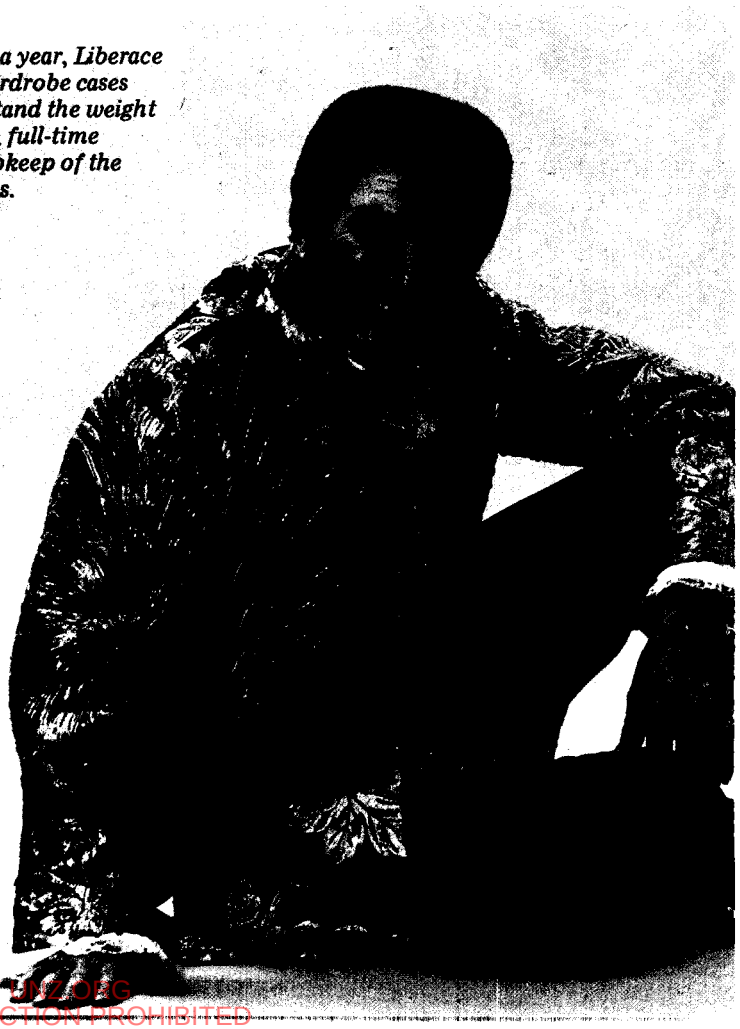
After 34 years in show business and three autobiographical books to his credit, he seldom grants interviews. What more can be written? But with another successful opening night under his belt and his wardrobe of electrifying costumes carefully laid to rest until the 8:30 p.m. curtain, he agrees to answer questions over lunch, between bites of chicken salad and puffs from an ever-present cigarette. Inquisition is difficult, however, because with every bite and puff comes another sweeping motion of the bejeweled hands. Concentration is impossible. Up go the royal amethyst, Australian opal, and the not-so-miniature grand piano. Down come the Russian sapphire, candelabrum, and the conglomerate of lesser stones fused into a pinky phenomenon which Liberace calls "the leftovers."

"My jewelry may be ostentatious, but I didn't buy it. It was all given to me," he says. In addition to the rings, he wears a diamond piano-shaped watch, two bracelets, a diamond necklace, and a large gold elephant on a chain.

"When I played Reno I made my entrance on an elephant named Bertha," he explains. "She'd lift me up about 20 feet into the air and I'd hang from her tusks and trunk. My boss thought it was so great that he had Bertha and me done in gold and diamonds. Let me tell you, you haven't been done until you've been done in gold and diamonds."

With his 60th birthday less than six months away, he still has the childlike ability to enjoy himself thoroughly without inhibition. At an age when many celebrities are engrossed in analysis and introspection, Liberace seems to know exactly who he is. No one laughs longer or louder at his sparkle-plenty image than Mr. Showmanship himself. He genuinely likes himself, and unabashedly enjoys the luxurious lifestyle his panache has financed. His enthusiasm is infectious. Skeptics who watch him perform for the first time soon are convinced that the next best thing to being Liberace is being able to watch him strut his stuff. No one begrudges him his glitter. As one former critic says, "He just makes you feel happy."

"You can never let down during a performance," says Liberace. "You always have to feel that there's somebody out there who is seeing you for the first time. You can't just go through the motions; you have to sell yourself. I always



On tour 32 weeks a year, Liberace travels with 60 wardrobe cases designed to withstand the weight of his costumes. A full-time expert oversees upkeep of the glittering creations.

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have the feeling that my audience is composed of a certain number of devoted fans and also a certain number of people who are going to become converts before the night is over. That's the challenge. I know there are a lot of husbands who are dragged by their wives to see me. They're the kind of people who keep me on the edge of my performance and make me want to work harder. They're the ones who stand up at the end and want to shake my hand."

His well-publicized fondness for all things bright and beautiful was fostered during the Depression when the six members of the Salvatore Liberace family of West Allis, Wisconsin, including young Wladziu Valentino, were forced to market their diverse talents to bolster the family till.

"My brother George gave violin lessons, my sister Angie worked as a secretary to a bone surgeon, and I did everything from washing dishes in a restaurant to playing piano for dancing schools and style shows. On weekends I'd lie about my age and play at nightclubs and roadhouses. I was so naive that the first time I saw a woman smoke I stopped playing. I remember once during Prohibition we were playing for a 25th wedding anniversary and as a gesture of goodwill someone sent a bottle of moonshine up to the guys in the band. I wanted to be one of the boys so much that whenever the bottle came around, I took a swig. After a few gulps I played the introduction to the carioca and fell off the piano bench. That was my first bout with alcohol. I've never been a drinker since."

Now 85 years old, Mrs. Liberace recently moved into an elegant Las Vegas townhouse decorated for her by her son.

Schooled in the classics, he might have spent his life on the Community Concert circuit had it not been for three little fishies in LaCrosse, Wisconsin. At the end of a performance in LaCrosse, he asked his audience for requests. Someone yelled out for the "Three Little Fishies." With a dignified flip of his coattails, Liberace sat down and rendered a string of "Little Fishies" done in the style of the great masters. The wire services picked up the story under the heading, "The Three Little Fishies Swim in Sea of Classics," and transmitted it all over the world. He capitalized on the exposure and became known as the concert pianist who played popular encores.

If shocking his audiences with a classical-pop repertoire boosted him into the lucrative world of big city supperclubs, a dash of drama furthered the upward momentum. Enter stagehand carrying blazing candelabrum.

"I saw it in the movie *A Song to Remember*, the life story of Chopin. It was such a beautiful prop. The first time I used it was at the Persian Room in New York. Before I was announced, the room was darkened, and an attendant carried out the candelabrum and placed it on the piano. It had a very quieting effect on the people. A lot of newspaper reporters were responsible for making it a trademark. When I first appeared on the scene some of them misspelled my name or couldn't remember it at all. They'd say, 'He's the guy who plays with the candelabra.'"

Next came offers for guest shots on TV variety shows. The famous Dinah Shore sign-off smooch gave way to a Wladziu wanton wink when Dinah tapped Liberace as her summer replacement. Soon his own syndicated series was dominating the rating game.

"I started out with 13 bank sponsors. Then I began playing for biscuit companies, flour manufacturers, and public utilities. All together I had over 200 different local sponsors, including a funeral parlor in Springfield, Illinois. While a network show might be lucky to have 60 or 70 outlets, our show was aired over 360 stations."

Prior to his TV experience he had been lucky to draw a few hundred persons to a live concert. Afterward, he played to capacity audiences at every stop on every tour. But how long would SRO crowds pack halls across the country to watch a tuxedoed pianist ply his trade at the keyboard? Mr. Showmanship had a better idea. Bring on the glitter.

"It's been easy for me to come up with costume ideas because one of my costumers, Frank

Continued on page 120

The rings are gifts from fans and associates. The amethyst was given by England's Royal Family after a third command performance. The diamond piano sealed a $3 million contract with a Las Vegas hotel. The candelabrum came from another entrepreneur who followed through the next year with matching cuff links.

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ONCE UPON A DOLLHOUSE

Colleen Moore's dollhouse is a fairy tale come true which casts spells of awed delight over children from six to ninety-six.

by Robyn Kimble

Photography by William Wilson

Once upon a time a lovely movie queen set out to design and furnish a castle fit for a king—a fairy king, that is, one who would be one-twelfth the size of the kings who have peopled our "real" world in centuries past and present. And the movie queen's name was Colleen Moore.

Everything was to be in perfect scale, one inch to the foot, from the castle's 9 by 9-foot base to the tip of its uppermost battlement, which would tower 14 feet above the exquisite garden and great entrance hall. Eleven rooms of treasures and unparalleled workmanship would be built to fulfill the Prince of Fairyland's every wish and to capture the imagination of every enchanted child.

Ever since her father gave her a one-inch English dictionary when she was five years old, Miss Moore had been collecting miniatures. When asked what she wanted for Christmas or her birthday, her reply was always, "Something for my dollhouse." First a cigar box housed her collection; that was followed by a three-room bungalow, a two-story home, and six model rooms. Then, in 1928, work on the fairy castle began. Prominent California architect Horace Jackson designed it "as if from a storybook's pages," and decorator Harold Grieve lent his expertise to the interior.

Shops around the world were scoured for unique contributions; artists of every kind were called on to create masterpieces in miniature. The beautiful chandelier which hangs in the drawing room was fashioned by H. B. Crouch, a Hollywood jeweler, out of bracelets, necklaces, and a six-carat ring, all given to Miss Moore by various admirers. With painstaking attention to detail, Guglielmo Cini counted out hairs from a puff of silver fox to be used as bristles for the princess' brush, and searched for the perfect gem to mount in the princess' diamond ring, a ring so small it could barely slip around the tip of an ordinary straight pin.

(Above) The library's curious mixture of sea and sky—shell chairs, gold signs of the zodiac inlaid on floor—creates a perfect setting for treasured first edition books. (Below) The drawing room's treasures include 500-year-old vases, a chandelier of gems.

Original stories by such famous authors as Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, and Booth Tarkington line the copper bookshelves of an "undersea" library. This room, a product of Alice O'Neill's fertile imagination, delights the castle's fairy inhabitants with custom-built sea shell chairs: an indented "tummy-reading chair" for fairies who prefer to read lying down, and other special lounges for those who like to lean on their elbows or rest on their backs with their feet in the air.

Some of the furnishings were commissioned. Some were bought at auction or chanced upon in unlikely, out-of-the-way stores. Many were gifts of friends and admirers who refused any compensation for their time and effort. While in Seattle, Miss Moore received in the mail a small book with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address perfectly printed in infinitesimal letters. The artist, a cripple who had spent the long hours teaching himself to write in miniature, later agreed to inscribe a 10,000-word fairy tale authored by Miss Moore, but only on the condition that he remain anonymous.

On the opening day of an engagement in another western city, another anonymous donor approached Miss Moore and handed her a small box filled with carved figures less than three-fourths of an inch high. Awed by the perfection of his art, the actress was left speechless for a moment; and when she looked up to express her thanks and admiration to the unknown craftsman, he was gone,

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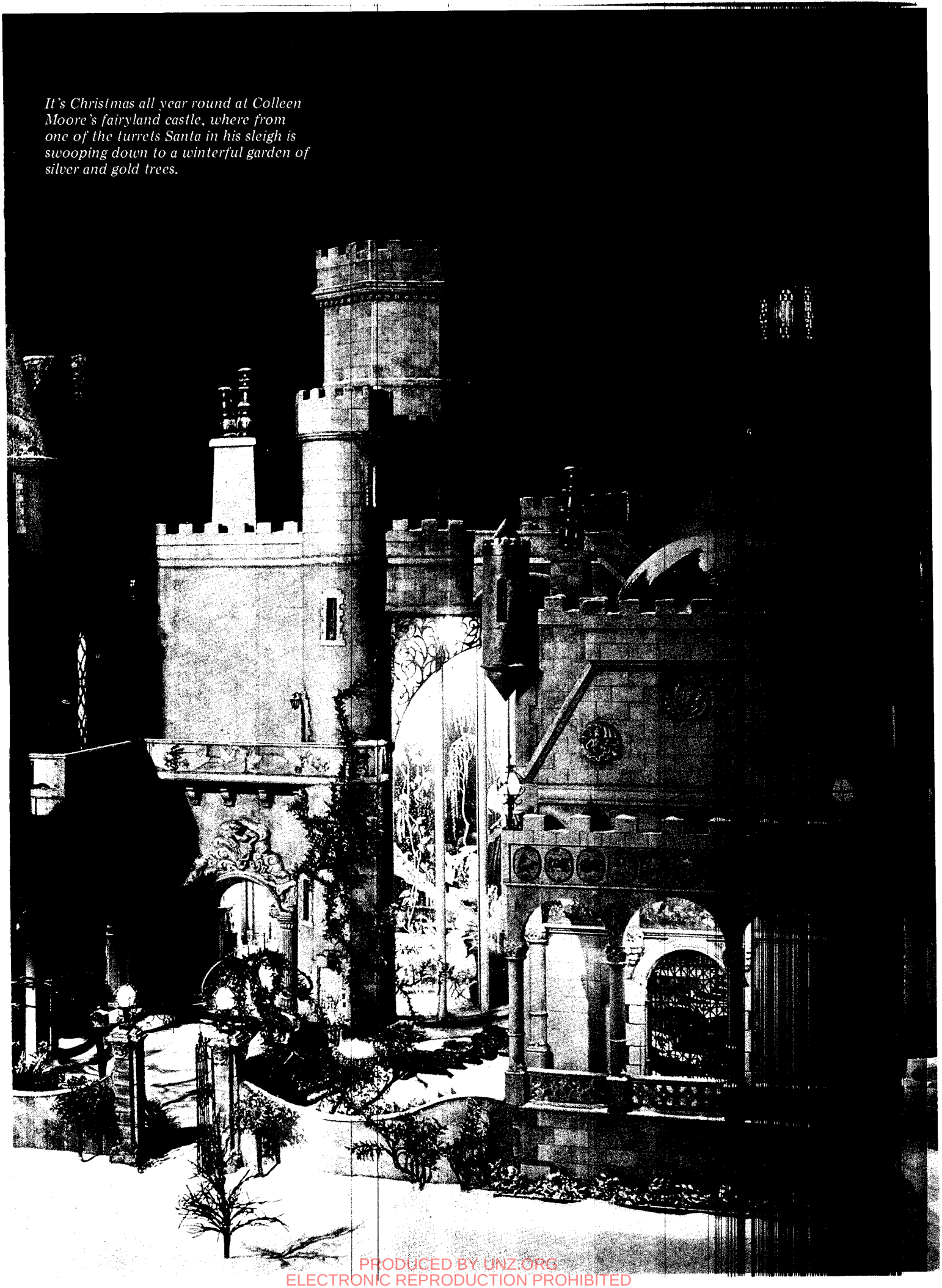
It's Christmas all year round at Colleen Moore's fairyland castle, where from one of the turrets Santa in his sleigh is swooping down to a winterful garden of silver and gold trees.



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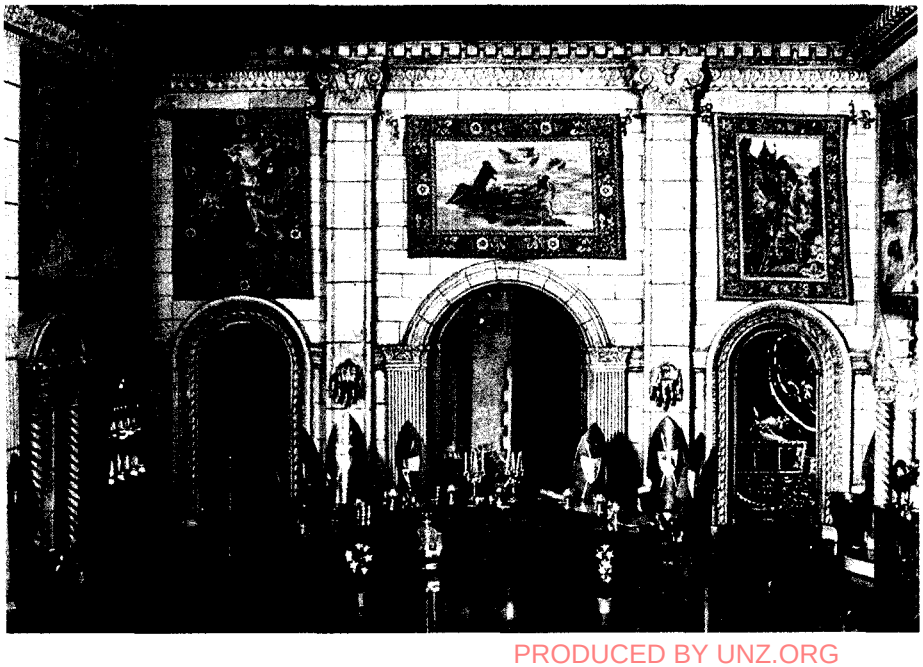
(Above) Through silver spigots smaller than soda straws, the princess' bathtub can be filled. Miss Moore's father helped design running water for the castle. (Left) One of the most exquisite rooms is the chapel. A golden organ plays by remote control on 6- to 11-inch pipes. Old Testament images—the Dove, the Lamb, the Locusts, the Ten Commandments—fill the ivory floor.

(Right) Stained glass windows continue the chapel's Old Testament motif with pictures of David and Goliath, Moses in the Bulrushes, Daniel in the Lions' Den. (Below) Because Fairyland is timeless, anachronisms are no problem here; awaiting King Arthur's Knights at the Round Table are ¼-inch monogrammed gold knives and lace napkins. Coats of arms on the backs of walnut chairs indicate who sits where.



never to be heard from again in spite of all efforts to find him.

The stories go on and on, from the high-heeled red satin slippers in the Princess' bedroom—less than half an inch long and given "to Cinderella" by a Greek shoemaker who had never before made any miniatures—to the ivory seal of Pope Pius IX in the chapel, stolen from the Vatican in the 19th century, passed from owner to owner for years, eventually sent as a gift from an Italian noblewoman to her daughter in the United States, and later sold by the daughter to an antique dealer in Boston, from whom Miss Moore bought the tiny treasure.

Many of the rooms display ancient miniatures which are museum pieces in their own right: a statue of the Goddess Isis from the tomb of King Tutankhamen and a Syrian glass bottle used in 400 B.C.; a 500-year-old sandalwood Buddha from Tibet; and, in the chapel, a 13th-century primitive painting and a 500-year-old iron crucifix less than three-fourths of an inch tall.

Throughout the castle, murals, paintings, and furniture recall well-known figures of fairy tales and folklore. In the dining hall petit point tapestries, with 2,500 stitches per square inch, depict King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Profiles of the King and Queen of Hearts support the table in the royal kitchen. The copper stove is the one in which the wicked witch locked Hansel and Gretel. Sinbad the Sailor decorates the dome of the entrance hall. Cinderella runs along a mural in the living room, and her royal coach waits outside in a magic garden complete with a willow tree that literally "weeps" tiny droplets of water.

Since 1935, when the castle was first displayed in public, this marvel of make-believe has enchanted both young and old. Until 1949 Miss Moore toured the country with her creation, raising hundreds of thousands of dollars for the benefit of crippled children. Since then this dream come true has had its own vaulted chamber in Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry, where it calls to thousands of visitors every year, "Let your imagination go." ☒

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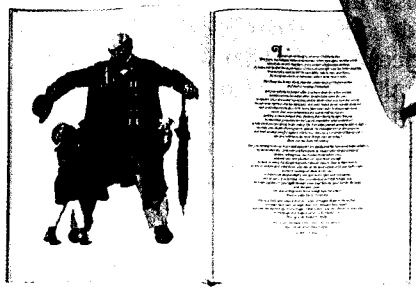
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Christmas

More than 100 full color plates and illustrations by America's great family artist

NORMAN ROCKWELL, and others



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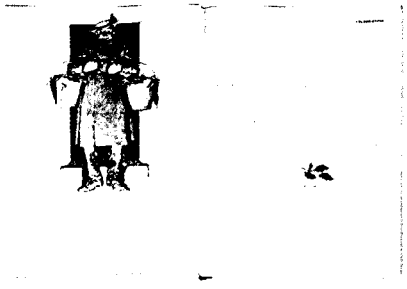

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Book

Probably the most wonderful collection of Christmas stories, songs, paintings, poems, sketches, and holiday crafts and recipes you've ever laid eyes on. A beautifully useful book that no parent or grandparent should approach Christmas without. It will enrich your holiday seasons for generations and provide treasured hours you'll share with your children and grandchildren.

All the great stories of Christmas

Beginning with the Bible stories from the books of Luke and Matthew, you'll browse through page after page of your great favorites . . . "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens . . . "The Fir Tree" by Hans Christian Andersen . . . "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry . . . "Christmas on the Prairie" by Laura Ingalls Wilder . . . "The Christmas Tree in Brooklyn" by Betty Smith . . . "Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa" by Francis P. Church . . . and Irvin S. Cobb's good-natured "Christmas Gifts — Giving and Getting" . . . to mention only the best known.

Lavishly illustrated, beautifully printed and bound

In years to come, this large, handsome volume with its rich, heart-warming *Post* covers and other drawings by Norman Rockwell may well become a collectible. The reproductions by Rockwell and J.C. Leyendecker, particularly, are simply magnificent. Among the more than two dozen Norman Rockwells, are his famous series of paintings for Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" which are considered by many to be among the finest ever done for this classic tale.

Some of the best of Leyendecker and John Clymer, well-known *Saturday Evening Post* artists and illustrators, are included. You will also enjoy the memorable works of Steven Dohanos, John Falter, N.C. Wyeth, Sarah Stillwell Weber, Jessie Wilcox, E.M. Jackson's "Postman at Christmas" as well as much earlier paintings by Hans Holbein, the Younger . . . Hieronymus Bosch ("The Nativity Scene"), Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi's "Adoration of the Magi" to mention a few.

Treasured holiday recipes and things to do

Rarely will you find the feast of Christmas treated with more loving care than the selections from Silas Spitzer, writer and gourmet cook, who wrote these originally for Christmas issues of *Holiday* magazine in the '50s. The recipes chosen are from Charlotte Turgeon's collection of traditional American foods, reprinted from *The Saturday Evening Post's All-American Cookbook*.

You will revel in American Roast Turkey with oyster stuffing and giblet gravy. A recipe for the proper preparation of the festive Christmas Goose with apple stuffing and German Red Cabbage are included. To accompany these feasts — Spice Applesauce, Applejack Mincemeat Pie, Christmas Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce, and a host of Sweetmeats and Sugarplums — including the traditional Gingerbread Boys and Girls, Candied Apples, Popcorn Balls, and Candied Orange Slices.

Making things for Christmas

Children remember on into adulthood, the things they did at Christmas to help make the season. The magic of handmade gifts or decorations carries forward from pioneer days down to the present. In THE CHRISTMAS BOOK, we have preserved such memories as the decoration of a pioneer days Christmas Tree with apples, cookies, tiny cornhusk dolls, and Bible verses printed on scraps of parchment and hung from the tree with bits of bright yarn.

You'll delight your youngsters with details of how to make a "Tree" of field weeds and wild flowers . . . how to make Pomander Balls . . . or a Woodland Wreath (takes 100 pine cones and 100 nuts) . . . decorating your home with fragrant herbs and much more. We promise you, THE CHRISTMAS BOOK will help make this an unforgettable one for you and your family.

Favorite carols and Christmas poems

One of the best loved and often read Christmas poems is Clement C. Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (which begins: "'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house . . ."). This you may wish to reserve for a Christmas Eve reading along with the singing of the ancient carols we all love so well. Now you will have them all together in one volume, THE CHRISTMAS BOOK, which is large enough to find easily. All in all, it has much for all of us to enjoy and add to our celebration of this magic time of the year.

As Charles Dickens said it so well in *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, "My best wishes for your merry Christmases and your happy New Years, your long lives and your true prosperities. Worth twenty pound good if they delivered as I send them. Remember? Here's a final prescription added, 'To be taken for life.'"

The Christmas Book—A Partial List of Contents

THE MIRACLE

In Bethlehem, St. Luke — *The Coming of Three Kings*, St. Matthew — *Angels Come Down*, Reverend Billy Graham — *What Was the Christmas Star?* Arthur C. Clarke — *Winter Wonder*, Donald Culross Peattie — *A Christmas Prayer*, Robert Louis Stevenson

STORIES

A Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens — *The Fir Tree*, Hans Christian Andersen — *The Gift of the Magi*, O. Henry — *The Child Who is King*, George Horace Lorimer — *Kidnapped Santa Claus*, L. Frank Baum — *Christmas on the Prairie*, Laura Ingalls Wilder — *The Christmas Tree in Brooklyn*, Betty Smith

TREASURES

Poem from the King's Prayerbook, author unknown — *The Christmas Coach*, Washington Irving — *A Visit From St. Nicholas*, Clement C. Moore — *Susie's Letter From Santa*, Mark Twain — *Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa*, Francis P. Church — *Christmas Gifts, Giving and Getting*, Irvin S. Cobb

CELEBRATION

The Feast of Christmas, Silas Spitzer and Charlotte Turgeon, with recipes from the *All-American Cookbook* — The Songs of Christmas including: *"O, Little Town of Bethlehem," "God, Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," "Silent Night," "O, Come All Ye Faithful"* — The Decorations of Christmas, things to make and to do.

The CHRISTMAS BOOK is also available in your local book store.

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THE OLD MASTER JOY-BRINGER

The fantastic gentleman from Ohio has torn up the calendar. At 75, there's nothing around younger than Bob Hope's impish smile and wit of pure quicksilver. Let's spend a few days with him.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

Laughter is surely the surest touch of genius in creation."

—Christopher Fry

Under normal conditions, Leslie Townes Hope, who was born May 29, 1903, in Eltham, England, and arrived on these shores at the age of four to become the best known American on our planet, should be surfacing just about now in the come-up file of The National Trust for Historic Preservation of the United States.

But Bob Hope is no crumbling structure to be propped up by public contributions. He is monumental only in the unflagging energies he brings to being our most famous comedian, motion picture and television star, humanitarian, citizen of the world, husband, father, and grandfather. His is the never-failing gift of uplifting the human spirit with laughter; but other than that, he seems to be the same brash kid who used to do imitations of Charlie Chaplin to amuse the smoke-eaters in the firehouse on his home block in Cleveland while they were waiting for the bells to ring and watering down the white horses.

For this man is a miracle of perpetual motion.

Let us try to keep up with him in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

And just what is Bob Hope doing in Valley Forge? Well, this indefatigable man, who has just been feted at the White House, who was honored for his birthday in the U.S. House of Representatives with ceremonies of song and adulation which occupy *15* pages of microscopic print in *The Congressional Record*, who was virtually deified by his own world of entertainment in a two-hour TV Birthday Special, and, somewhat to his annoyance, was once mentioned in *Fortune* magazine as one of the 10 wealthiest people in America, is actually here *working*!

The man who brought Christmas to millions of GI's overseas worked a family celebration into his holiday itinerary in 1966. Wife Dolores and children Nora and Kelly gathered for a shipboard reunion while Bob conveyed cheer to U.S. outposts. Back home, families could wish for few finer presents than his gift of laughter to loved ones.

An attitude like this, so much against the tenor of our times, calls for some exhaustive investigative journalism. So let us intercept Mr. Hope as he goes about this questionable and possibly subversive activity.

I. Nocturnal rendezvous. Bob walks his dog at 1:00 a.m.

The dog is a miniature poodle by the name of Tobe, who accompanies Bob and his wife Dolores on their swings around the country (leaving at home in California Bob's other two dogs, Steel, a white Alsatian, and Shadow, part Doberman and part mystery). Tobe travels well because he is a bright little guy who understands what riding in an elevator is all about, barks at strangers but not at room service, and travels well also in the sense that he is sharing with Bob and Dolores the presidential suite of the best hotel in the area, offering even a highly bred poodle the best in food and lush surroundings.

Bob is in a good mood. He shares the high spirits of the little dog and watches him with a fond eye as he darts around in the dark.

At this ridiculous hour, when all septugenarians should be tucked into bed with their teddy bears and hot toddies, Bob Hope, who neither smokes nor drinks, is a fountain of energy.

He has just finished a virtuoso one-man stint in front of a 3,000-person audience in the Valley Forge theater-in-the-round. There he stood alone under the lights. Out there in the dark were the thousands who had driven quite a distance and shelled out quite a bit to see him in person and test the Bob Hope legend to see if it is real.

Master though Bob is, veteran of a Herculean total of 1,000 radio shows, more than 300 TV specials, more than 50 films, the challenge is still there. Silence could cut him down more cruelly than a gun. And tonight there is something, after the affectionate opening outburst of applause has died down, which is also just a touch merciless. This is show biz. Show us.

He recognizes the awkward moment. But this is a man with a stage presence of magic. Challenge him and up comes the genius of comedy. He reaches back into that

(Far right) Doing the "road shows," Dorothy Lamour and Bing probably saw as much of Bob as did his wife, Dolores (right). The title of her book, If You See Bob, Tell Him Hello For Me, *good-naturedly spoofs his traveling.*

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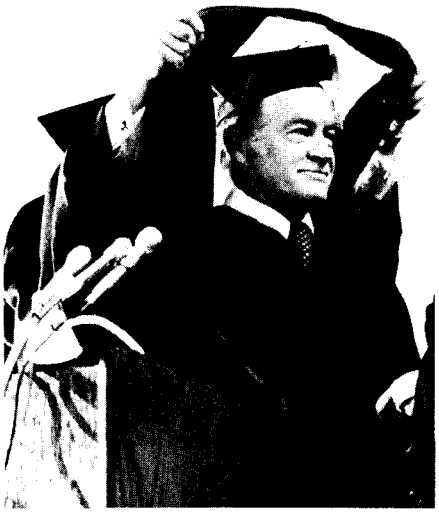

Hope's 1,000-plus humanitarian awards and citations range from the Congressional Gold Medal to honorary membership in the Harlem Globetrotters.

memory box where lie those years and years of quips and counterquips, and he fishes out from the depth a joke with such an unexpected clout that for a moment all they can do is gasp. Then the laughter starts. It swells up in waves like a riptide pounding a seawall, higher and higher each time. Near me people are shrieking, then turning and looking at each other as they howl. Now they are laughing even more because they are doing it together and laughter is contagious. And suddenly I understand why everybody, including myself, loves Bob Hope. His gift is self-discovery—a revelation of some joy and innocence still lurking within even the most curdled of us, even as the world and its clamor and coil are too much with us.

And now Bob plays on his audience like a conductor orchestrating a symphony orchestra. He mixes his shots, using little ones as tune-ups for big ones. He throws in a few endearing extemporaneous cracks. He sings a ballad and you say to yourself, "My goodness, I had forgotten he can sing that well!" He breaks into an impromptu series of dance steps, not just little old buck-and-wing standards, but toughies that would tax a Travolta, and the place rocks with applause for the sheer verve of him. When his show is over (and he's on for well over an hour without a single letdown in show-biz voltage or a tiny miscue), the crowd leaves reluctantly, strangers looking at each other and smiling with Hope. They could have danced all night.

The girl next to me, a reporter from a Philadelphia newspaper, is just gasping:

"I've seen his show all week, and he's different every night," she says. She's young; she didn't want to fall for old Bob, but he's got her.

Sprinting along after Tobe, Bob is in high spirits. This in spite of the fact that he had rolled out of bed early that morning and flown up to Connecticut with Dolores to attend the wedding of a longtime friend, Senator Stuart Symington, ex-Secretary of the Air Force. Attend? Well, more than that. The night before they had blood-hounded all over the big hotel trying to find a piano not in use to work out a little singing routine as a gift for the newlyweds. (Dolores, who admits to being 10 years younger than Bob, whatever his age may be at any time, gave up a career as a singer to marry our hero in 1934; but she can still wow them and, as everyone attests who saw the big TV Birthday Special, she stole that show away from all the high-priced talent with her charm and artistry.) The couple was up to practicing their act in a kitchen (or a broom closet for that matter), but the management found a small, beat-up upright somewhere and zoomed it up to their suite. Bob and Dolores tuned up their little number like a couple of kids, and we may be sure it went down at the wedding as smoothly as the Symington champagne. It was a happy time for everyone—except for Bob's entourage, the devoted people who travel with him and work out the logistics of his tours and fret themselves to death when something like a wedding turns up in the next state. They were tightened up like violin strings until Bob was back safely from his airborne sideshow and ready for the night's appearance in Valley Forge. His fee: not revealed to me, but intimations of solid pelf, which I can well believe. (He is reputed to earn from $30,000 to $50,000 for each hour-and-a-quarter bit. He once earned $100,000 for an hour's walk through a show with the head of GM. As a hint of his affluence, he paid land taxes last year of between $700,000 and $1,000,000 in California alone.)

Before launching his radio career in 1934, he served stints as a dance instructor, shoe salesman, newspaper reporter, and would-be prizefighter.

A favorite family joke claims that Hope's dad, who fathered six other sons, first looked down at infant Bob and said, "I was hoping for a boy."

But Bob himself, no violin string, he. The beauteous Connie Stevens starts off his show, and while she is heating up the stage he coolly sits it out at the hotel a few miles away and moseys over to the theater to make his entrance with only seconds to spare. Trouper.

As we trail Tobe around the hotel grounds (it's a resort-style plant) with the pup visiting more

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trees than there are in Sherwood Forest, Bob is easy to chat with. He's interested in other people, their opinions, their plans, everything. Somebody put it that although Bob has been on personal terms with seven U.S. Presidents, it might be more correctly phrased to say that he doesn't need *them*, but it never hurt to polish up a political image by chumming it up with such a beloved public figure as Hope. Bob talks most warmly about Ike Eisenhower, a man he reveres, as we swap reflections on White House residents from FDR to Jimmy Carter.

Bob loved Bing Crosby. How much is revealed when he is fascinated and saddened by my recent contact with Bing. Crosby had written a letter during his last trip to London saying he'd be glad to set up a *SatEvePost* interview if we could agree on a new angle. Then, even as the letter was in transit to the U.S., Crosby died. And there was the message that had outlived him. And the signature: *Bing*.

"Did you keep it?" asks Bob, almost as if he'd like it.

No, I said. It had seemed like something of a sacrilege to retain the message from the man who had slipped away. It had seemed better to destroy it.

"You should have kept it," Bob said, clearly thinking that even one touch of his friend was precious. "He was so wonderful."

It was not a rebuke, merely a regret. It struck me that this might be the finest tribute of all to Bing Crosby.

We talked of other things, and Bob's mood lightened as he told me tales of Hollywood, inside things too revealing to repeat and too amusing to forget. Finally I found nerve to ask the question you and I have had in mind all along:

"Look, Bob, you have it all: family, success, health, the respect and affection of people great and small over the whole world. You've done it all: vaudeville, Broadway, TV, movies, USO. Now you've reached 75. Why do you keep working?"

Bob peers at me in the gloom. He flashes that crooked grin. I can see his eyes glistening even in the dark.

"It's fun," he says.

Simple as that.

II. The Philadelphia Connection. Bob goes on the "Mike Douglas Show."

I get to ride with him in the big limousine as we drive from Valley Forge down the Schuylkill Expressway to Philly. An awestruck chauffeur spends most of his time watching Bob in the back seat instead of the road. Bob peers out of the windows of the car at the passing scenery like a kid on his first train ride. Sitting next to him, I look carefully at this completely relaxed man. He is serene yet vital. His hands and wrists are strong from his golf. His skin tone is healthy. He has applied facial makeup for the TV appearance, but it is only a light dusting. The ski-jump nose is there, but it is not really funny. It is nicely in tune with the forward thrust of his whole face, one which would not be amiss in a prizefighter who never had a glove laid on him. In repose, the Hope face has a great deal of dignity, the eyes intelligent and alert, the voice low-pitched and always teetering on the edge of some witticism which bubbles up from the mirth imprisoned there deep within him. He sees life as a passing show. He is so relaxing to be with that I find myself

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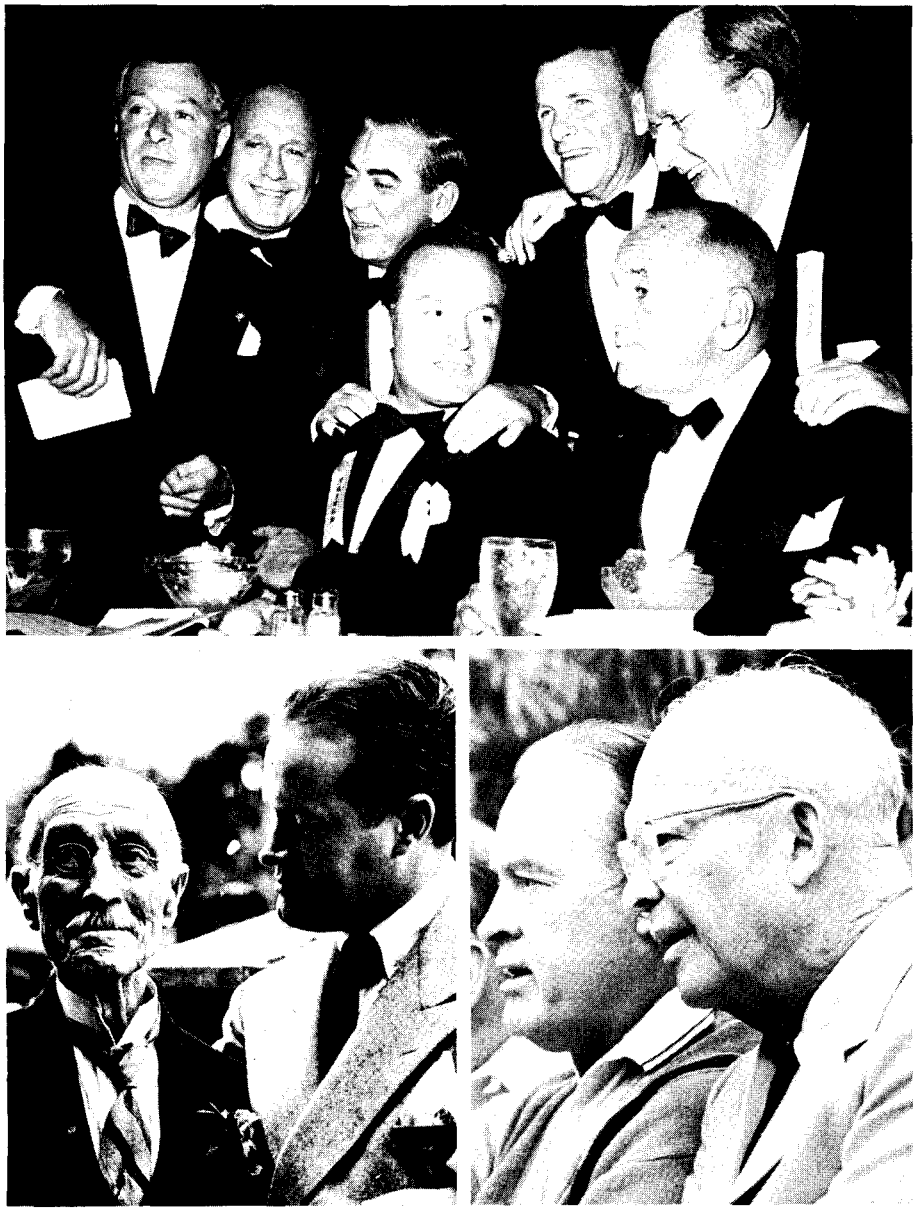

Count on Hope to brighten a party. The comedian's comedian was honored at a Friars Club dinner by George Jessel, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, George Burns, Kay Kyser, and Al Jolson. At a 1943 gathering he hugs grandfather Jim Hope, celebrating his 93rd birthday. A friend of Presidents, the entertainer trades quips with Ike.

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HAITI: SEA OF WONDER, MOUNTAINS OF TIME

Join a team of deep-sea divers on a photo expedition to the weightless world of underwater reefs.

Text and Photography by Bob Wallace

The mysterious, unseen depths of the Caribbean beckoned 3,000 feet beneath the surface. Mountains loomed 10,000 feet along the seacoast. In the distance an old wooden boat, laden with bags of charcoal, sailed steadily across blue waters toward Port-au-Prince. Her three crew members waved as we approached their vessel. They watched curiously as we criss-crossed in front of her bow, taking pictures from our Zodiac. Large areas of patched sails recalled the winds of many sea voyages. Creaking sounds from the hand-hewn masts awakened tales of Captain Ahab and Moby Dick. A great whale bolting from the sea would have been truly fitting for the moment. Our rendezvous with these rugged men, working in harmony with the sea, set the mood for the days ahead and the excitement to follow.

The next morning I awoke to the sounds of a churning sea. It was obvious our plans to explore distant unknown reefs would have to be postponed. Instead, we drove along the coast to a protected bay area at Amani Y Les Bains, where the diving is always excellent. The hour-long trip was filled with visual treats, a kaleidoscope of sights and sounds. Brightly colored buses, painted with gaudy scenes of Haitian life, stopped along the way loading passengers and produce bound for distant marketplaces. Just outside the small town of Duvalierville, more than 200 people were gathered at roadside vendors. Huge stalks of bananas were piled three feet high amidst baskets of fruits and vegetables, many unfamiliar to us, in a dazzling display of color. Outside of town, roadside streams provided bathing au naturel and coin-free laundry service mountain

While the bulk of the population chooses to live in cities, many hearty Haitians prefer the wilderness of their island. Farm families, each living in a thatched-roof paille, *band together in settlements to work the rugged land.*

style, while small children splashed happily in the cool water.

We arrived midmorning at Amani, eager for our first dive in Haiti. At the base of a steep mountain, sparkling clear waters of emerald green outlined the scenic bay area. Two teenage boys walked along the beach carrying long strands of sisal on their heads. Another boy was selling conch shells and starfish to sunbathers and snorkelers. Less than 30 yards from the beach, a vertical drop-off descended hundreds of fathoms into an eerie twilight world.

Equipped with cameras and underwater lights, we swam on the surface toward the drop-off. We passed over shallow patches of coral gardens surrounded by white sand. A community of little critters swam about displaying a wide range of colors. Banded feather dusters extended from their hard tube shelters, filtering microscopic plankton from the passing current. Orange squirrelfish peered out of their honeycombed habitat. Everywhere the sea was alive. My pulse quickened from the excitement of what I might find beneath the drop-off. The bottom started to slope more steeply until we could see the final ledge and the clear midnight-blue water below. Gliding to the edge of a wall is frightening. I've seen experienced divers start to backpaddle as if they were going to fall. Some fear is good because it keeps you alert and cautious; too much fear, however, is dangerous since it may cause rapid breathing and panic. Wall diving is for experienced divers only, and safe limits should be placed on depth. As the diver reaches depths beyond 100 feet, a feeling of lightheadedness may occur. This condition is known as nitrogen narcosis. Continuing to go deeper may cause the diver to become disoriented, and he may lose his sense of time and direction. Staying too long at these depths and swimming in the wrong direction are two serious miscalculations.

Drifting effortlessly down the vertical wall, we were treated to a breathtaking view. At 100 feet, the midday sun cast eerie shadows that blended into the inky blackness below. Dark crevices revealed bizarre shapes and brilliant colors under the illumination of our underwater lights. Sponge life existed in greater varieties than I had ever seen. One giant orange specimen grew to a diameter of 12 feet.

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...colored squirrelfish and other marine life ...he crinoids that are a part of the coral ...nity. Most dives are limited to 15 to 30 ...not counting decompression time.

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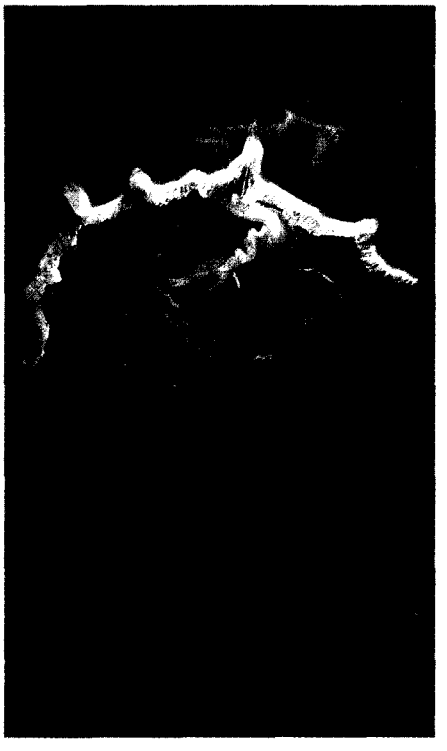
Descending ever deeper in this weightless world, Alan Baskin, my diving partner, motioned me toward an opening in the wall. It was the entrance to a coral cave leading toward the surface through a chimney just large enough for two divers. Inside the entrance the coral wall exploded with fascinating marine life. Every small organism competed for space. Corals and sponges intertwined in harmonious twists and knots. In a setting befitting a rare diamond, a 20-inch white sponge grew among lacy gorgonians and jeweled corals, like a blown-glass sculpture. Hovering like spacemen inside the chimney, Alan and I photographed our discovery. Soon it began to look like an underwater snowfall, as our rising air bubbles dislodged the sediment above. Feeling we had discovered a rare sculpture of the sea, we regretfully left our private undersea gallery.

Deeper along the coral wall more incredible sea forms competed for our attention. In this fairyland of strange shapes and blazing colors, time as we perceive it does not exist. The life cycle of some creatures may exceed 100 years, while others may live less than a year. For us, the minutes passed too quickly. Our air supply had to allow for the swim back to the surface 160 feet above and for the required decompression stops to avoid the bends (decompression sickness).

My first exploration into the underwater world of Haiti had left me with high expectations of new discoveries to follow. The ocean spray cooled our faces in the early morning air as we navigated across open waters to a group of small islands known as Les Arcadins. Only minutes at sea, we saw an eagle ray leap out of the water three times, still carrying a small remora.

The waters around Haiti are active with fishermen setting traps and diving for conch. A distance from the shore, an old man pulled his fish trap onto the bow of a small dugout. The bow of his tiny craft was cracked and caulked with rags.

The reefs surrounding Les Arcadins transformed the clear waters into a sea of rippling rainbow colors. The islands were uninhabited except for a variety of wildlife including a large bird population. A rusty lighthouse, long abandoned, marked the compass heading for our first dive. Carefully anchoring in the sandy bottom near the reef, we prepared for our visit to this remote coral community. Formations of staghorn coral branched upward from the reef and reached far beyond the limits allowed by gravity in the world above. Small fish were reluctant to accept our intrusion into their coral shelters.



A moon jellyfish flows with the current and propels itself through the water by undulating its soft body. Although the fish is capable of a mild sting, it is not as dangerous as the man-of-war.

We saw tiny shrimp moving among the tentacles of sea anemones, mysteriously immune to their sting. Small arrow crabs on long, stiltlike legs were feeding on bits of food particles. Sponges grew in elaborate profusion; their shapes and colors were endless. We paused for a close-up look at a beautiful feather duster, waving like the headdress of an Indian chief. Moving a few feet at a time, we were treated to a fascinating display of fish behavior.

Last summer, when the whales were migrating along the eastern coast of Haiti, Alan and his partner, Eva Cope, spotted four different species swimming together. Eva described her experience with these gentle giants as the greatest diving thrill of her life. "When a 40-foot whale swam within 10 feet of me, it looked like a floating boxcar." (Next year we plan to film this exciting migration along the coast of Haiti.)

If it's possible to make a comparison, topside Haiti is as fascinating as its underwater depths. Steeped with folklore and legends from a mysterious blending of French and African cultures, the country beats with a pulse of primitive rhythm that began 10,000 years ago in the heat of Africa.

Religion is an integral part of Haitian life. The sacred songs and dances are practiced today much as they still are in the forest and coastal regions of Africa—testimony to the Haitians' determination to maintain a link with their African heritage.

During an annual religious festival in a remote mountain village, I was treated to a spectacle that affected all of my senses. Hundreds of people had gathered on the church grounds. I expected to see religious ceremonies and pageantry, but what I saw instead looked like a flea market. The formal religious services were to take place later in the evening. Everywhere charcoal fires burned with a red glow beneath assorted pots filled with an array of native foods. Strange aromas permeated the air. An old woman selling pineapples paused to light her corncob pipe with a smoldering piece of wood. Beyond, an old man bathed behind a tombstone in the church cemetery. A gathering of musicians entertained an appreciative audience with their homemade instruments while a pretty little girl in a yellow scarf smiled bright-eyed as her grandmother primped her for a picture. Tables were lined with an assortment of crafts, bright fabrics, jewelry, paintings, and carvings of every description. One man was selling cigarettes from an open pack along with a collection of used bottles and bottle caps. A small boy stood obligingly while his older sister bathed him from a coconut shell. So many visions were merging togeth-

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A large tube sponge, attached to a vertical coral wall, is examined by diving instructor Eva Cope. Typical handmade sailing vessels (above) prepare to deliver fruit, vegetables, and charcoal to nearby ports.

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST

"Nowadays, you hear about how awful the future is going to be and how we must face up to the harsh realities of our bitter lives. Well, realities were pretty darn grim in 1936—but there were a lot of happy endings, too."

by Wayne L. Allen

Illustrated by Phil Smith

In this lifetime I have had a lot more Christmases than I care to admit, and every one of them has brought with it a moment of pause, has given me an opportunity to review those blessings with which time has seen fit to fill my soul and heart. All my Christmas days have been extraordinarily fine, but there was a time in 1936 when I was very young and very sentimental. . .and viewed this tattered old world as a beautiful place in which to be.

These events might well have come directly from Charles Dickens, but in fact occured in the Chicago Stock Yards, a venerable institution that has since disappeared. Of course, there weren't any ghosts, or any Scrooges either. . .unless you care to classify the unfeeling, concrete jungle of Chicago's south side as such.

At this time I was working for Swift & Company as a messenger boy, and part of my job was the delivery of codes, prices, and orders to the buyers in the cattle-sorting pens. Because you can't wander in and out of cattle pens on foot, I was provided with an old nag for this purpose with the rather imaginative name of Jasmine. She was a broad Percheron, possibly mixed with Clydesdale, of indeterminate age, conservative demeanor, and an unswerving gait.

The afternoon of December 23 was cold and blustery with dirty papers blowing up and down the Yard's brick streets, and both Jasmine and I were glad to be getting

He might have been a figment of Dickens' imagination, but those were real tears in his eyes.

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back to the barn. But as we rounded a corner of the gluehouse, I was forced to bring the old gal to a lumbering halt. There, in one of the blind doorwells, a crippled youngster huddled beside a battered crutch. The streets were bleak and deserted and it was obvious that the kid was going to freeze to death if something wasn't done.

His name was Tim and he was eight years old; his school class had been touring the Yards when he had lagged and become lost. He was trying his best not to cry, but not managing too well. Not knowing what else to do, I loaned him my handkerchief, hoisted him onto Jasmine's wide backside, and we trundled on back to the office together.

There I spent an hour in a vain attempt to locate Tim's school group. But because this was the end of the work week, several office parties were progressing nicely and most of the administrative people had taken off for the day. Nobody seemed to care much one way or the other about Tim, so finally I hauled him down to the Messenger Room for a consultation with my best buddy, one Ronald Rabinowitz. Ronnie, a curly haired Jewish lad, was well-versed in the Torah, not too many years removed from his bar mitzvah, and certainly was no believer in Christmas.

"A pagan holiday," he often remarked without malice. "Your Jesus was merely a local trouble-maker who hit the big time by dint of fortuitous circumstance." However, around Tim (who was Irish and completely imbued with the Yuletide spirit) Ronnie kept a low profile.

"What have we here?" he asked, shaking the kid's hand. "What'd you say your name was? Timothy Riley? So that's where the lost tribe of Israel ended up, eh? And what is this thing? A crutch! Never could make one of these rigs work. You show me how. Hey, that doesn't look so hard. Lemme try again." Soon we were all laughing and clowning around.

Tim didn't look like much: a thin, undernourished crippled kid with big eyes and a withered leg. He lived with his sister in a cold-water flat back of the yards. "My folks are dead, I think," he remarked without any particular emotion. "At least they went away and never came back. My sis is old, maybe as old as you guys."

So after work we took him home. It wasn't really all that far, and Ronnie, who would never have admitted to reading such a fool story as Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, hoisted the boy onto his shoulder and off we went. Even for those Depression days, the flat was pretty bad: a fourth floor walk-up with two shabby rooms and a tiny kitchen. The john was down the hall, a ripe and airless space where water dripped and ate holes in cracked porcelain.

However, Tim's "elderly" sister, Laura, was something else entirely. She had a dark beauty that only the Irish seem to achieve, a glow that made her patched frock and worn shoes appear special. Just looking at her took our minds off the sparsely furnished, miserable apartment in which she and her brother had to live. She had been putting together holiday decorations from odds and ends of junk salvaged from the dank and smelly corridors of the tenement.

"Maybe nobody else in this place cares, but we do." There was a fierceness about the way the words came out that made five-foot two seem ten feet tall. But even then, there was a kind of hopeless apology for the dismal room and its clutter. "Christmas has just got to be a different kind of day. Tim and I just have to wake up on that day and find a. . . a difference." She was about the same age as Ronnie and I, but her hours and days had been longer. It showed in her eyes.

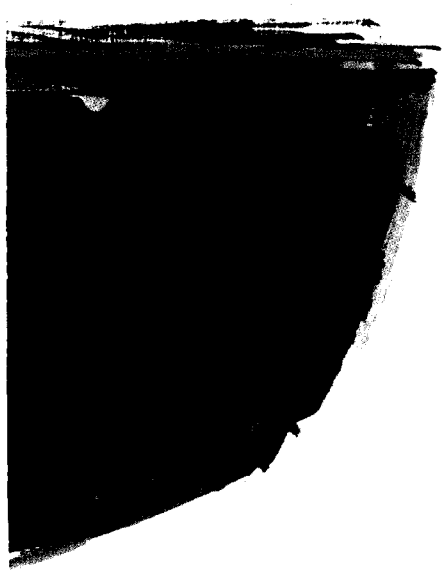
All this embarrassed us, especially when she took our hands in hers and thanked us for caring for Tim. It hadn't occured to us that we had done anything great, so, after what we considered a decent interval of standing on one foot and then the other, we took off for the elevated train and our separate homes.

"While it is true," Ronnie said as we shivered on the cold, windy platform, "that Christmas is a pagan affair that deserves very little notice, it is also true that sometimes, for some people, such monkey business becomes unduly important." He turned to me then, hands deep in his pockets. "I know that you make a big deal over this holiday at your house so it will no doubt be difficult for you to get away?"

"You are one big klutz, friend Ronald, if you think that I'm going to miss having Christmas dinner with Laura and Tim. I realize the day means nothing to a barbarian like you; you'd probably just be sitting around listening to schmaltz on the radio. But I'm your man anyway. What do you have in mind?" He brightened and clapped me on the shoulder. "I don't care what other people say, you really are one great guy! Now, let's make some plans. We're being very selfish, aren't we? Because doing this thing for the kid makes us feel good? So it isn't charity. Right? I mean, she's a proud doll, this Laura."

"Right," I said. I was already feeling good. "I'll bring the chow. My mom will have extra. She always does and, anyway, she won't have to set my place. But what if Laura fixes something? Hocks her shoes for food? What then?"

"I checked the icebox. Not even bacon fat for gravy. She might cook up some misery stew with potato peels and water. But the only thing in the place worth pawning is Tim's crutch, and she couldn't get four bits for that." He pulled his head down into his coat collar like some dark and curly turtle. "Okay, you bring the



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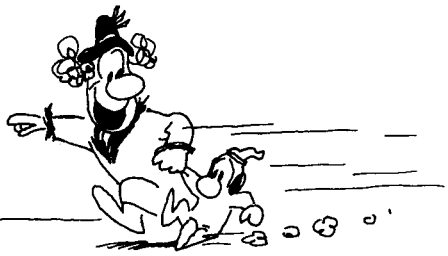
POST SCRIPTS



Signs of the Holiday

In hospital bacteriology lab: "The staph wishes you a Merry Christmas!"

In toy department: "Four Santa Clauses—no waiting!"

—Honey Greer

In Style

A woman shopping for a present for her husband was determined to get him out of the stodgy, conservative clothing he had always bought for himself, so she said to the saleswoman in the menswear section of the store, "I'm looking for something wild and youthful in a pair of men's slacks."

The saleswoman sighed and replied, "Aren't we all, dearie, aren't we all."

—Henry H. Dunagan

Cover Story

How many blankets shall I use?
A point with which my mind is teasing:
To go to bed too warm at night,
Or wake in the morning freezing.

—Evelyn Amuedo Wade

Public Nuisance

She only took one parking spot,
This blithely heedless parker—
Half of it on either side
Of the dividing marker.
I hope she stays there overtime
And gets two tickets for her crime.

—Ethel Jacobson

"I don't know...what dost thou *want to do?"*

Erstwhile Ecology?

To hear the ecologists tell it,
Recycling is a modern trend
To handle conservation problems,
Of which there are no end.
But, as an old-timer, I recall
When recycling was, perforce,
Something that we practiced
As a matter of course.
Clothing was recycled:
Your coat became Sister's next season.
Old clothes were handed down,
And to rebel was treason!
Bread too stale for breakfast
Became bread pudding at dinner.
Sheets became pillow cases;
Rags when the cloth was thinner.
Recycling, when "affluence" was
A big word used now and then,
Was a matter of survival—
Which perhaps it is again!

Ruth M. Walsh

Chilling Thought

More people would be satisfied with their walk in life if they didn't have to shovel it.

—Honey Greer

Hall of Fame

Students in the ninth grade were asked to select the 11 greatest Americans. All promptly complied except for one boy who failed to complete the assignment.

"What happened?" the teacher asked.

"I got hung up," he replied, "on who should be at right tackle."

—Robert Fuoss

Batter Up!

Gather ye walnuts while ye may,
And bowls immune to breaking;
And figs and dates in wild array
And strength galore. Today's the day
We start the Christmas baking!

Gather ye tins from near and far
(Farewell to kitchen quiet!).
Bake brandied cake, bake

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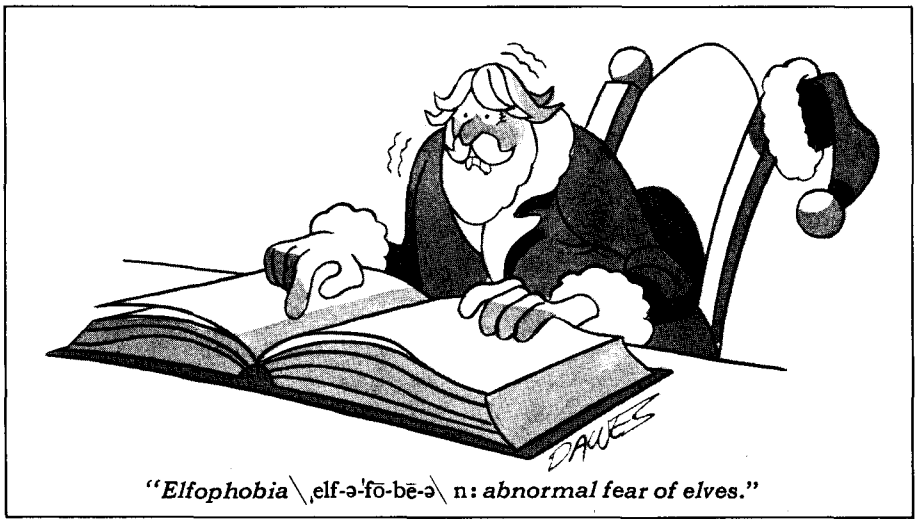

"Elfophobia \ˌelf-ə-ˈfō-bē-ə\ n: *abnormal fear of elves."*

Christmas star,
Bake sugar tart, bake raisin bar,
Bake *everything* for friends
who are
For Christmas off their diet!

–Maureen Cannon

Balancing Act

A woman found her checkbook in such a mess that she had to telephone her bank for help.

"What balance do you show?" asked the bank clerk.

Replied the caller: "I asked *you* first!"

–Honey Greer

Helpmate

A fellow was stopped by a police officer who said, "You're going to get a ticket for speeding."

The driver said, "Well, I was only doing 40 miles an hour."

To which the patrolman replied, "No, you were doing 50 in a 30 mile per hour zone."

The driver's wife piped up, "Officer, don't argue with my husband when he's been drinking."

–Lucille J. Goodyear

Yule Jewel

This year many office Christmas parties are being brightened by enticing girls wearing buttons that read, "I Will If Yule."

–Honey Greer

Testy Testimonial

A reporter asked the centenarian the obvious question: "To what do you attribute your long life?"

"Don't really know for sure yet," the bright-eyed old-timer declared. "I'm still negotiating with a bottled water firm and two breakfast cereal companies."

–Honey Greer

Bought-any?

If you don't think money grows on trees, just price one at Christmas.

–George E. Bergman

Crèche Update

The little five-year-old boy was told by his Sunday school teacher to draw a picture of the interior of the stable where Jesus was born. When he brought it home his father looked it over and said, "That's very nice son, but what's that object in the corner?"

Sonny replied, "Oh, that's their TV set."

–Audrey Earle

See Reverse Side

Magazine cut-ups, please look
before snipping
and let me, the subscriber,
decide
if the items *you* are so
eagerly clipping
interest *me* from the other
side.

–Beatrice H. Comas

The Bard of Avon: On Computers and Robots

"So service shall with steeled sinews toil."

Henry V, II, ii

"O, thou hast damnable iteration."

I Henry IV, I, ii

–Gloria Maxon

Check-out Time

"It's after two o'clock. Do you think you can stay here all night?" the father called downstairs to the teenager who was dating his daughter.

"Thanks, sir," replied the young man. "I don't know. I'll have to call my folks first."

–George E. Bergman

"Well, what have we here—'To Elmer from Elmer.'"

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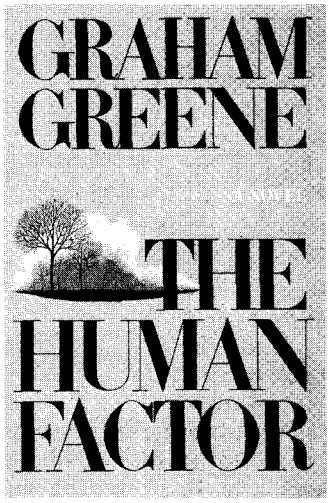
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

The Human Factor

by Graham Greene
Simon and Schuster, 347 pages
$9.95

by David Brudnoy

In *1984* Orwell's agents of Big Brother create a room in which their victims confront whatever it is they most dread. In that room, under that torture, every man crumbles, everybody betrays loved ones, ideals, everything. Concentrating on his gloomy image of a world perverted by totalitarianism, Orwell allowed himself a peripheral theme: that of loyalty and the tests that crisis puts to loyalty. Orwell's subtheme is Graham Greene's prime concern in this his most recent book, and one of his handful of fine novels. *The Human Factor* asks the question: To what does a man owe his first loyalty, and to what extent will he compromise to remain true to his main value?



The protagonist is Maurice Castle, 62, long in the service of Her Majesty's intelligence agency, a decent, gentle, and philosophical chap harboring a secret so important, an obligation so awful, that he must sacrifice his patriotism to protect that secret and fulfill that obligation. Castle served in Africa during the Second World War; there, in what was then the Union of South Africa (later to become the Republic of South Africa), he came to love and eventually to marry a black woman, thus violating the social and political code of that country. The woman adhered to a radical cause, one inimical to Castle's own rather conventional views. Through her he met and fell in with Communists, and to secure her escape from South Africa, and that of her Negro son by a previous liaison, Castle agreed to perform a certain number of treasonous acts.

In time, Castle realizes, the truth of his activities will become known, and an expectable doom will catch up with them—imprisonment or escape into exile. The reader participates in Castle's moral dilemma, owing to the brilliance of Greene's writing, the care with which he presents all the alternatives, uncondemningly, coolly, painfully.

The Human Factor contains neither heroes nor villains, neither preachments nor easy escapes from the responsibility to choose: The book reflects the author's skepticism about commonly accepted values such as patriotism and honesty, but at no time does it present a simple, attractive case for the denial of those values. Greene's genius is his ability to trap the reader in his protagonist's own dilemma.

Castle dreams of a "city where he could be accepted as a citizen, as a citizen without any pledge of faith, not the City of God or Marx, but the city called Peace of Mind." But residence in such a place, in such a frame of mind, is not to be, Castle already having secured the safety of his loved ones at a dear price, the betrayal of his homeland. Castle's "friends" spirit him away to a kind of safety in Russia while Sarah and little Sam are safe with Castle's mother in England. They all live, but they live apart. Will they be reunited? And if reunited, will the mental, spiritual, physical cost of that happy ending be bearable?

Graham Greene has long pondered such questions, has long devoted himself to chronicling the attitudes and quandaries of those who stand apart from their neighbors, inquiring in many of his dozens of books into the soul of the tormented man. He is a master of environment and mood, of description and suggestion, and if he fails here, as he has failed elsewhere, to resolve the central problem he sets out to confront, it is not so much a failing of the writer, or the writing, as it is a failure inherent in the awesome question itself.

Who among us could say, right now, how we would act if the price of preserving the life and freedom of the one we loved most were some measure of betrayal of our country, if the price of honoring our country's interests were the death or enslavement of the person we loved most? Each reader will come to his own answer, however tentative, however certain; and each reader will come away from *The Human Factor* with a deeper understanding of what another great writer about the human condition called the "heart of darkness." To read Greene's book is to be enriched, troubled, perhaps tormented. *The Human Factor* will be read and admired and puzzled over for many decades to come.

Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald

By Edward Jay Epstein
Readers Digest Press, 382 pages
$12.95

by Joseph Schneider

Of the writing of books on the assassination of President Kennedy there is no end. It has been estimated that over 100 books have been written on the assassination. Edward Jay Epstein's *Legend* is a recent addition to the series.

Of the books I have read, all are believable in some detail, but none can answer convincingly who killed Kennedy. Until all the assassination documents are

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released (including those stored in the National Archives and those still retained by the FBI and the CIA), and reliable and complete tests are run on the ballistics materials obtained at Parkland Hospital, Dallas, and the Bethesda (Maryland) Naval Hospital, and until all of it is put through a computer, a definitive answer to the question of who killed Kennedy will elude us.

One new item does emerge from *Legend*: The trip that Oswald allegedly made to Mexico City weeks before the assassination may not have occurred. That should end speculation that the trip was made to reestablish contact with the KGB, the Soviet counterpart to the CIA.

Legend is so devised that one becomes disposed to believe the very worst in Oswald. The burden of Epstein's argument is that a 20-year-old youth, freshly mustered out of the U.S. Marine Corps, will pass on to a foreign power classified military intelligence and will be "programmed" to gun down the President. The defects in this are two: First, not even the Russophobes in the CIA subscribed to this thesis, although two Warren Commission lawyers came close to doing so. Second, Oswald did not have access to classified military intelligence in the Marines.

Epstein told a different story about the shooting of President Kennedy on a Dallas street in *Inquest* (1966). The Warren Commission, faced with a crisis of confidence, concealed from the American people the "very substantial evidence" that indicated the presence of a "second assassin." Whatever it was that persuaded Epstein to change his mind in the years since 1966 is not stated in *Legend*.

The Nosenko affair (Yuri Nosenko was a KGB official who defected to the United States, bringing with him the intelligence that Oswald was of no interest to the Soviets) is a spy thriller of sorts, replete with sordid and seriocomic details. He was released from CIA custody, given a new suit of clothes, provided with a new name and a house in North Carolina, given an annual stipend of about $30,000, granted United States citizenship, and made a CIA consultant.

The prevailing "legend" was that the Lee Harvey Oswald who killed Kennedy single-handed with a "cheap, old rifle" bought at surplus, was a crackpot. And the FBI was not responsible for crackpots. The intelligence provided by Nosenko that Oswald was of no interest to the KGB became "truth." There was no Soviet connection, however remote, in the assassination of President Kennedy.

Oswald was not a crackpot. He was either philosophically incapable of personal assassination, insane, or a patsy. Marxism disputes the Great Man theory of history, but history is man-made and there are great men. However, no man can change the course of history unless the time is ripe. Pick an apple that is too green and it will not ripen; it will shrivel and spoil. Removing a head of state by violent means is an act of vengeance.

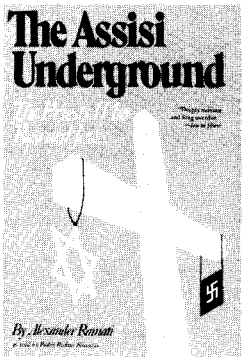
Epstein is not convincing when he labels Oswald's profession of Marxism as "The Russian Gambit." Lee Harvey Oswald was in many ways an unsavory individual, but he was nobody's fool.

Mr. Schneider, a retired professor of sociology at Indiana University, has avidly followed the assassination debate.

—The Post Recommends—

The Assisi Underground
Alexander Ramati, as told by
Padre Rufino Niccacci
Stein and Day
$8.95

A spare tower, clean of line, rises with more power than the most ornate palace. So it is with a book like this—a simple, but powerful, story simply told. Better yet, this one happens to be true: In the small Italian town of Assisi during World War II, a group of priests, nuns, and townsfolk disguised and kept from harm over 300 Jews while German troops clamped tight the place that daily pays reverence to the 13th-century brother, St. Francis, who is more than a memory—he's a living presence for believers.



The "underground," an army of hushes and whispers led by Padre Rufino Niccacci, outfoxes the Nazis, dressing their Jewish "charges" in monks' and nuns' habits, teaching them their Paternosters and Vespers, supplying them with forged identification papers. A number of memorable sorts people the pages: Luigi Brizi, the printer who spends nights tucked away in his small shop printing the false documents; Gino Battaglia, who delivers them on his bicycle while the unsuspecting occupiers, thinking he is merely training for a race, look on; and Colonel Valentin Müller, the head of German forces, a humane medical doctor and devout Catholic who strives to keep the religiously suffused Assisi free from the devastation of war and wins the love of its people. There are enough close scrapes to lance the bubble of security, however, enough late-night knocks on the monastery door, enough suspiciously heavy falls of Fascist boots. Writer Ramati first heard the poignant story as an Allied war correspondent when he came to Assisi with the liberation forces. He vowed to come back one day and write it, a promise he kept 30 years later.

The Taxpayer's Guide To Effective Tax Revolt
Sheldon D. Engelmayer and
Robert J. Wagman
Dale Books
$1.95 (paperback)

When residents of California voted by an almost two-to-one margin in favor of a 57 percent, $7 billion cut in state property taxes, they were cheered by Americans across the country. Grumbling citizens are attempting to launch similar grass-roots tax rebellions in other states. To expedite current movements, two journalists have compiled an informative step-by-step guidebook for dealing with excessive spending by public agencies, commissions, boards, and arms of the government.

Even for persons not willing to commit themselves to a full-fledged revolt, the 269-page paperback is an eye-opening glance at the American tax structure. Well researched and written in layman's language, it could serve as a primer for millions of Americans who have never understood the mystery of government spending, but who now are eager to learn.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.75 above the retail price (to cover handling and mailing charges). Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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Our Cup Overflowing

As is our way when the Christmas season nears and the year draws to a close, we pause to count the many blessings God has bestowed upon America.

The abundance of our land is truly awesome. The harvest has again been bounteous. America overflows with food. There is greater danger of being overweight than of being hungry. It becomes ever more difficult to find hunger anywhere in America. Where hunger exists at all it is because some lost and confused soul has been separated from his own people and his plight has not been discovered by the ponderous bureaucracy of the welfare system. Nearly as rare are those truly lacking for shelter or warm clothing.

We Americans are healthier today than we have ever been. Perhaps there is room for improvement, yet the life expectancy of our people surpasses anything in American history. Our elderly are maintaining their vigor to a remarkable age. We spend more on health than ever—and complain more about it. In truth we spend more on health because we can afford to and want the added health services.

This year Americans traveled around and looked at the beauties of America as never before. National parks nationwide have been full to the overflowing. Americans stood in line for hours to see Old Faithful at Yellowstone blow off steam, to see the remarkably functional splendor of Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello, to take one of the many 10-minute rides through Fantasyland at Disneyworld, or to gaze at those cool, relaxed giant pandas at the Washington Zoo and wonder whether Hsing-hsing had finally been won over by the biennial charms of Ling-ling.

Most important of all, once more throughout 1978 our nation has been at peace with the rest of the world. Things stand now as they have stood since shortly after World War II. Only one nation in the world is sufficiently armed to do serious harm to America—the U.S.S.R. Now we don't believe that the leaders of Russia mean well for America. But they do mean well for themselves. Russia has no reason to want war with us. We are probably farther from war today than we have been for years. It would take some purposeful act on our part—such as a foolish involvement of U.S. troops in some distant area.

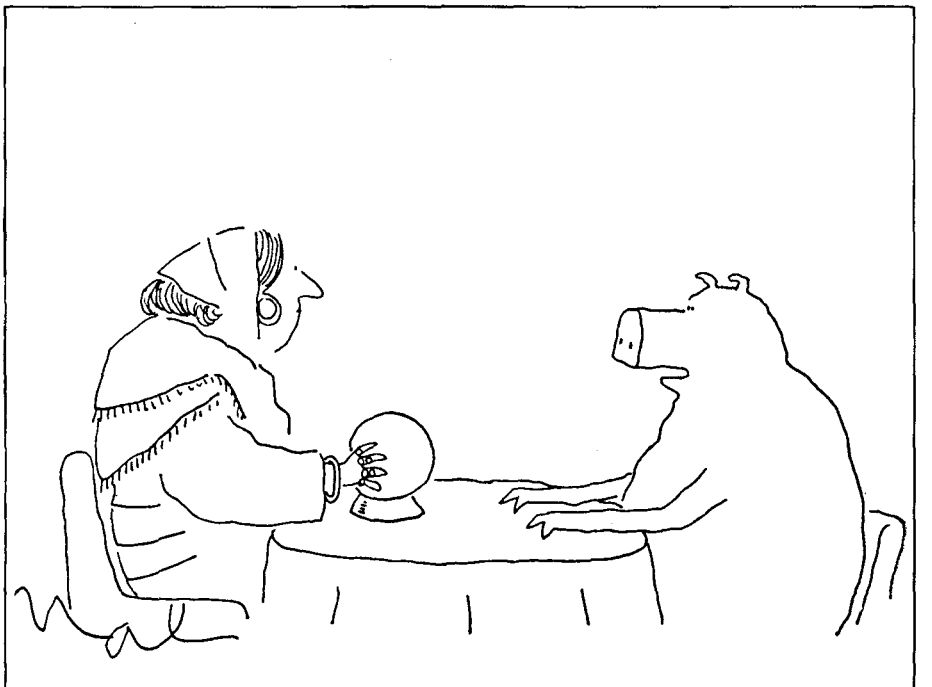
But be not misled. The bounty of America is not the result of judicious national planning. America works best, indeed America can only exist, when free men of goodwill act and react freely in a myriad of unplanned ways, each competing and striving to make his own lot better, each living, with God's help, in harmony with his fellows. Summed up, the farmer, the factory worker, the rancher, the fisherman, the miner, and the woodsman: These are America.

A Merry Christmas and a bounteous New Year to each and every one of you. May the snows fall gently on your rooftops.

Shifting Gears in the Kremlin

Ever since the October Revolution Soviet policy has distinguished itself by its ability to think in a world-strategic perspective. This was already the case in the days of Lenin, but even more so in those of Stalin, who—one has to admit—was an evil but great statesman. While the present leaders no longer possess the genius of the old tyrant, as his worthy successors they carry on along the lines that he pursued.

Russia's policy serves "World Revolution." This determination helps Soviet diplomacy. It is easier to be politically effective with an offensive goal, than if one is compelled merely to react to the initiatives of the enemy. In the first case one has the choice of the battlefield and of the weapons to be employed. It allows, furthermore,



"Give me what you've got on pork futures."

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a better coordination of human and material resources.

Until the end of the Chinese civil war, the Soviet Union was able to use its forces in whatever direction it chose. This situation had to change when the protection of the national territory in the East became a major concern.

One can presume that the first change in the orientation of the Kremlin took place in the mid-1950s, when Mao's China began to emerge. Of course, the Soviets spared no effort during the economic crisis following the "Great Leap Forward" to destroy the Peking regime and to throw the country into chaos and civil war. In this they did not succeed, paradoxically thanks to the statesmanlike vision of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek. His Kuomintang government refrained, in view of the Russian threat, from sending its forces onto the China mainland. Thus, the country was able to survive and has become the main danger for the Kremlin.

The Sino-Soviet conflict has not yet reached its climax by far. Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai worked with the right kind of priorities. They first centered their efforts on defensive armament and left the offensive weapons aside. This risky policy could only succeed because the leadership of the United States lay in the capable hands of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. The refusal of the Americans to tolerate a preemptive nuclear armament policy allowed China the necessary time to build up its defenses to the point where it can no longer be destroyed by an atomic attack.

At the end of 1975, when this goal had been reached, China was at liberty to build or buy offensive weapons. With the downfall of the "Gang of Four," it embarked on a nonisolationist, outward-looking policy.

This evolution has compelled the Soviet Union to adapt its actions to the new situation. As the tensions between Vietnam and Cambodia and the conflict between Vietnam and China have shown, Peking is already today strong enough to pursue an active policy in Indochina. This destroys the strategic monopoly of the U.S.S.R. which had been created by the defeat of the South Vietnamese regime.

Moscow, which hitherto held the initiative in all directions, is now constrained to act defensively in the East; in the West, on the other hand, the Soviet Union has become increasingly offensive.

From this point of view the Russian attitude towards Japan is significant. Only a short while ago everything was attempted to draw the island-empire into the Soviet orbit; now the Kremlin seems to have accepted the fact that this has become highly improbable. The Soviet Embassy in Tokyo adopts a lower profile and the pro-Moscow Japanese Communists are isolated (although only two years ago they entertained hopes of reaching power thanks to a Popular Front). The new chairman of the Japanese Socialist Party, Asukata, made his first major foreign visit to China, while his predecessors gave priority to Moscow.

The Soviet Union has to face the prospect that it is no longer possible to destroy China, which will become an equal of Russia within 10 to 15 years. The defense of Siberia is thus the cardinal problem of Soviet foreign policy. Moscow has no illusions: The slogan of the "12 unequal treaties" gives voice to the will of the Chinese People's Republic to decolonize Soviet Siberia. A significant fact: The broadcasts of the Chinese radio in the Asiatic languages of the U.S.S.R. have recently doubled.

To defend Siberia the Soviet Union needs freedom of movement in the West. The conquests of Yalta stand in the way. It is an old and still valid law of history that a conqueror who takes over a nation against its will becomes, sooner or later, its prisoner. Russia has lost its capability to conclude a real peace agreement in the West, because its regime in the countries of the Warsaw Pact demands continued oppression and violence. The Kremlin realizes clearly that nations composed of people like the Czechs, Poles, Slovaks, Hungarians, or Bulgarians will take advantage of every weakness shown by Moscow to increase their own area of freedom.

Similar to other great conquerors of history, such as Napoleon or Hitler, the Soviets are compelled to move ahead sooner or later. To protect Siberia, Moscow needs the economic and human potentials of Western Europe, and also the areas linked to the Old World, the Near East, and Africa.

The growing aggressiveness of the Kremlin—the takeover in Af-

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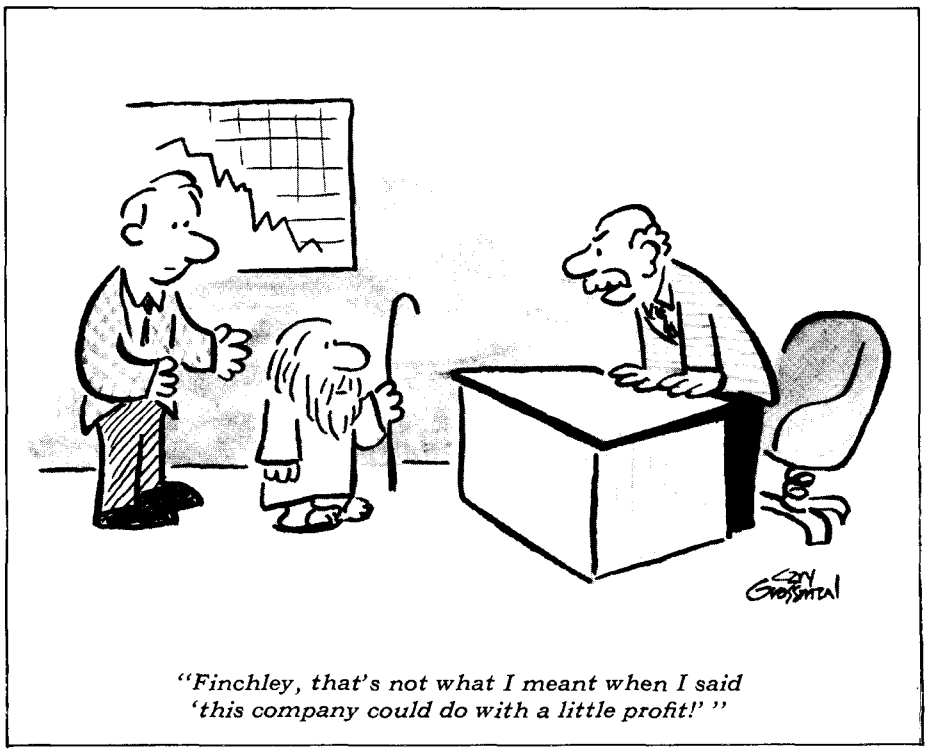

"Finchley, that's not what I meant when I said 'this company could do with a little profit!' "

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Pitfall

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for "Steamed Date or Fig Pudding." This had a tentative sound, and so I merely laid in 20 pounds of dried figs and planned, when the time came, to improvise from there. I thought it unnecessary to mention the puddings to my husband just yet.

Meanwhile, work on the topiary trees proceeded. Pebbles were gathered from the driveway to line the flowerpots. ("Next time it rains and that driveway washes out," I was informed, "there's going to be one unhappy Santa's Helper around here.") Lengths of doweling to be used as stalks were wrapped with satin ribbons. The 20 Styrofoam balls glistened with candies, each affixed with an artfully concealed silk pin. (As it happened I had several thousand silk pins left from the time I planned to improvise a copy of a Grés evening dress.) There was to be a lemon-drop tree and an ice-mint tree and a cinnamon-lump tree. There was to be a delicate crystallized-violet tree. There was to be a witty-licorice tree.

All in all, the operation went more smoothly than any I had undertaken since I was 16 and won third prize in the Sacramento Valley Elimination Make-It-Yourself-With-Wool Contest. I framed graceful rejoinders to compliments. I considered the probability that I. Magnin or Neiman-Marcus would press me to make trees for them on an exclusive basis. All that remained was to set the candy balls upon their stalks—that and the disposition of the figs—and I had set an evening aside for this crowning of the season's achievement. All was in readiness.

I suppose that it was about seven o'clock when I placed the first candy-covered ball on the first stalk. Because it did not seem overly secure, I drilled a deeper hole in the second ball. That one, too, once on its stalk, exhibited a certain tendency to sway, but then so does the Golden Gate Bridge. I was flushed with imminent success, visions of candy trees come true all around me. I suppose it was about eight o'clock when I placed the last ball on the last stalk, and I suppose it was about one minute after eight when I heard the first crack, and I suppose it was about 8:15 (there were several minutes of frantic shoring maneuvers) when my husband found me sitting on the dining-room floor, crying, surrounded by 60 pounds of scattered lemon drops and ice-mints and cinnamon lumps and witty licorice.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Why don't we get the grout left over from when you were going to retile the bathroom, and make a ceramic candy floor."

"If you think you're going to get any figgy puddings," I said, "you'd better think again."

But I had stopped crying, and we went out for an expensive dinner. The next morning I gathered up the candies and took them to Girl Scout headquarters, presumably to be parceled into convalescents' nut cups by some Brownie. The Styrofoam balls I saved. A clever woman should be able to do something very attractive for Easter with Styrofoam balls and 20 pounds of figs. ☒

Editorials

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ghanistan, the wars by proxy in Somalia and southern Africa, the infiltration in Yemen—is an indication of this new phase of Soviet hegemonical policies. Russia must use the time—while the Chinese offensive armaments have not yet reached an extent which would allow them to help the liberation movements in Siberia and in Central Asia—to extend the influence of the U.S.S.R. in the West and in the South.

During a recent NATO meeting, the increase in Soviet weaponry was widely discussed. The fact that it expands each year by roughly five percent has created justified concern. Nevertheless, it is probable that these weapons are not primarily destined to wage war in Western Europe. Like the British in the 19th century with their "fleet in being," the U.S.S.R. with its rockets and soldiers wants to provide a credible background for its diplomatic subversive activities. The armaments also permit the equipping of auxiliary forces in Africa and Asia. In the Arabian peninsula, the military preparations in communist South Yemen rightfully cause anxiety. Cubans, Russians, and experts from the German Democratic Republic are building up an offensive force as a basis for the next great thrust, a follow-up for the actions in Somalia and Afghanistan. These are a part of a worldwide pincer movement to bring the oil states under Soviet control.

In Africa, a major communist corridor is to be drawn across the continent, anchored in Angola and Mozambique, two countries to be linked via Rhodesia, so as to force South Africa into capitulation. It cannot be repeated often enough: It is not so much the Republic of South Africa, but South West Africa and Rhodesia which will decide the battle for the Cape of Good Hope. With these two states in the hands of communist forces, there can be no lasting holding operations anymore.

The present shifting of gears in the Kremlin shows that Moscow, which could hitherto plan calmly because time was on its side, is henceforth obliged to act with an eye on the clock. For the free world this heralds a toughening of the Kremlin's attitude. On the other hand, it also entails a great chance, if the West has enough courage and character to withstand the dangerous times ahead, until the day when the Soviet Union is compelled, under pressure from the East (and hopefully also from the West), to abandon its hegemonical global designs. ☒

—Otto von Habsburg

We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, never to be undone. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well, he may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out.

—William James

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Haiti

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er. Into the night, candlelight and charcoal fires illuminated primitive huts along the paths leading away from the festival grounds and the mountains beyond.

Survival is a way of life for the Haitians. The rugged land demands much and gives little. Nevertheless, these proud and gentle people remain faithful to tradition. Their way of life is as clear as the mountain air.

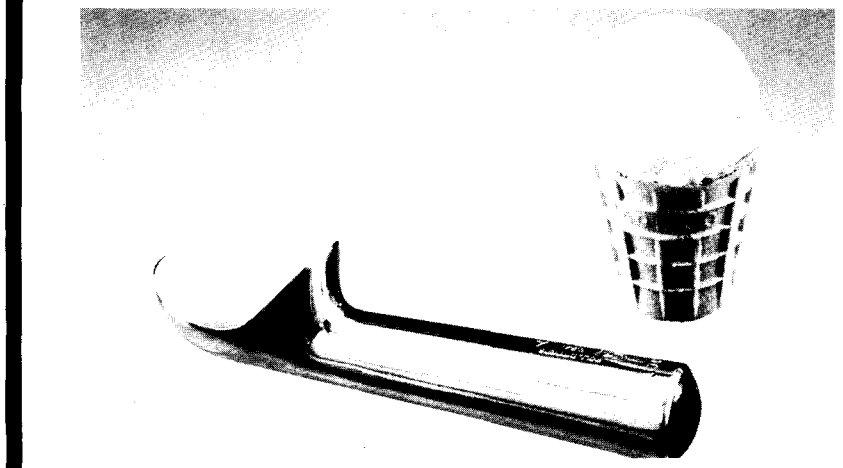
An immense panorama of mountains and clouds stretched beneath us as we stood on the highest stone walkway of one of the world's most impressive structures, the Citadelle Laferriere. The distant chants of Haitian workers provided a breath of life to this foreboding fortress. Weakened and weathered by the hands of time, restoration is underway to preserve this "Eighth Wonder of the World." Throughout the 10,000 chambers and concrete labyrinths, numerous bronze cannons weighing up to 4,000 pounds and tons of cannonballs remain as historical evidence of the dream of a Haitian slave who became king. His fortress never echoed the sounds of a single battle. On his tomb in the Citadelle courtyard is inscribed—"Here lies Henry Christophe, King of Haiti. I am reborn from my ashes."

The ride down the mountainside on horseback made the accomplishment of the great structure even more impossible to imagine. As we cautiously guided our animals along the winding trail, carefully avoiding loose rocks and clumps of tangled weeds that might cause injury to the horses, we wondered how those workmen of long ago managed to transport heavy building materials up the incline to make the fortress a reality.

I remember the eager faces of children along the path as they rushed to greet us. They heralded our triumphant return with loud, discordant notes from their bamboo instruments. Another youngster danced on stilts eight feet high, hoping for a donation for his performance.

As we strolled among the enchanting ruins of the Sans-Souci Palace beneath the Citadelle, many children approached us selling flutes, beads, carvings, and straw bags. One boy, about 10 years old, stood out from all the others. "Hi. My name is Stephen. I am happy to see you." Speaking perfect English, Stephen won us over with his charm and friendliness. He played his flute as we climbed ancient stairways of the Palace. Stephen spoke of his beloved country and said he was learning English in school. "I hope I can visit your country someday and that I will see you again. Please take my flute as a gift. I want you to remember Haiti."

Stephen, we will.



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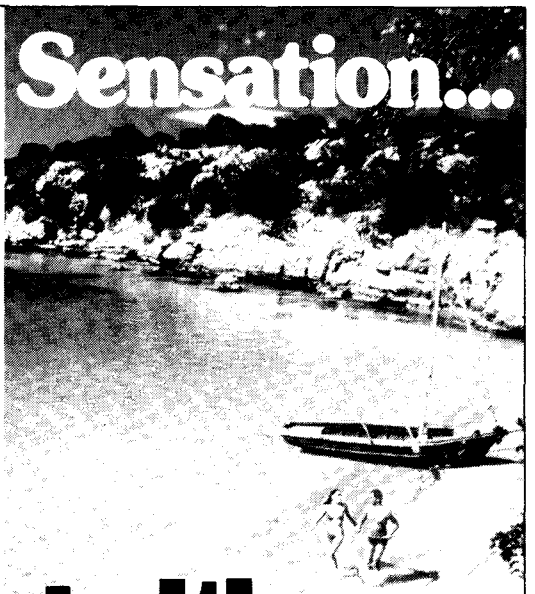

haiti

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Bob Hope

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trapped into telling him something (Migod, I say to myself) *funny*! To make it even more implausible, Bob laughs genuinely and generously.

When we reached the studio entrance in Philly a crowd was milling around waiting for Bob. Time is short, so his man-of-all-worries in the front seat next to the chauffeur, Ward Grant, suggests that we make a turn for a stage door entrance tucked away in an alley. But the alley is one way against us, so we have to zoom around the block. And now the crowd sees Bob as we approach the stage door from there, and they all escort the car as we drive slowly down the narrow alley in the right direction. They knock on the windows and gape in at Bob. They crowd around and almost knock him down as he tries to get out of the car. Bob looks at me and grins.

"We sure fooled *them*," he says.

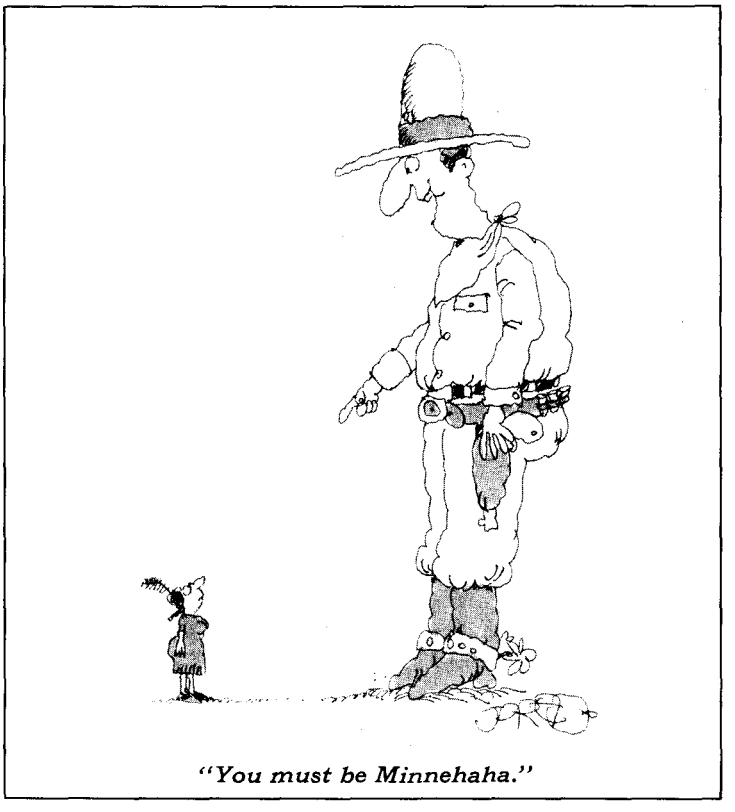
Time running short or not, he signs autographs. He poses with a couple of grandmothers as their families snap away with a Brownie.

Once in the study, Bob has to wait his turn to appear on the show while Mike Douglas warms up the audience. The place is full of young people: a singing group and their camp followers, a couple of youngsters who have won regional recognition in the Bob Hope talent contests. (Their gang is with them, too.) You'd think he'd slink away into the peace and quiet of his dressing room. Not at all. Bob leans on the door of the waiting room and shoots the breeze with about three dozen young people. One of them is the kid brother of Sylvester Stallone, star of *Rocky* and *F.I.S.T.* From chatting with him I gather he is a boxing buff. He'd like to talk to Bob but is shy about approaching him. Talk fights, I suggest. Talk to Bob about *prizefighting*? Try it.

In case you don't know, Bob is a walking encyclopedia about sports. He's been part-owner of the Cleveland Indians and the Los Angeles Rams at one time or another, and his interest in golf is more than spectator stuff—he's shot four holes-in-one in his day. He's also fought in the amateur ring as Packy East, the terror of Cleveland.

In two seconds, Stallone, student of boxing since the bare-knuckle days, and Bob, are swapping names like IBM machines: Lew Tendler, Philly's prize lightweight lefty; Benny Leonard, who beat him all the time; Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; Billy Conn; Henry Armstrong. Stallone couldn't come up with one without an anecdotal response from Bob. He tells about some of his own fights: "I was the only fighter in history who was carried into the ring and also carried out again."

Everyone loves it. Laughter fills the studio. Bob Hope has a stable of writers? Yes, he admits to a stable of 13 of 'em—the first comedian to make that confession, by the way. They make life easier for him in his crowded professional life. But here and now, he is throwing zingers at these kids in their own patter, and they love it and they love him. The joint is jumping with their



"You must be Minnehaha."

hoots, and I wouldn't be surprised if Mike Douglas, within earshot even though on stage, might be wondering what kind of laughing gas they'd piped into his waiting room.

I'm sitting next to a petite and beautiful lady and we both watch Bob.

"Isn't he something?" she says. "Some actors are 'on' for the camera and 'off' when they're not on stage. But he doesn't change."

The lady is Maureen O'Sullivan, star of *Oliver Twist* and many another fine motion picture, but apparently willing to forget her days as Tarzan's Jane.

On the show, Mike kids Bob about his open collar, his moccasins, and the "California" suit he's wearing, a little number in tasteful houndstooth checks, pure silk, he picked up for a song at Neiman-Marcus. Bob ripostes with an amazed look at Mike's citified clothes and "sincere" tie. "What's with you?" he asks. "Are you taking up embalming?" He's got the studio crowd with him already. Mike's sorry he ever mentioned clothes.

On the ride back to Valley Forge, we talk about the amazingly beautiful women Bob has had as his leading ladies. Of course, they were foils to his usual role as the brash braggart who gets deflated a thousand times but still manages to emerge on the wings of shrewd stupidity and God's kindliness toward the weak and the demented. But what a list! The fact that Bob has utterly deserted standard Hollywood tradition by being married to the same beautiful woman, Dolores Reade, since February 19, 1934, (they were wed in Erie, Pennsylvania. "I forget why Erie," says Bob today. "Even people in Erie don't get married in *Erie*!") makes the group of leading ladies even more spectacular. It is headed, of course, by the still luscious Dorothy Lamour, who romped through the fabulously successful *Road* series of pictures with Bob and Bing. After that, the delectable group portrait includes Elke Sommer, Jill St. John, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Anita Ekberg, Lucille Ball, Joan Collins, Lana Turner, Katherine Hepburn, Joan Fontaine, Arlene Dahl, Hedy Lamarr, Betty Grable, Jane Russell, and Bob's good friend Phyllis Diller.

We talk a little about these toothsome damsels, but interestingly enough a now-forgotten name emerges, that of Milly Vitale, the exquisite ballet dancer who played opposite Bob in *The Seven Little Foys*, and whose radiance gave away nothing to the other girls among the pictures I reviewed before seeing Bob. He confirms her flawless beauty, and the conversation drifts to his pride in those motion pictures where he played a straight part, not necessarily a comic character. In *The Seven Little Foys* Bob played the famous dancer and father-stage mentor to his seven kids. He enjoyed *Sorrowful Jones* and *The Lemon Drop Kid*, both based on Damon Runyon stories, and especially *Beau James*, in which he portrayed the ebullient playboy Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York City. That one was a natural for Bob and was one of his best.

You'd be surprised the people he's had to match talents with in his career.

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He was in *Roberta* on Broadway, and *The Ziegfield Follies* of 1938. He started in radio in 1934 on the Rudy Vallee show—television in 1950. He danced a challenge sequence in hoofing it with Jimmy Cagney in the *Foys*. He traded quips with W. C. Fields in the old days and chatted with John Barrymore on the Paramount lot. Playing against such scene-stealers as Victor Moore, William Bendix, William Demarest, Mickey Rooney, Fernandel, Jerry Colonna, Ben Blue, George Burns, Edward Everett Horton, Eddie Bracken, Zasu Pitts, Peter Lorre, Lon Chaney, Phyllis Diller, and perhaps the ace scenelifter of them all, Bing Crosby, Bob had to look to his laurels in taking on all comers with such talent. He even shared one scene in bed with Roy Rogers' horse, Trigger. That takes *chutzpah*.

Hope quietly tells how he is currently studying three new pictures for future appearances (one around the characterization of Walter Winchell), although he is saddened that Bing never made it for the road-picture-to-end-all-road-pictures with Dorothy.

Once again, his enormous vitality breaks through. This man has written eight books. Last year he logged over 250 working days, with 126 stage performances—personal appearances and benefit shows. He spent 50 days in rehearsals and television taping. He appeared on 27 television talk shows, and on 36 occasions "took to the links" to play golf for charities. His miscellaneous activities involved commencement speeches (he has 40 honorary doctorate degrees—Law, Fine Arts, Humanities, Letters, etc.), testimonial dinners, and book-autograph parties. Not included in this recap is his travel time. Bob was airborne 158 days during the year and chalked up a quarter-million air miles. His career total of air miles traveled exceeds eight million. Says Bob: "My luggage has traveled over ten million miles."

Asked about his nonstop lifestyle, Bob replies, "I'd rather just wear out than rust. If I sit back, I would really age. Every once in a while you have to go over to the wall and lean your back against it—straight—touching it from head to heel. And then hold it that way the rest of the time."

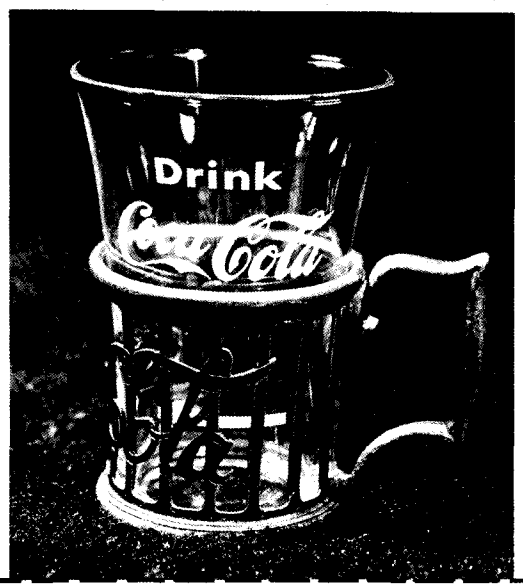
He's already thinking ahead to his reward, an afternoon of golf with a friend who drove over from Scranton to play the local course with him.

At the hotel Bob asks, "When are we going to have our interview?"

"We've had it," I tell him. "You answered 35 questions I had in mind without my asking—49 more I hadn't even thought of."

"Any time," says Bob, holding out his hand.

He means it.



Time was...

when any soda fountain in the 1890's served a cool, refreshing Coca Cola in a stylish glass and holder like this. Return to those happy days of a bygone era with this handsome collector's item. Holder made of fine pewter . . . flair glass has syrup mark.

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Please send me ____Coca Cola glass(es) and holder(s) @ $10.00 each, plus $1.25 for postage and handling. ____set(s) of 4 @ $39.50, plus $2.50 for postage and handling.

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If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name.

Signature _____
Name (please print) _____
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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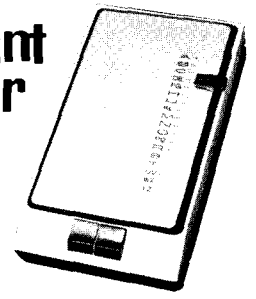

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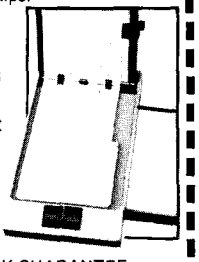

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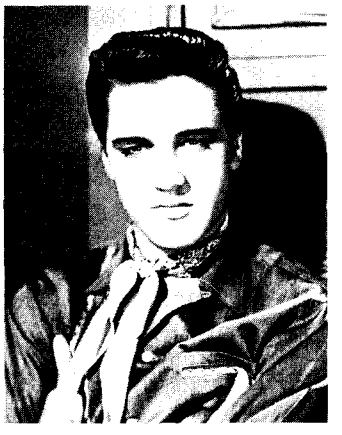
The stereoscope is your window to the past. This Victorian masterpiece makes it possible to recapture authentic pictures of yesteryear. Unique, handmade wood stereoscope is finished in rich walnut with a bright metal hood edged in crushed velvet. Included with set is booklet titled "The Story of the Stereoscope" and 62 assorted 3-D pictures taken between 1859 and 1920 such as Times Square in 1859, the Paris World's Fair, Buffalo Bill, and much more. Hand-held set $18.95, or set with pedestal base $24.95 + $1.50 p. & h. Set of 3-D pictures alone $5.95 + $1 p. & h. NJ res. add 5% tax. Money-back guarantee. Check or M.O. Stereo Classics, P.O. Box 92, Dept. SPE, Sparta, NJ 07871.

Elvis Presley sale



Who ever heard of a "First Annual Amos and Andy-Elvis Presley VIDEO Sale?" Reel Images announces a super sale on some terrific *video* programs! Remember the great old Amos and Andy TV shows? Reel Images brings them back: Two terrific episodes on one tape for only $29.95 or four hilarious shows on one tape for only $49.95. Also on sale are the early TV performances of The King: Elvis! Taken from mid-1950 television. Elvis is unforgettable in this extremely rare souvenir . . . for only $29.95. Please be sure to specify which format you want: BETA 2 or VHS. Shipping is $2.00 per order. Connecticut and California residents, please add appropriate sales tax. Reel Images, 456 Monroe Turnpike, Dept. 987, Monroe, CT 06468.

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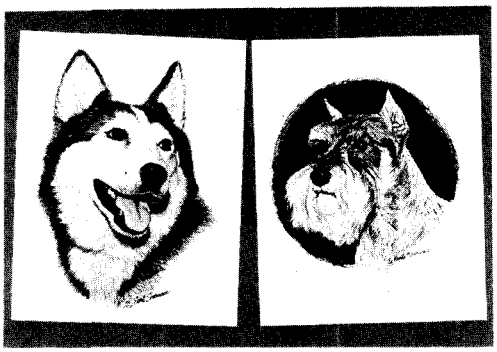

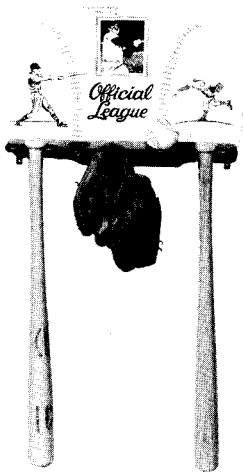

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This little leaguer's "little locker" strikes out lost gear and boys' room clutter beautifully. Gay three-colored masonite backboard with space for team picture or favorite hero supports sturdy wood rack fitted with slots and pegs to hold mitts, bats, balls and caps handy and handsome. 20"x11 3/4" rack assembles decoratively on door or wall in seconds. (No baseball equipment included.) $6.95 ppd. Slim-Ez, Box 3193, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37404.

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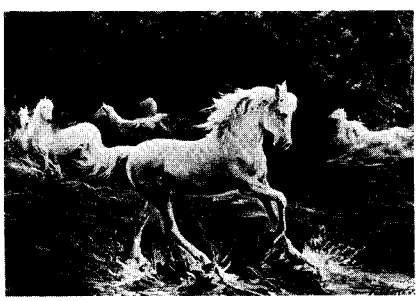

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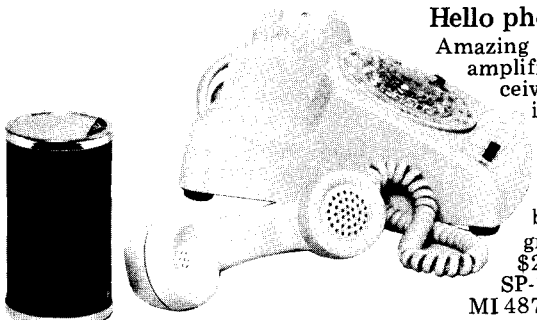

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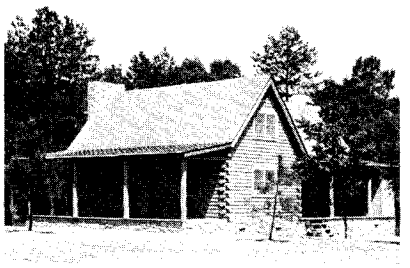

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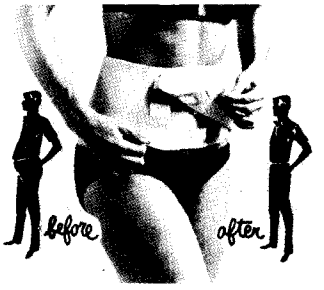

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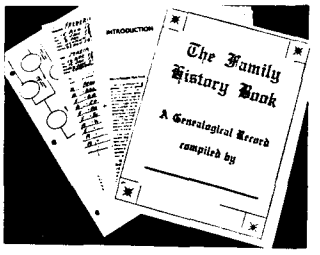

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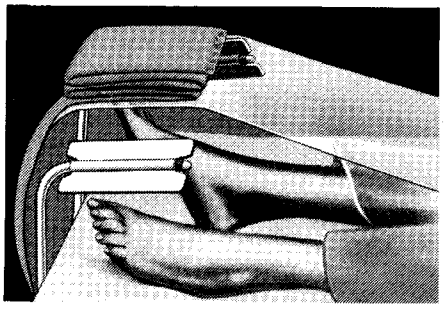

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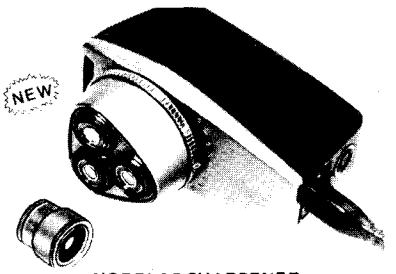

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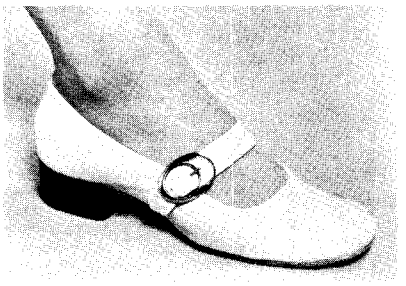

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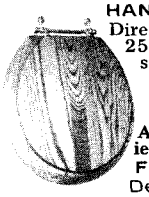

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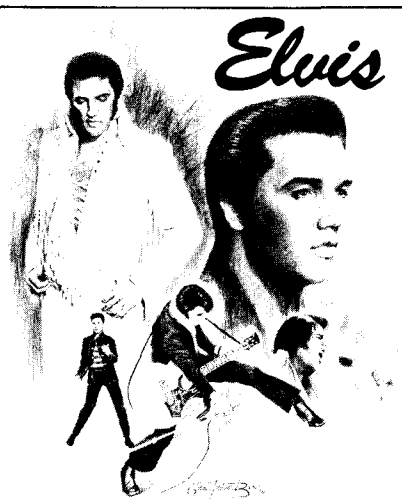

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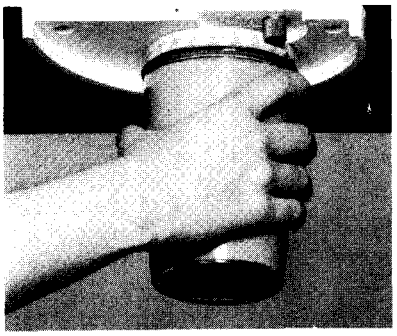

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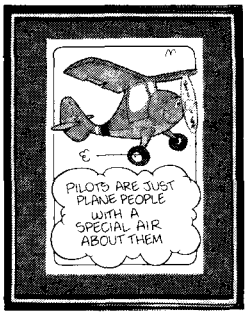

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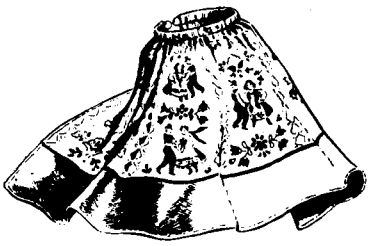

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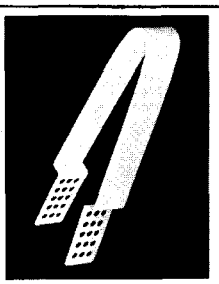

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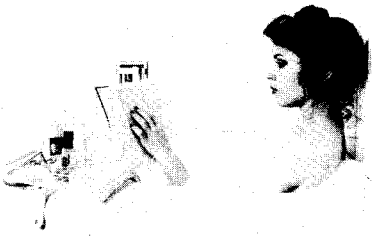

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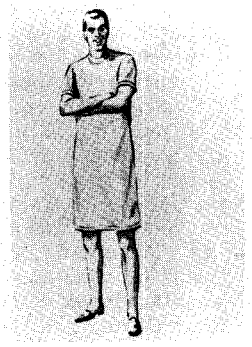

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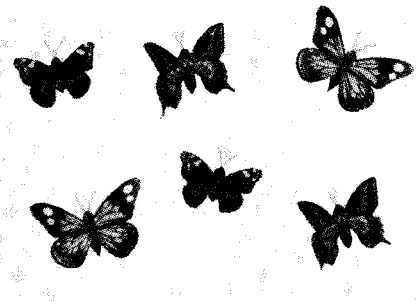

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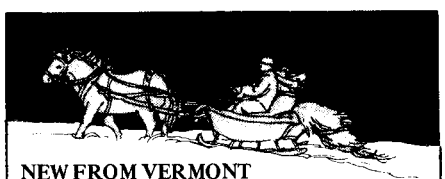

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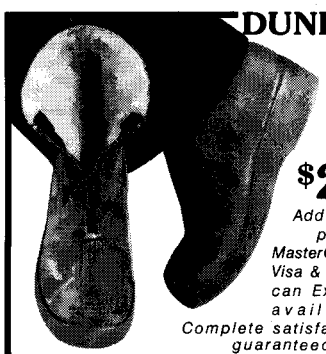

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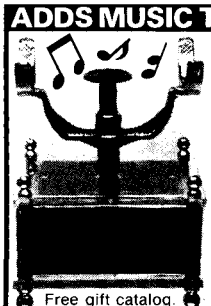

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Hayakawa

continued from page 55

complexity of our extra environment.

The next question, then, is why human beings do not always have an adequate capacity for differentiation. Why are we not constantly on the lookout for differences as well as similarities instead of feeling, as so many do, that the Chinese (or Mexicans, or ballplayers, or women drivers) are "all alike"? Why do some people react to words as if they were the things they stand for? Why do certain patterns of reaction, both in individuals and in larger groups such as nations, persist long after the usefulness has expired?

Part of our identification reactions are simply protective mechanisms inherited from the necessities of survival under earlier and more primitive conditions of life. I was once beaten up and robbed by two men on a dark street. Months later, I was again on a dark street with two men, good friends of mine, but involuntarily I found myself in a panic and insisted on our hurrying to a well-lighted drugstore to have a soda so that I would stop being jittery.

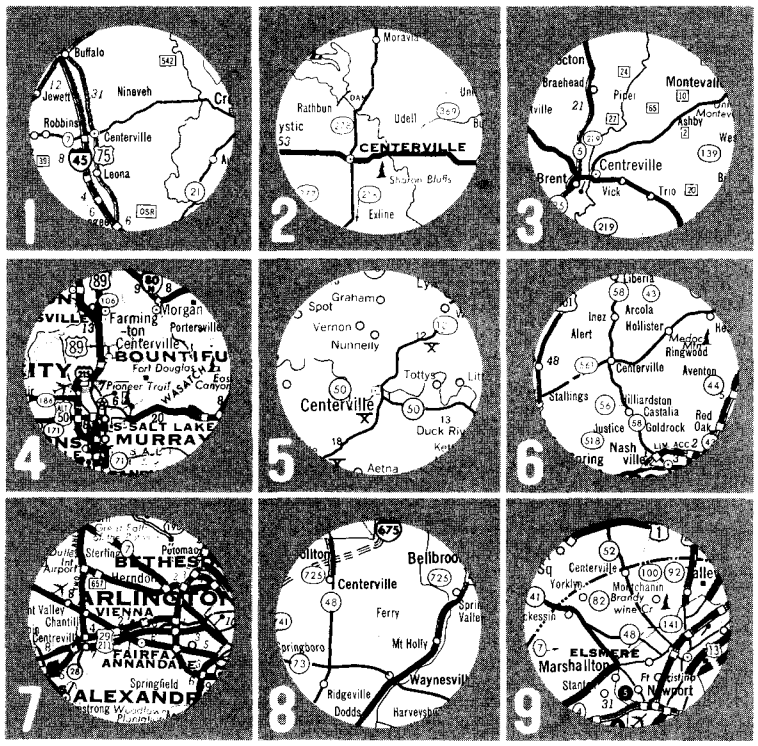
Further identification reactions are caused by communal patterns of behavior which were necessary or thought necessary at one stage or another in the development of a tribe or nation. General directives such as "Never kill cows, which are sacred animals," "Fall down flat on your face before all members of the aristocracy," or "Never vote for a Republican," "Never associate with Negroes on terms of equality," are an enormous factor in the creation of identification reactions.

Some human beings—possibly in their private feelings a majority—can accept these directives in a *human* way: that is, it will not be impossible for them under a sufficiently changed set of circumstances to kill a cow, or not to bow down before an aristocrat, to vote for a Republican, or to accept a Negro as a classmate. Others, however, get these directives so deeply ground into their nervous systems that they become incapable of changing their responses no matter how greatly the circumstances may have changed. Still others, although capable of changing their responses, dare not do so for fear of public opinion. Social progress usually requires the breaking up of these absolute identifications, which often make necessary changes impossible. Society must obviously have patterns of behavior; human beings must obviously have habits. But when those patterns become inflexible, so that a tribe has only one way to meet a famine, namely, to throw more infants as sacrifices to the crocodiles, or a nation has only one way to meet a threat to its security, namely, to increase its armaments, then such a tribe or such a nation is headed for trouble. There is insufficient capacity for differentiated behavior.

In addition to the foregoing, there is still another source of identification reactions; namely, the language we use in our daily thought and speech. Unlike the languages of the sciences, which are carefully constructed, tailor-made, special-purpose languages, the language of everyday life is one directly inherited and haphazardly developed from those of our prescientific ancestors: Anglo-Saxons, primitive Germanic tribes, primitive Indo-Europeans. With their scant knowledge of the world, they formulated descriptions of the world before them in statements such as "The sun rises." We do not today believe that the sun "rises." Nevertheless, we still continue to use the expression, without believing what we say.

But there are other expressions, quite as primitive as the idea of "sunrise," which we use uncritically, fully believing in the implications of our terms. Having observed (or heard) that *some* Negroes are lazy, an individual may say, making a huge jump beyond the known facts, "Negroes are lazy." Without arguing for the moment the truth or falsity of this statement, let us examine the implications of the statement as it is ordinarily constructed: "Negroes are lazy." The statement implies, as common sense or any textbook on traditional logic will tell us, that "laziness" is a "quality" that is "inherent" in Negroes.

What are the facts? Under conditions of slavery, under which Negroes were not paid for working, there wasn't any point in being an industrious and responsible worker. The distinguished French abstract artist Jean Hélion once told the story of his life as a prisoner of war in a German camp, where, during the Second World War, he was compelled to do forced labor. He told how he loafed on the job, how he thought of device after device for avoiding work and producing as little as possible—and, since his prison camp was a farm, how he stole chickens at every opportunity. He also described how he put on an expression of good-natured imbecility whenever approached by his Nazi overseers. Without intending to do so, in describing his own actions, he gave an almost perfect picture of the literary type of the Southern Negro of slavery days. Jean Hélion, confronted with the fact of forced labor, reacted as intelligently



Rand McNally

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(Answers on page 120)

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as Southern Negro slaves, and the slaves reacted as intelligently as Jean Hélion. "Laziness," then, is not an "inherent quality" of Negroes or of any other group of people. It is a *response* to a work situation in which there are no rewards for working, and in which one hates his taskmasters.

Some individuals are admired for their "realism" because, as the saying goes, they "call a spade a spade." Suppose we were to raise the question "Why should anyone call it a spade?" The reply would obviously be, "Because that's what it is!" This reply appeals so strongly to the common sense of most people that they feel that at this point discussion can be closed. I should like to ask the reader, however, to consider a point which may appear at first to him a mere quibble.

Here, let us say, is an implement for digging made of steel, with a wooden handle. Here, on the other hand, is a succession of sounds made with the tongue, lips, and vocal cords: "spade." If you want a digging implement of the kind we are talking about, you would ask for it by making the succession of sounds "spade" if you are addressing an English-speaking person. But suppose you were addressing a speaker of Dutch, French, Hungarian, Chinese, Tagalog? Would you not have to make completely different sounds? It is apparent, then, that the commonsense opinion of most people, "We call a spade a spade because that's what it is," is completely and utterly wrong. We call it a "spade" because we are English-speaking people, conforming, in this instance, to majority usage in naming this particular object. The steel-and-iron digging implement is simply an object standing there against the garage door; "spade" is what we *call* it—"spade" is a *name*.

And here we come to another source of identification reactions—an unconscious assumption about language epitomized in the expression "a spade is a spade," or even more elegantly in the famous remark, "Pigs are called pigs because they are such dirty animals." The assumption is that everything has a "right name" and that the "right name" names the "essence" of that which is named.

If this assumption is at work in our reaction patterns, we are likely to be given to premature and often extremely inappropriate responses. We are likely to react to names as if they gave complete insight into the persons, things, or situations named. If we are told that a given individual is a "Jew," some of us are likely to respond, "That's all I need to know." For, if names give the essence of that which is named, obviously, every "Jew" has the essential attribute of "Jewishness." Or, to put it the other

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FOOD

FOLLOW THE STARS

Here's a festive menu that can be planned before the Christmas rush. One star tells you to prepare the dish a day or two in advance; two stars mean you can cook and freeze.

by Charlotte Turgeon

Christmas is for everyone. For many it is the day to honor the birth of Jesus of Nazareth; for others it is a chance to show love and appreciation by the exchanging of gifts. For people almost everywhere it is a time for friends and families to gather for a feast.

Christmas Dinner

*Yuletide Broth**

*Roast Goose**
*Brown Rice Savory Stuffing** *Brown Gravy*
*Braised Chestnuts** *Scandinavian Red Cabbage** *Glazed Onions**
*Brussels Sprouts in Cheese Sauce***

*Cranberry Sherbet***

*Plum Pudding*** *Frozen Pudding***
*Hard Sauce*** *Brandy Sauce** *Claret Sauce***

The holiday season stretches out for many a day, with Christmas the high point. Someone in the family has to be stage manager, plotting the exits and entrances, supplying gifts and surprises and, hardest of all, planning and preparing expected and unexpected meals. This means a lot of work, and it is only too easy for the little green monster, alias a martyr complex, to grow into a very unjolly green giant that can ruin everyone's Christmas. But with a little programmed extra work each day, Christmas day arrives with almost everything accomplished.

The wonderful feature about Christmas dinner is that it can be so varied and flexible. Americans are heirs to so many traditions that, unlike Thanksgiving, where the menu should be historically traditional, nothing is sacrosanct about when, where, or what is eaten at Christmas. Turkey is not a requisite. A baron of beef, a brace of ducks, a haunch of venison, a crown roast of pork or lamb, or a noble goose are all equally appropriate. This year goose seems like a good idea. If several children are to be present, a small turkey or capon should also be cooked since goose is more likely to please the adult palate.

The following menu is planned for 12 people. Each item on the menu bears one star or two. The double-starred dishes can be prepared weeks in advance and kept in a cool place or a freezer. The single-starred dishes can be prepared one to three days before Christmas, as the recipe will indicate. For this kind of food preparation an extra oven (conventional or microwave) is a great help; but the ingenious one-oven cook will cope with improvised double boilers.

Yuletide Broth

Serve this appetite-provoking broth to your guests in the living room in order to bring an end to preprandial drinking, or serve it from a tureen into shallow soup plates at the table.

1 large can (1 qt. 12 oz.) vegetable-tomato juice
1 bottle clam juice
1 pint rich chicken broth
Red vegetable coloring
2 teaspoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Advance preparation: Combine the juices and broth in the top of a double boiler. Color it Christmas red with two or three drops of coloring. Squeeze the lemon juice and set aside.

To serve: Heat the soup over simmering water. Add the lemon juice and serve very hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Roast Goose

Advance preparation: Choose an 11- to 12-pound oven-ready goose, fresh or frozen. The bird should not be older than six months. You will ready the bird for roasting and prepare the stuffing, but the stuffing should not be done until just before roasting.

Remove the giblets and neck from the thawed body cavity (usually wrapped in paper these days). If necessary, chop the neck off close to the body without tearing the neck skin. Remove the large, yellow fat globules and place them in the top part of a double boiler. Cook over boiling water until the clear fat has been extracted. Strain and cool. Store in a covered jar in the refrigerator. Goose fat is wonderful for all kinds of cooking.

Set aside the liver and place the neck and giblets in a small saucepan. Add 4 cups of water, 1 small onion, sliced, 1 rib of celery, sliced, and 1 small carrot, sliced. Season with ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ bay leaf, and a pinch of thyme. Cover and simmer 2 hours or cook 20 minutes in a pressure cooker. Strain the broth into a jar, cool, and store in the refrigerator.

Wipe the bird inside and out with paper toweling and rub inside and out with 1 teaspoon of salt mixed with ¼ teaspoon cracked black pepper. Place on a rack in a

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If your holiday table looks over-laden, forego the greenery and let the main course double as centerpiece. Here a festive bird is garnished with cranberries and citrus.

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roasting pan. Be sure that small skewers and kitchen twine are on hand. Cover and keep in the refrigerator or other cold place.

To roast (4½ hours before serving): Preheat the oven to 450 degrees F.

Stuff the neck and body cavities three-fourths full with the stuffing. Rice will expand during the roasting. Fasten the body cavity with small skewers laced with kitchen twine and fasten the neck skin over the cavity with a small skewer. Bind the wings and legs to the body with kitchen twine. Prick the skin around the thighs, back, and lower breast to let the fat out.

Put the goose in the preheated oven and lower the heat to 325 degrees F. Every 20 minutes, remove excess fat from the pan with a bulb baster and brush the goose with hot giblet broth.

Transfer the cooked goose to a heated platter and keep warm.

Gravy

Pour off all the fat from the pan. Measure 6 tablespoons and combine it with 6 tablespoons of all-purpose or whole wheat pastry flour in the roasting pan. Add the strained giblet broth (there should be 3 cups). Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Strain into the top part of a double boiler to keep warm. Serve in a gravy boat.

At serving time surround the goose with a thick wreath of parsley dotted with uncooked cranberries.

Brown Rice Savory Stuffing

2 cups long grain natural brown rice
4 tablespoons clarified goose fat
½ cup chopped onion
4 tablespoons chopped green pepper
Goose liver
1 cup chopped pecans
2 tablespoons poultry seasoning
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
Salt and pepper

Cook the rice in a large saucepan of boiling salted water for 45 minutes. Drain and rinse in cold water and place in a bowl.

Meanwhile, heat the goose fat in a small skillet. Cook the onions and pepper over moderate heat until the onion is soft but not browned. Add the goose liver cut into small pieces and stir gently until lightly browned.

Combine the rice, liver mixture, pecans, poultry seasoning, and parsley. Mix well and season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover and store in the refrigerator.

Braised Chestnuts

Some enterprising merchants sell peeled chestnuts around the holiday season. Canned unsweetened chestnuts are also available, but if you must prepare your own do it a week in advance and choose a time when kitchen radio or television has a good program going. It's a tedious job, but not difficult.

4 dozen chestnuts
3½ tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons brown sugar
4 tablespoons sherry
2 cups water
2 cups rich chicken broth
Salt and pepper
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
6 tablespoons butter or margarine

To peel the chestnuts, make a large "X" on the flat side of the chestnut, cutting through both outer and inner skin with a small, sharp knife. Put all the chestnuts in a pan of cold water and bring to a boil. Boil 90 seconds and remove the pan from the heat. Using a slotted spoon remove only a few chestnuts at a time and remove the skins with a sharp knife. Keep a pan of cold water nearby to dip your fingers into occasionally. The peeling is only easy if the chestnuts are hot.

Put the chestnuts in a single layer in an electric frying pan or large skillet.

Mix the cornstarch and sugar with the sherry and an equal amount of cold water to make a paste. Stir it into the chicken stock and the rest of the water. Pour over the chestnuts, adding more water if necessary to completely cover the nuts. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and lemon rind. Cover the skillet almost completely and simmer 40 to 60 minutes or until the chestnuts are tender but not too soft.

Remove the nuts with a slotted spoon to an oven serving dish. Boil down the sauce until thick and syrupy. Pour over the nuts and stir gently until all the chestnuts are coated. Cool before refrigerating.

To serve: Cover and reheat in a regular or microwave oven or place the dish in a large pan of boiling water on top of the stove. Allow 25 to 30 minutes for heating in the oven or on top of stove (6 minutes in a microwave).

Scandinavian Red Cabbage

6 tablespoons goose fat
3 onions, peeled and chopped
2 medium-sized red cabbages
6 cooking apples
3 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon black pepper
½ cup cider vinegar
1 teaspoon meat extract

Advance preparation: Heat the fat in a large, heavy pan and sauté the onions over moderate heat until tender. Remove the outer leaves from the cabbages and discard. Shred cabbage coarsely with a food processor or by hand and stir into the onions. Core and chop the unpeeled apples and add.

Add the sugar, salt, pepper, and the vinegar mixed with the meat extract. Add just enough water to cover the cabbage. Cover and simmer 2 hours. Mellow overnight in oven casserole in the refrigerator.

To serve: Reheat 1 hour in the oven with the goose.

Glazed Onions

2 pounds tiny onions
½ cup stock or consommé
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons light brown sugar
Salt and pepper

Advance preparation: Peel the onions under cool water unless you feel like a good cry. Cook in rapidly boiling salted water for 15 minutes. Drain and place in an ovenproof serving dish. Mix the stock or consommé, butter, and sugar in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Pour the mixture over the onions. Store in refrigerator.

To serve: Reheat in the oven for 30 minutes before serving time.

Brussels Sprouts In Cheese Sauce

These may be cooked weeks in advance and frozen.

3 pounds fresh or 4 boxes frozen Brussels sprouts
½ cup butter or margarine
2/3 cup flour
1½ cups chicken broth
1½ cups milk
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper

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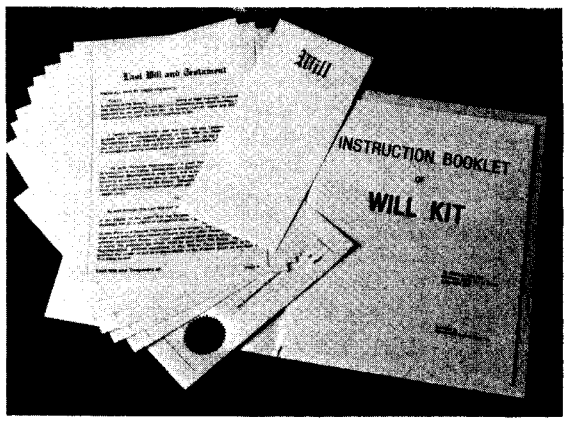

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2 cups grated medium-sharp cheddar cheese

Advance preparation: Soak the fresh sprouts in salted water for 30 minutes. Cut away the stems and any wilted leaves. Cook in boiling salted water for 15 minutes or just until tender. Drain thoroughly. Place in a vegetable casserole dish.

Melt the butter or margarine and blend in the flour. Stir in the stock and, when smooth, add the milk, mustard, salt, pepper, and cheese. Stir until smooth. Reduce the heat, cover and simmer for 20 minutes, taking care that the sauce does not scorch. If you cannot turn the heat very low, cook over boiling water. Pour the sauce over the sprouts and freeze.

To serve: Bake for 1 hour at 300 degrees F. without thawing. If unfrozen, bake for 40 minutes at 300 degrees F.

Cranberry Sherbet

This separate course (sometimes known as a "remove") is designed to refresh the palate. In practical terms it's a good break in the meal to let children run outside for a few minutes and to clear the table.

2 envelopes gelatin
½ cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water
2 cups sugar
1 cup sauterne
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 quart cranberry juice
4 egg whites, beaten stiff
¼ teaspoon salt
12 sprigs of mint or 12 pieces candied angelica

Advance preparation: Dissolve the gelatin in cold water. Place in a saucepan containing the boiling water and sugar. Stir until the sugar dissolves. Remove from the heat and add the wine, lemon juice, and cranberry juice. Cool and pour into two freezer trays and freeze until mushy.

Combine egg whites and salt; beat until stiff and fold into the cranberry mixture.

To serve: Serve the sherbet in individual glasses and top with fresh mint or angelica. If you have freezer space, prepare these glasses two or three hours in advance and serve directly from the freezer.

Plum Pudding

This is one of the things you make at the beginning of the holiday season to put you in the Christmas mood. It is great fun to do—a little reminiscent of your mud-pie days.

½ pound currants
½ pound seeded raisins
½ pound seedless raisins
½ pound brown sugar
3 cups coarse bread crumbs
½ pound suet, chopped
6 eggs, beaten until light
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1½ teaspoons nutmeg
¾ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon cloves
½ cup white wine
½ cup brandy
½ cup finely cut citron
½ cup candied orange peel
Brandy
Orange liqueur (Cointreau, Grand Marnier, or Triple Sec)

Advance preparation: Combine all the ingredients in a very large bowl and, using both hands, mix well. Pack the pudding in one large melon mold or two medium-sized ones. Coffee cans make a good substitute for melon molds. Cover tightly. Place on a trivet in a large kettle or deep-well cooker. Fill with enough water to come two-thirds up the sides of the molds. Boil 3 hours or longer. Unmold the puddings on a rack to cool.

Wash the molds thoroughly and line them with aluminum foil or damp cheesecloth. Replace the cooled puddings in the molds. Prick them with a large knitting needle or metal skewer and sprinkle the puddings with 1 tablespoon of brandy and 1 tablespoon of orange liqueur for the smaller puddings, 1½ tablespoons each for the large one. Repeat this process once a week. Keep the puddings covered so that they will not dry out.

To serve: On Christmas day reheat by placing the mold in the kettle and boiling it for 2 hours. Just before serving, unmold the pudding on a hot metal platter. Surround with holly. Pour 2 tablespoons of hot brandy over the pudding. Touch with a lighted match and carry it flaming to the table.

Hard Sauce

½ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon vanilla or 1 teaspoon brandy
1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
1/8 teaspoon salt

Cream the butter with a fork, food processor, or an electric beater. Gradually work in the sugar. When the butter and sugar are thoroughly blended, add the other ingredients. If the sauce is too stiff and crumbly, moisten with a little cream. Mold in a large custard cup or small decorative mold and store in a cool place.

To serve: Unmold on a small silver or glass plate and dust very lightly with cinnamon.

Brandy Sauce

¼ pound butter
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
2 medium egg yolks
4 tablespoons brandy
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, beaten stiff

Cream the butter in an electric mixing bowl or food processor, using the plastic blade. Add the sugar and beat until smooth. Add the egg yolks, brandy, and vanilla.

Fold the mixture into the bowl containing the beaten egg whites with gentle lifting strokes. Pour into a sauce bowl. Cover and refrigerate.

Frozen Pudding

2 quarts softened French vanilla ice cream
½ cup sultana raisins
½ cup Madeira wine
1 cup chopped walnuts
½ cup diced maraschino cherries
1 cup mixed candied fruits, diced

While the ice cream is softening, soak the raisins in the wine and assemble the remaining ingredients. Using an electric beater, mix in the fruit and nuts. Quickly pack into a large melon mold. Store in the freezer. Serve with claret sauce.

Claret Sauce

1½ cups sugar
1/3 cup water
½ cup claret
Red coloring or grenadine

Advance preparation: Combine the sugar and water and stir over heat until the sugar dissolves. Boil for 5 minutes, then remove from heat and cool for 5 minutes before adding the claret and coloring or, better yet, the grenadine. The sauce should be bright red. Store in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

To serve: Serve the sauce in a silver bowl. It will be passed separately.

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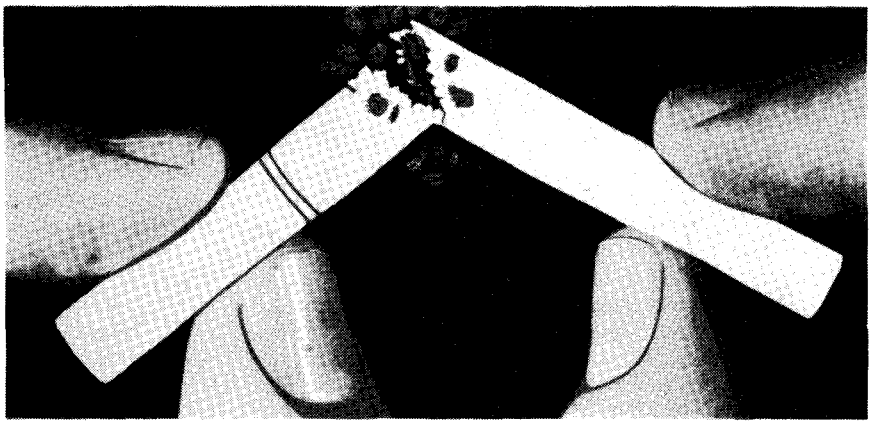

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Solzhenitsyn

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what kind of man? The most intelligent, the bravest, the one with the highest moral standard, the kindest person; or a politician who knows the kitchen of politics, who can deal with lobbies, with the press and media?" To his amazement the majority of students said the second type would be a better President. It was probably one of his first encounters with American youth and with the reality of American political life.

One wonders what Solzhenitsyn offers as an alternative when he condemns the Western democracies with their rational humanism. He speaks about a world split apart. But every country is split apart, every society. Only in the totalitarian world is the majority unable to speak out.

Some Americans ask what positive advice Solzhenitsyn has given in his speeches. His most emphatic suggestion seems to be: Be strong and honest; watch for approaching disaster; don't lose your courage and vigilance; stick to your principles and your spiritual heritage.

In the U.S.S.R. Solzhenitsyn is proclaimed an "enemy of the people." His name is taboo. It does not even appear in the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*. At the same time, outside his motherland, he is considered the greatest living Russian writer by many European writers, critics, and scholars.

Is he a great writer? I was invited to Albany, New York, in 1971 to take part in a colloquium on Solzhenitsyn with some other and more eminent scholars. Some of them maintained that Solzhenitsyn is a good writer, but not a great one since he belongs to the 19th and not to the 20th century. He is therefore passé. These critics were right in the opinion of the small, sophisticated, elite group of Western literary critics, college professors, and artists. But the great majority of any society must live on literature of mind and heart and not on the fashionable literature of absurd games or of perversion. I argued with the audience. Is the modern literature always better than the older one? Russian literature of the 19th century was by far better and greater than that of the 20th century if one judges only by the recognition it earned in the world at large. The real human element has almost disappeared from the newest literature of the West, which has become dehumanized. Solzhenitsyn believes, as did Dostoyevsky, that a true work of art should have truth, goodness, and beauty. Such attributes seem old-fashioned to the tiny minority of sophisticated, modern Western readers.

"If he is not modern," said Michel Aucuturiervat, a prominent French scholar, "he should not necessarily be modern in order to be indispensable to us." The well-known linguist and scholar of literature, Roman Jakobson, wrote about him: "Solzhenitsyn's book has great range; its vault is high; it is besides a revelation for Western literature's more or less helpless undertaking. It descends from the great Russian tradition, has passed through socialist realism, overcome, and renewed it. Contemporary in the daring of its construction, it yet proves secure in its equilibrium. It has the sweep of Tolstoy and the spirit of Dostoyevsky.... In the way of Camus and Sartre, and beyond, Solzhenitysn concludes the age-old discussion of 'imprisonment' and 'free,' not metaphorically, not philosophically, but within the material of life itself...." A staff writer of the prestigious Paris newspaper *Le Monde* once wrote: "We need Solzhenitsyn as much as Russian people need bread." Another French intellectual wrote: "When I first read a novel by Solzhenitsyn I had the same feeling of elation, of joy, of exaltation which I had felt when in my youth I read Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky.... He makes us readers suffer when his characters are humiliated and suffer. By his art he makes us love people...."

The world of Solzhenitsyn's works is one in which human beings live and God exists; there is something common to all of us. We should be proud to be his contemporaries. Solzhenitsyn has become an integral part of our lives. His influence is already felt in the books of the "new philosophers" in France, former left-wing Marxists. Many conservatives, on the other hand, consider him their ally. Former President Ford's unfortunate refusal to receive Solzhenitsyn may have deprived him of thousands of the votes he needed to win the Presidency. Every word he says counts and may have repercussions.

Solzhenitsyn wrote to AFL-CIO President George Meany in 1975: "I in no way have any right to leave my literary activity for journalistic or even political activity.... Unwritten history [of Russia] forces me not to abandon my main literary project...." Indeed, his *August 1914* is only the first of several "knots" dealing with the Russian Revolution, the first installment of an epic cycle about this crucial period of Russian history, a work of art combining fiction with historical documents.

One awaits with impatience the publication of the sequel of *August 1914*. It would be a pity if he should delay publication of the next volume until the whole work is printed together.

The sequels to *August 1914* will be as follows: *October 1916*, *March 1917*, and *April 1917*. Together with *August 1914* they will form a huge historical novel entitled *The Red Wheel*.

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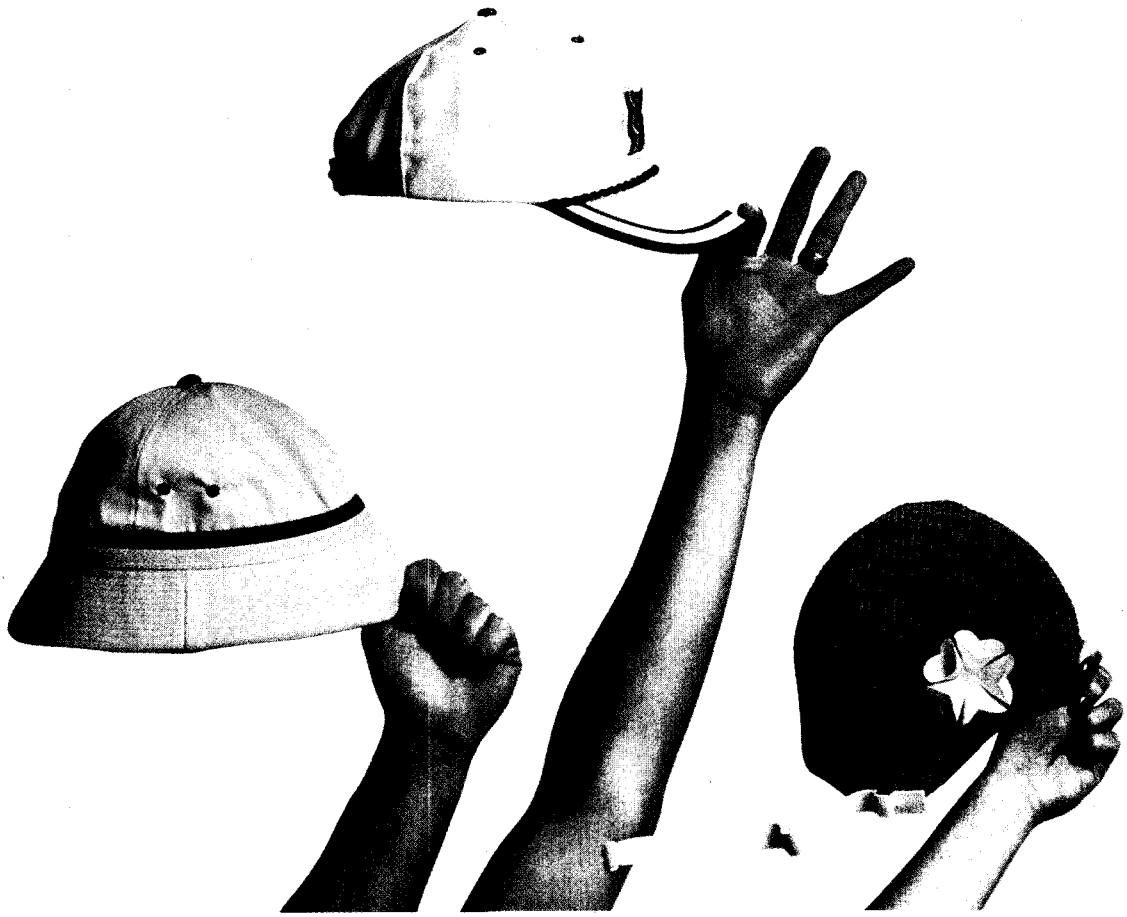

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Photography by Kelly Rogers

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2 ☐ Oslo ☐ Tokyo ☐ Panama
No trip to this picturesque city would be complete without a stop at Frogner Park. Some 150 sculptural groups, placed in a garden setting, dramatize life in a variety of forms. This bronze statue depicts a mother and child.

3 ☐ Kings Island, OH ☐ Paris ☐ Hof
Anyone suffering from vertigo should bypass the trip to the top of this 1,000-foot tower. For brave souls, an observation platform offers a magnificent view.

4 ☐ San Francisco ☐ New York ☐ Chicago
No, it's not the capital, but this metropolis is the largest city in the state. A mecca for entertainment, culture, and business, it epitomizes the "melting pot" image of America. Tourist attractions include the World Trade Center and Chinatown. The city's proximity to water qualifies it as an international port.

Answers on page 126

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Taxes

continued from page 18

comfortable," may be forgiven an expletive or two as they read columns like Mr. Kraft's.

Judging from the various reactions set forth above, it seems safe to say that the left has wholly misperceived the thrust of the so-called tax rebellion. The misperception is perhaps deliberate, since the revolt may prove the most dangerous threat to date to the philosophy of constantly expanding programs and spending, "paid for" out of ever-increasing taxes and deficits, which has been the hallmark of the left's approach to government since the 1930s. The specific policy failures of that approach are already legion. Now, perhaps, individual taxpayers have at last run short of patience.

But the tax revolt may have implications beyond the obvious issues of taxes and government spending. The current unrest with excessive taxation may well be one expression of a growing sense among middle-class Americans that the ideal of reward for individual merit and endeavor is no longer as honored in this country as it once was and should now be. That expression may indeed be somewhat "inarticulate"—results of elections in a republic are always somewhat gross approximations of prevailing sense and sentiment. But the message is there nonetheless.

The mesage one should gather from the type of liberal reaction symbolized by Mr. Kraft is equally clear and equally far-reaching in its implications. For Mr. Kraft, in striking out at the tax revolt, reveals just how far many of our leading commentators and opinion makers have drifted from the shared values upon which this nation was founded. Indeed, the bottom line of his criticism of Proposition 13 is precisely that belief in the maximum degree of individual freedom and reward for effort consistent with civilized government should no longer be venerated. Presumably, some system of government-supervised allocation, geared to imposition of a particular set of results considered "equitable" by the American left, is to be substituted in its place.

If we are fortunate, the tax revolt may be an indication that not only taxes, but also the overall philosophy typified by Mr. Kraft, may at last be on the wane in our republic. The next few years could well be critical ones on both fronts.

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—*Rosemarie Williamson*

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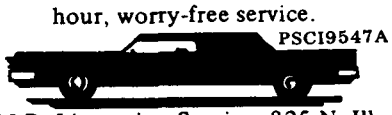

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Abner

continued from page 8

taste for earthly music, must have approved his servants that evening. The Bishop, always an effective preacher, surpassed himself.

Only once did he falter, when the barking of MacGillivray, hardly perceptible to anyone but his master and me, caught the episcopal ear. Even then his momentary hesitation was put down to a search for the right word.

I felt that my desperate disposal of MacGillivray might not be appreciated. He must have been audible to any of the congregation sitting near the gratings of the northern aisle. So I shot down to release him immediately after the recessional. The noise was startling as soon as I opened the door. MacGillivray was holding the stairs against a stranger in the crypt.

The man was good-dogging him and trying to make him shut up. He had a small suitcase by his side. When two sturdy vergers, attracted by the noise, appeared hot on my heels, the intruder tried to bolt—dragging behind him MacGillivray with teeth closed on the turnups of his trousers. We detained him and opened the suitcase. It contained 20 pounds weight of the cathedral silver. During the long service our massive but primitive strong-room door had been expertly opened.

The congregation was dispersing, but Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, and innumerable canons were still in the Cathedral. They attended the excitement just as any other crowd. Under the circumstances MacGillivray was the center of the most complimentary fuss.

Dignity was represented only by our local superintendent of police and the terrier himself. When the thief had been led away, MacGillivray reverently followed his master out of the Cathedral; his whole attitude reproached us for ever dreaming that he might take advantage of his popularity.

At the porch, however, he turned round and loosed one short, triumphant bark into the empty nave. The Bishop's chaplain unctuously suggested that it was a little voice of thanksgiving. So it was—but far from pious. I noticed where MacGillivray's muzzle was pointing. That bark was for a softness of outline, a shadow, a striping of small stone pinnacles upon the canopy of the Admiral's Tomb.

For several days—all of ten I should say—Abner deserted both the Cathedral and its porch. He then returned to his first friend, helping my father to make the last autumn cut of the grass and offering his catch of small game for approval. The Dean suggested that he was in need of sunshine. My father shook his head and said nothing. It was obvious to both of us that for Abner the Cathedral had been momentarily defiled.

He went back to the porch a little before the Harvest Festival, for he always enjoyed that. During a whole week while the decorations were in place he could find a number of discreet lairs where it was impossible to detect his presence. There may also have been a little hunting in the night. We did not attempt to fill the vastness of the Cathedral with all the garden produce dear to a parish church, but the Dean was fond of fat sheaves of wheat, oats, and barley, bound round the middle like sheaves on a heraldic shield.

It was his own festival in his own Cathedral, so that he, not the Bishop, conducted it. He had made the ritual as enjoyable as that of Christmas, reviving ancient customs for which he was always ready to quote authority.

His most effective revival was a procession of cathedral tenants and benefactors, each bearing some offering in kind which the Dean received on the altar steps. Fruit, honey, and cakes were common, always with some touch of magnificence in the quality, quantity, or container. On one occasion the landlord of the Pilgrim's Inn presented a roasted peacock set in jelly with tail feathers erect. There was some argument about this on the grounds that it ran close to advertisement. But the Dean would not be dissuaded. He insisted that any craftsman had the right to present a unique specimen of his skill.

That year the gifts were more humble. My father, as always, led the procession with a basket tray upon which was a two-foot bunch of black grapes from the vinery in the Canons' garden. A most original participant was a dear old nursery gardener who presented a plant of his new dwarf camellia which had been the botanical sensation of the year and could not yet be bought for money.

While the file of some 20 persons advanced into the chancel, the choir full-bloodedly sang the 65th Psalm to the joyous score of our own organist. The Dean's sense of theater was as faultless as ever. Lavish in ritual and his own vestments, he then played his part with the utmost simplicity. He thanked and blessed each giver almost conversationally.

Last in the procession were four boys of the Cathedral School bearing a great silver bowl of nuts gathered in the hedgerows. The gift and their movements were traditional. As they separated, two to the right and two to the left, leaving the Dean alone upon the altar steps, a shadow appeared at his feet and vanished so swiftly that by the time our eyes had registered its true, soft shape it was no longer there.

The Dean bent down and picked up a dead field mouse. He was not put out of

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countenance for a moment. He laid it reverently with the other gifts. No one was present to be thanked; but when the Dean left the Cathedral after service and stopped in the porch to talk to Abner he was—to the surprise of the general public—still wearing his full vestments, stiff, gorgeous, and suggesting the power of the Church to protect and armor with its blessing the most humble of its servants. ☒

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Don Payasito

continued from page 59

eight—we got away and went to visit Lucas, so we could see Don Payasito. If Lucas didn't call him, Don Payasito wouldn't come.

The hut was empty. We went round it like two frightened birds, calling and calling, but it didn't do any good. Lucas didn't answer us. Finally my brother, who was the braver, pushed open the small, creaky wooden door. Clinging to his shoulder, I looked in, too. A dim light came through the half-closed window and the hut had a terrible smell. Neither of us had ever been inside before.

There on his miserable bed was Lucas, not moving, looking at the ceiling in a strange way. At first we didn't understand. My brother called to him, first in a whisper, then out loud. I did, too.

"Lucas, Lucas, wicked raven from the Isle of Evil. . . ."

We began to laugh when he didn't answer us. Then my brother started shaking him back and forth. Touching his cold stiff body filled us with a vague but irresistible fear. But he still paid no attention to us, so we finally left him alone. Curious, we began to look around, and we came across an old black trunk. We opened it. Inside were the cape, the hat, and the sad white mask of Don Payasito. The money, too . . . our sinful money, scattered among the rest of his things, like pale stars.

My brother and I stood there quietly, looking. Suddenly we burst into tears. Tears rolled down our cheeks and we went running out into the countryside, crying, crying with all our hearts, heading up the hill and screaming between our hiccups:

"Don Payasito's gone and died; he's dead; Don Payasito's dead. . . ."

And everyone looked at us; everyone heard us, but no one knew what we were saying or who we were crying for. ☒

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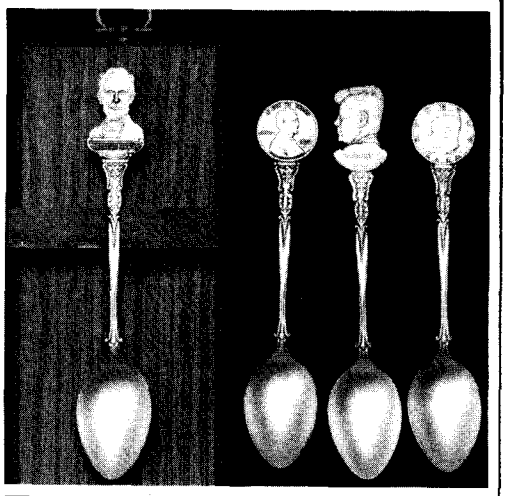

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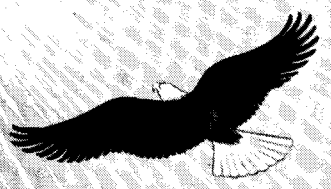

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Raquel Welch

continued from page 63

a décolleté gown if she wants to be "taken seriously" as an actress. This line of thinking she denounces as a kind of "perverse blackmail," as though she should be "penalized" for "good looks"; as though now she has to appear "looking like dreck" in order to be offered an intelligent part. "I'm not going to be apologetic about being a sex symbol and being glamorous or beautiful in the prime of my life. What! Do they think I'm crazy? I mean, if someone wants to celebrate the beauty of being a woman, there's nothing wrong with that!"

And incidentally, she would like to know why the Academy hasn't given one of its special awards to Rita Hayworth the way it has to some of the men stars like Cary Grant.

"You tell me who else has made an impact on film like Rita Hayworth did in *Gilda*!" (Funny. I remember watching the Academy Awards last April and, as Raquel made her entrance in that snazzy, classic glamor-girl gown, I felt: Here is the only contemporary actress I could think of with some of that Rita Hayworth kind of sizzle and punch. It's that instantaneous "read" as superstar.)

Yes, Raquel. Viva the glorious *Gilda*! Viva the Hayworth beauty of 1946, filmed when you and I were six years old, in all that dynamic satin verve, captured forever on celluloid, frozen in time.

May we, then, you and I, talk now a little about aging in this time of magazine covers picturing Jane Fonda with a caption proclaiming, "Fonda at Forty!"? Is this laughable to make such big-deal copy out of getting older, the most natural process in the universe? Or is this healthy, indicative of a welcomed relaxed attitude both by and about actresses today? Perhaps there is even a celebration of age abroad in the land?

"Well, *I'm* certainly not welcoming the sight of a lot of new wrinkles, I can assure you!" Raquel responds. "Aging," she says, "can be harder on women who have used their looks as a crutch, as I have most of my life. My looks have been an enormous advantage to me from the time I reached puberty. It's kind of frightening because every once in a while you think, 'Part of my sense of well-being is based on the fact that I know I'm lookin' good, and people respond well to me immediately—snap—on the button.' And you wonder what will happen when people don't respond to you like that, though I'm cushioned a little because I'm famous. People will say, 'Oh, that's Raquel Welch' or, 'That's Raquel Welch. She used to be beautiful. . . . '

"But the nice thing about life," she brightens, "is that it prepares you for it. Other things can take the place of youth and beauty. And the beauty you can end up having can come from within you." She mentions Katherine Hepburn as a paradigm of this type of woman. "I know I'd feel a lot more confident about my own old age after sitting across a dinner table from someone like that, or like Ruth Gordon, than I would looking at someone who's had herself all bleached and face-lifted."

She has spoken earlier of her admiration for Hepburn, for Jimmy Stewart, for stars "of that caliber who recognized a responsibility to give some kind of example back to the people." People in the public eye, she feels, should "represent some principle."

I don't ever recall hearing any scandal about Raquel Welch, not even around Beverly Hills (a land where constant compulsive dieting often leads to feeding on gossip instead of food). Though dealing from the precarious position of "sex symbol," she has not performed nude or capitulated to major compromise. Though becoming a figure of the public's dream before she could fathom her own, she appears unravished by locusts. She seems to have made a good life for herself, emerging with some dignity and hope, with humor and strength intact.

"Part of my *seeming* strong is that I'm reacting against that grim childhood that gave me very little confidence in the beginning and made me feel I had to prove myself in everything. There are always the little ghosts traveling around with me . . . they force me to take a 'survival' attitude. The best swords are made of steel that bends and snaps back. I think I'm a flexible person. I try to have a sense of humor about some of the bad parts of my life, and I prefer not to keep looking back and dwelling on them."

It all sounds so reasonable, so sound. Was she an analysand?

"Sure, I've had some analysis. Everybody in this town has! It's replaced religion here. Instead of going to your priest, you go to your analyst!" But for her, "it was an educational process," and she says she finds anything that teaches you something about yourself to be worthwhile. She was in Transactional Analysis, the famous "T.A." "I've also been through 'T.M.', which was totally unsuccessful for me. I do yoga now, which is my own way of finding my own mantra."

Yoga is her only exercise, her discipline. Fixing up, buying things for her house (like the an-

Cont. on following page

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

Dave Keene kissed his wife good-bye and headed toward shaft number two for his eight-hour shift in the coal mine. Around midday an ominous rumbling came from the mine. A support beam had collapsed—Dave and a coworker had been crushed to death.

Dave's widow sued the owner of the mine, Hubbard Coal Company, and its mine operator, O'Bryan, for the wrongful death of her husband. She charged that O'Bryan had failed to properly construct a support beam which had weakened and caused the fatal cave-in.

At the trail there was no question as to O'Bryan's responsibility for the accident, but Mrs. Keene's attorney urged that the Hubbard Coal Company be found liable as well. He argued that any negligence of an employee, acting within the scope of his job, can be charged to his employer. Because Hubbard was O'Bryan's employer, it should be held liable for its employee's negligence.

Hubbard's attorney denied that O'Bryan was an employee. He suggested, instead, that O'Bryan was an independent contractor. "The distinction between the two is critical," he said, "since an employer is liable only for the negligence of his employee, and *not* for the negligence of an independent contractor." O'Bryan, he explained, was an independent contractor because he had complete charge of the mining operation and was paid by Hubbard on the basis of the amount of coal produced.

If you were the judge, would you make Hubbard pay for the negligence of the mine operator?

The court decided that O'Bryan was, indeed, an independent contractor. Because Hubbard was not O'Bryan's employer, it was not responsible for the mine operator's negligent conduct and the results of the cave-in.

(Based on a 1955 Kentucky court of Appeals case)

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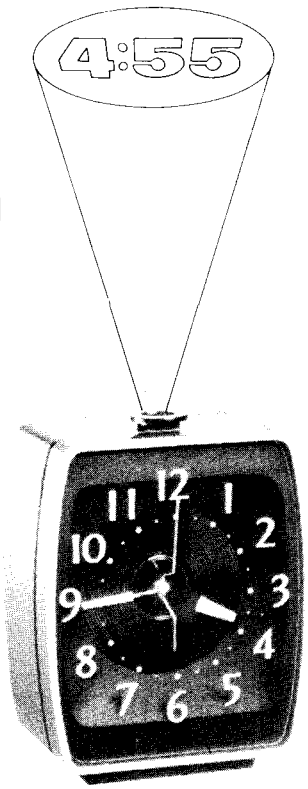

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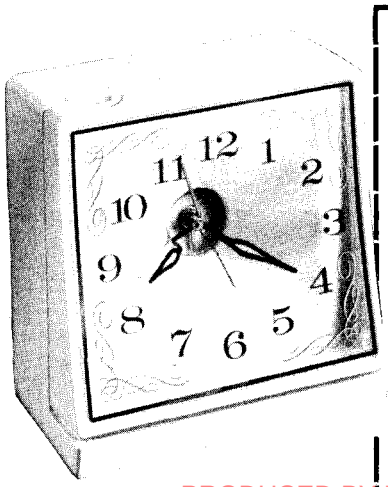

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tique Chinese paper chest end tables on the sun porch), tending her plants or puttering in the yard, traveling, and, of late, writing songs, constitutes what used to be called in personality articles her "hobbies." Her secretary, Sheldon Hughes, a soft-spoken and gentle man, helps keep her business affairs in order. André and her two "bright, beautiful, supportive" children are helping to nourish her life.

Once, earlier in the career's arduous wooing of the limelight, she did five pictures in a single year, working six days a week and posing for photo layouts all day on Sunday—every Sunday—for 18 months.

"Well, I've had the limelight," she says, "and the image problems that went along with it. Now it's time to *use* that to really communicate something. If I don't use it for any real purpose, then it was just silly, because it didn't bring me happiness."

What has brought her happiness? She answers without hesitation: her children. Yet she understands better than anyone how her yesterday paid for today, this present freedom, and a tomorrow that may include "a house in France and one in Brazil, too."

Her hair is dry now. The still-bright rays from the lowering sun lighten her brown eyes to hazel as Raquel Welch, smiling on her peaceful, pretty sun porch, is focusing straight ahead.

Liberace

continued from page 67

Acuna, was Rudolph Valentino's exclusive designer for many years. He has hundreds and hundreds of pictures. I look through them and I'll say, 'Oh Frank, I love this outfit.' He'll say, 'That was worn by Valentino in such-and-such film.' I'll say, 'I want one just like it but with some sparkle on it.' If I wore some of the things today that Frank created for me in the early '50s, I'd be unnoticed. They were fantastic in those days, but now they're dull."

And "dull" is one adjective never used to describe Liberace. His flamboyant taste extends beyond his Redi-Kilowatt wardrobe to his cars, homes, and antiques. He happily admits to being an incurable collector who can't bear to part with his treasures.

"I never buy anything with the idea of selling it. In fact, I was in the antique business for about six years, but I finally had to close down because I hated to sell anything. I put 'sold' signs on everything. I just wanted people to look at the pieces and enjoy them. The minute anyone wanted to buy anything it turned me off."

Particularly gratifying have been his efforts to save old landmarks from being razed in favor of parking lots. Some of his projects have recycled condemned property into opulent, reconstructed mansions. They then double as tax shelters by being turned into rentals or, in the case of his Hollywood estate, by being opened to the public as a museum. In a month's time, some 17,000 visitors roamed his California mansion to admire Baccarat crystal chandeliers, gilt furniture, and a plush pool area warmed by heaters hidden in the shrubbery.

Just as he likes to unearth overlooked homes and furnishings, so does he like to discover unknown talent, polish it up, and put it into the show business arena. In order to finance this hobby of people collecting, he has founded the Liberace Foundation for the Performing and Creative Arts. No age limit is placed on his protégés.

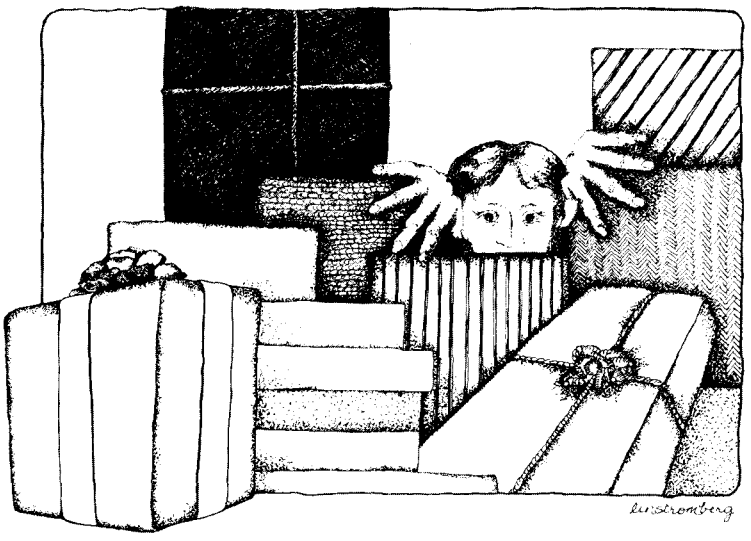
"The oldest has been a man of 74 who made his debut at the Hilton Hotel in Las Vegas as a mime. After opening in my show, he got a lifetime contract with a showboat. For the first time in his life he feels he's become a success."

Other talented artists helped by the foundation have been a painter who duplicated the Sistine Chapel in Liberace's bedroom, a 12-year-old girl who sings like Judy Garland, and an opera singer whose only previous experience has been entertaining on Caribbean cruise ships.

"It costs a lot of money to form a talent. People think all you do is get on the Johnny Carson show, and the next day you're a star. Well, it doesn't work that way. It takes effort, planning, and money. No matter how good you are, you have to invest money in your product. Otherwise the world won't ever know about it. I guess that's why Cadillac, Rolls Royce, and Wrigley still advertise."

As a long-time investor in his own talents, Liberace should know. Back when most concert pianists were content to rest on their assets, he chose to embellish his with scattered sequins, a few candles, and even some little fishies. The dividends have been overwhelming.

"Sure I remember the simple life," he says. "But I don't long for it. Sometimes people will ask me how it feels to be famous. I usually tell them it beats obscurity all to hell."



The Perfect Squelch

Procrastination caused most of Emily's troubles. She never did today what she could shrug off on tomorrow, yet she always managed to be loudly indignant when time caught up to her. So the week before Christmas inevitably found her in a frenzy.

Meeting a friend during a last-minute shopping trip, Emily immediately launched into a long lament. None of her Christmas cards were bought. She had no presents ready. She hadn't done a bit of decorating. The stores were all crowded; the best merchandise had been sold off. She hadn't even thought about a Christmas tree. She simply didn't know what in the world she would do.

Her friend listened patiently until Emily paused for breath. Then, with pretended concern, she asked, "Why, you poor thing, didn't you know it was coming?"

—*Mrs. James T. Peirce*

Where Do You Think You Are?

from page 104

1. Texas
2. Iowa
3. Alabama
4. Utah
5. Tennessee
6. North Carolina
7. Virginia
8. Ohio
9. Delaware

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World in Miniature Down Under

Rolling green pastures, snowcapped mountains, and sandy beaches can be explored on a getaway vacation to one destination—New Zealand.

by Kate Contos

Ten years ago I pinned a world map to the wall of my New York City apartment and stared at it for five years, searching for an exciting new place to live. America was great, but I yearned to explore the other side of the world, to widen my horizons, to meet people educated to different assumptions.

Today that map hangs on the wall of my home in New Zealand, where I have lived for five years.

I had been looking for a place that was foreign but not *too* foreign. Uncrowded, unpolluted, safe, with great natural beauty. Small enough to comprehend, to poke into every nook and cranny comfortably. A sunny, warm, English-speaking Shangri-la with plumbing, central heating, good roads, transport, and theaters.

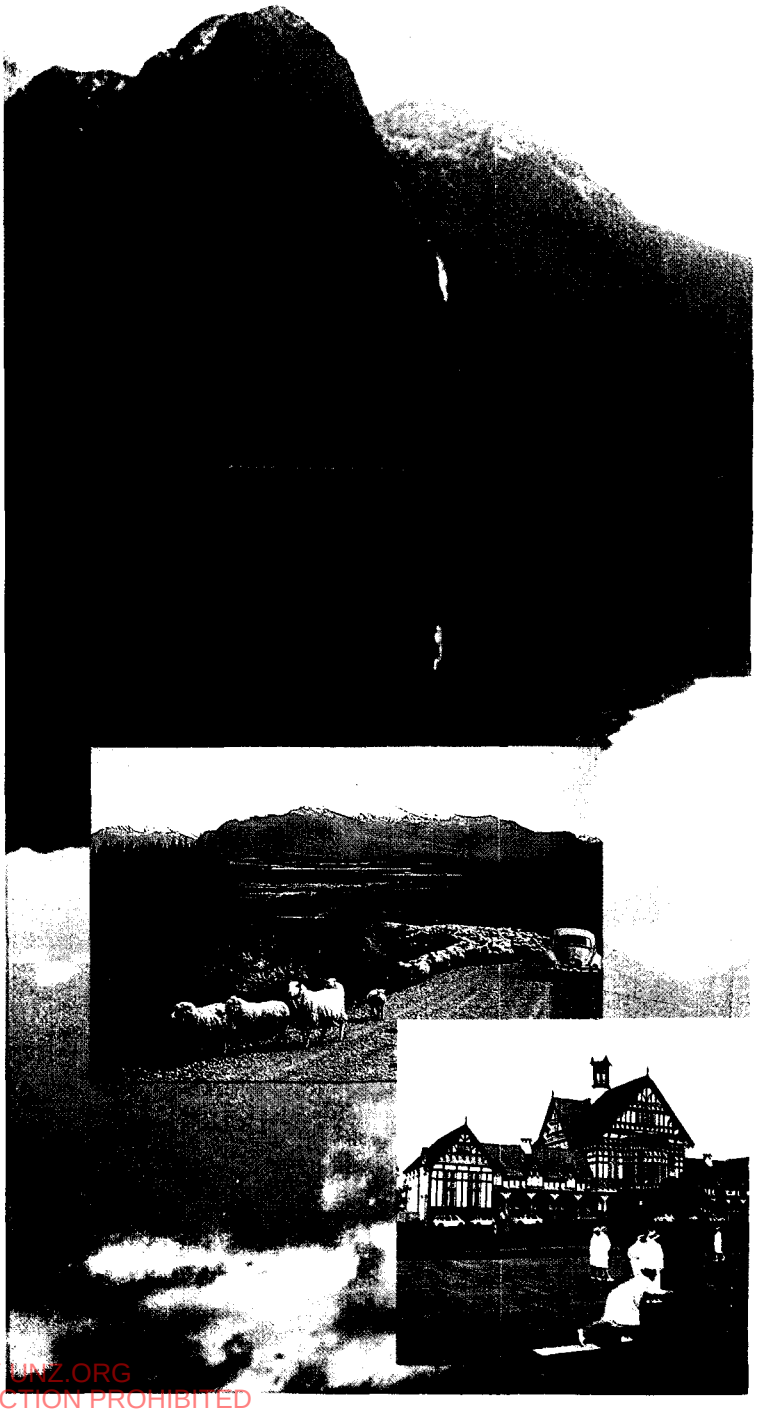
And by golly there it was all the time, hanging off the edge of the map. Possibly the last of its kind.

New Zealand's 1,000-mile length (the same distance as from New York to Florida) encompasses Riviera beaches, Swiss Alps, and Norwegian fjords—on a smaller scale. Part of the country's charm for any blasé traveler jaded by overexposure to the world's biggest-of-everything is that it's a perfectly proportioned miniature. It has a gentle beauty, a modest loveliness punctuated with the spectacular.

In square miles the size of Colorado and with the population of Connecticut, New Zealand enhances one's sense of personal significance. Being one in 3.1 million people rather than one in unthinkable millions is downright revitalizing. And for the traveler who loves England, it is enchanting to find yet another "precious stone set in a silver sea" but with a special South-Pacific-cum-Australasian character all its own.

American tourists are discovering New Zealand at last, but too often they tend to follow a preordained route down the west side of the North Island: Auckland, Waitomo Caves, Rotorua (thermal

Continued on following page



In the background, a magnificent fjord on the coast of South Island where Mitre Peak rises a sheer 5,000 feet from the water. Scenic motoring—even slowed by the ubiquitous sheep—and lawn bowling at Rotorua are popular diversions.

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area), Lake Taupo (trout fishing), Tongariro National Park (multi-million dollar ski resort), south to Wellington, thence to the South Island.

A fine trip—but it bypasses one of the most beautiful provinces in the country, Hawke's Bay, on the east coast, where I settled after traveling around both islands for 39 days.

Hawke's Bay is an area which one should explore by rental car, for it is not just a series of sights to see but a way of life, a state of mind—one that will particularly intoxicate fed up big-city dwellers who continue to dream of a place where people live in the country surrounded by sheep, yet within minutes of cities; a place where one's eyes do not continually bump into skyscrapers; where stars shine at night; where there is time to chat, space to move around (even parking space).

To reach the province from Taupo (and Lake Taupo is a must for any visitor), turning eastward on State Highway 5 brings one immediately into Hawke's Bay. The 95-mile Taupo Road winds through Kaingaroa State Forest, climbs mountains with wide vistas in all directions, then descends to the great curving sweep of blue South Pacific that is Hawke Bay—from the Mahia Peninsula in the northeast to the cliffs of Cape Kidnappers in the south.

Hawke Bay was named by Captain James Cook in 1769 after his superior, Sir Edward Hawke, First Lord of the Admiralty. Cape Kidnappers was also named by Cook when local fishermen tried to make off with his servant boy whom they grabbed out of the water.

The next visitors to the Cape came by air 80 years after Cook—Australian gannets. Today Cape Kidnappers is a world-famous gannet sanctuary, easily accessible to tourists.

The Hawke's Bay area is a fertile, prosperous province littered with orchards and crops, sheep and cattle, neat farmhouses and woolsheds, hundred-year-old homesteads, and cities in which the highest building is the cathedral belltower.

New Zealanders don't like to brag, but Hawke's Bay folk claim that their sunshine is stronger than anywhere else in the country. As for the richness of the soil, "drop a seed and jump back." Sheep grow fat, woolly, and tasty on lush grass; "but of course we feed them mint and garlic as well," farmers will tell you with straight faces.

Unlike many small countries forced to revamp their personalities, customs, and way of life to suit tourists, New Zealand is genuine. It builds for its own people and the coming generations. Admittedly some of the smaller villages look like Hollywood Western movie frontages, but they, too, are genuine, having changed little from pioneer days. After all, New Zealand is a relatively new country, younger than the United States. There are still general stores selling everything imaginable, corner dairies with penny candies, toylike post offices—all of which trigger a nostalgia, a sudden whiff of childhood.

The nationals are friendly, and if any should be discovered waltzing around in "native costume" it is not by arrangement with Walt Disney but more likely the town's centenary celebration. Descendants of the original settlers enjoy wearing their great-grandparents' Victorian clothing. Or Maoris might be performing a serious ritual *hake* to welcome an important guest to their marae.

Scandinavian costumes might mean the traveler has found his or her way to Norsewood, near Dannevirke, where Olsens and Jensens—and Maoris—are celebrating some anniversary, perhaps that of their delightful local museum in which they have lovingly collected artifacts from the last hundred years (including some brought from Norway and Sweden in the *Hovding* in 1872).

Where such museums have been established, with enormous patience and labor on the part of local citizens, where fine old homesteads have been preserved—and there are many throughout Hawke's Bay—where gold-mining towns have been restored as in the South Island, it is not for love of the tourist buck but because New Zealanders are urgently occupied with capturing and preserving their history before the old folks with their memories all pass away.

The serendipitous traveler cruising around in the northwest country of Hawke's Bay will come upon a place called Puketitiri and screech to a halt at the sight of three windmills and an invitation to visit a fine private museum, miles from anywhere.

Or in the southwest a sign will appear pointing to Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateapokaiwhenuakitanatahu Hill.

"This region," wrote the French explorer Jules Sébastien César Dumont d'Urville about Hawke's Bay in his diary for February 3, 1827, "is undoubtedly the one which I found the richest and most attractive scenery in the whole of New Zealand." ☐

"You're in luck. We do *have a 'no laughter' section."*

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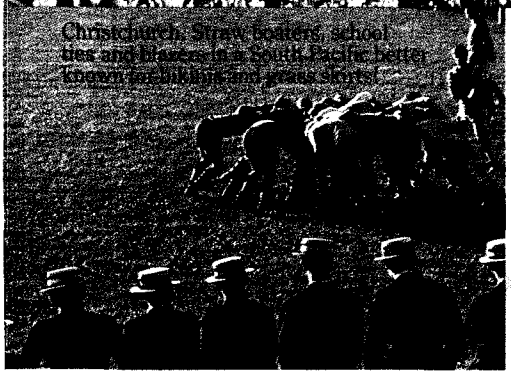
Close your eyes and imagine an island in the South Pacific.

Is this what you imagined?

New Zealand's Southern Alps. Austria, 7,000 miles into the South Pacific! Light little ski planes wait to sail you 8,000 feet up for a stroll on the Tasman Glacier.

Christchurch. Stern, bustling school ties and blazers in a South Pacific better known for bikinis and grass skirts.



Milford Sound. Serene, mist-swirling, rainbowed—all within a couple of hours! Is this the South Pacific? Or is it Scandinavia? To see Milford and all of the South Pacific you never imagined, plan on staying a couple of weeks with the friendly New Zealanders.

Afternoon tea and bowling in Rotorua. Not far off is a misty moonscape, bubbling, geysering and sacred to the first New Zealanders—the Maoris.

If the usual island tourist hustle seems far away here in New Zealand, it is!

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Hayakawa

continued from page 105

way around, it is because he possesses "Jewishness" that we call him a "Jew"! A further example of the operation of this assumption is that, in spite of the fact that my entire education has been in Canada and the United States and I am unable to read and write Japanese, I am sometimes credited, or accused, of having an "Oriental mind." Now, since Buddha, Confucius, General Tojo, Mao Tse-tung, Syngman Rhee, Pandit Nehru, and the proprietor of the Golden Pheasant Chop Suey House all have "Oriental minds," it is hard to imagine what is meant. The "Oriental mind," like the attribute of "Jewishness," is purely and simply a fiction. Nevertheless, I used to note with alarm that newspaper columnists got paid for articles that purported to account for Stalin's behavior by pointing out that since he came from Georgia, which is next to Turkey and Azerbaijan and therefore "more a part of Asia than of Europe," he too possessed what they called an "Oriental mind."

Our everyday habits of speech and our unconscious assumptions about the relations between words and things lead, then, to an identification reaction in which it is felt that all things that have the same name are entitled to the same response. From this point of view, all "insurance men," or "college boys," or "politicians," or "lawyers," or "Texans" are alike. Once we recognize the absurdity of these identification reactions based on identities of name, we can begin to think more clearly and more adequately. No "Texan" is exactly like any other "Texan." No "college boy" is exactly like any other "college boy." Most of the time "Texans" or "college boys" may be what you think they are; but often they are not. To realize fully the difference between words and what they stand for is to be ready for differences as well as similarities in the world. This readiness is mandatory to scientific thinking, as well as to sane thinking.

Korzybski's simple but powerful suggestion to those wishing to improve their semantic habits is to add "index numbers" to all terms, according to the formula: A_1 is not A_2. Translated into everyday language we can state the formula in such terms as these: Cow_1 is not cow_2; cow_2 is not cow_3; $Texan_1$ is not $Texan_2$; $politician_1$ is not $politician_2$; ham and eggs (Plaza Hotel) is not ham and eggs (Smitty's Cafe); socialism (Russia) is not socialism (England); private enterprise (Joe's Shoe Repair Shop) is not private enterprise (AT&T). The formula means that instead of simply thinking about "cows" or "politicians" or "private enterprise," we should think as factually as possible about the differences between one cow and another, one politician and another, one privately owned enterprise and another.

This device of "indexing" will not automatically make us wiser and better, but it's a start. When we talk or write, the habit of indexing our general terms will reduce our tendency to wild and woolly generalization. It will compel us to think before we speak—think in terms of concrete objects and events and situations, rather than in terms of verbal associations. When we read or listen, the habit of indexing will help us visualize more concretely, and therefore understand better, what is being said. And if nothing is being said except deceptive windbaggery, the habit of indexing may—at least part of the time—save us from snapping, like the pickerel, at phony minnows. Another way of summing up is to remember, as Wendell Johnson said, that "To a mouse, cheese is cheese—that's why mousetraps work." ☒

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

Answers from page 114

1 Founded as the City of the Kings by Francisco Pizarro in 1535, Lima is located between the Andes Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. Famous for its Spanish colonial churches, the city also boasts several plazas and shopping arcades.

2 After entering through wrought-iron gates, visitors to Oslo's Frogner Park (Vigeland Museum) are greeted by the unique works of Norwegian sculptor Gustav Vigeland (1869-1943). Bronze figures dramatize birth, death, war, and peace.

3 Inaugurated in 1889 by Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris bears the name of its designer, Alexandre Eiffel, who also designed the framework of the Statue of Liberty, situated in New York harbor.

4 Most travelers will quickly recognize these skyscrapers as a part of Lower Manhattan in New York City. A tougher task might be to list the five boroughs of New York City. Answer: Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn, Richmond, and Manhattan.

Solzhenitsyn

continued from page 57

day. For the time being, there are few people in the Communist countries who speak out publicly, but millions understand the loathsome nature of the system and feel a revulsion toward it. Whoever can "votes with his feet," simply fleeing from this mass violence and destruction.

I see before me today not only members of the Senate but also a group of Representatives. Thus, I am speaking for the first time to participants in your country's legislative process whose influence in recent years has spread far beyond the limits of American history.

In virtually every respect, our Russian historical experience has been almost the opposite of yours. The innumerable events that have befallen us in the 20th century have enriched our Russian experience in an unfortunate way, and now they seem to confront you from the future. It is that much more crucial that we persistently and sincerely try to convey our respective experience to one another. One of today's most terrible dangers is precisely that the destinies of the world are entangled as never before, so that events or mistakes in one part of the world are immediately felt in all the others. At the same time, the exchange of information and of opinions between populations is blocked by iron barriers on the one side, while on the other it is distorted by distance, paucity of information, narrowness of outlook, or deliberate misrepresentation by observers and commentators.

In my few addresses in your country I have attempted to break through that wall of disastrous unawareness or nonchalant superiority. I have tried to convey to your countrymen the constrained breathing of the inhabitants of Eastern Europe in these weeks when an amicable agreement of diplomatic shovels will inter in a common grave bodies that are still breathing. I have tried to explain to Americans that 1973, the tender dawn of détente, was precisely the year when the starvation rations in Soviet prisons and concentration camps were reduced even further. And in recent months, when more and more Western speechmakers have pointed to the beneficial consequences of détente, the Soviet Union has adopted a novel and important improvement in its system of punishment: to retain their glorious supremacy in the invention of forced-labor camps, Soviet prison specialists have now established a

Continued on page 132

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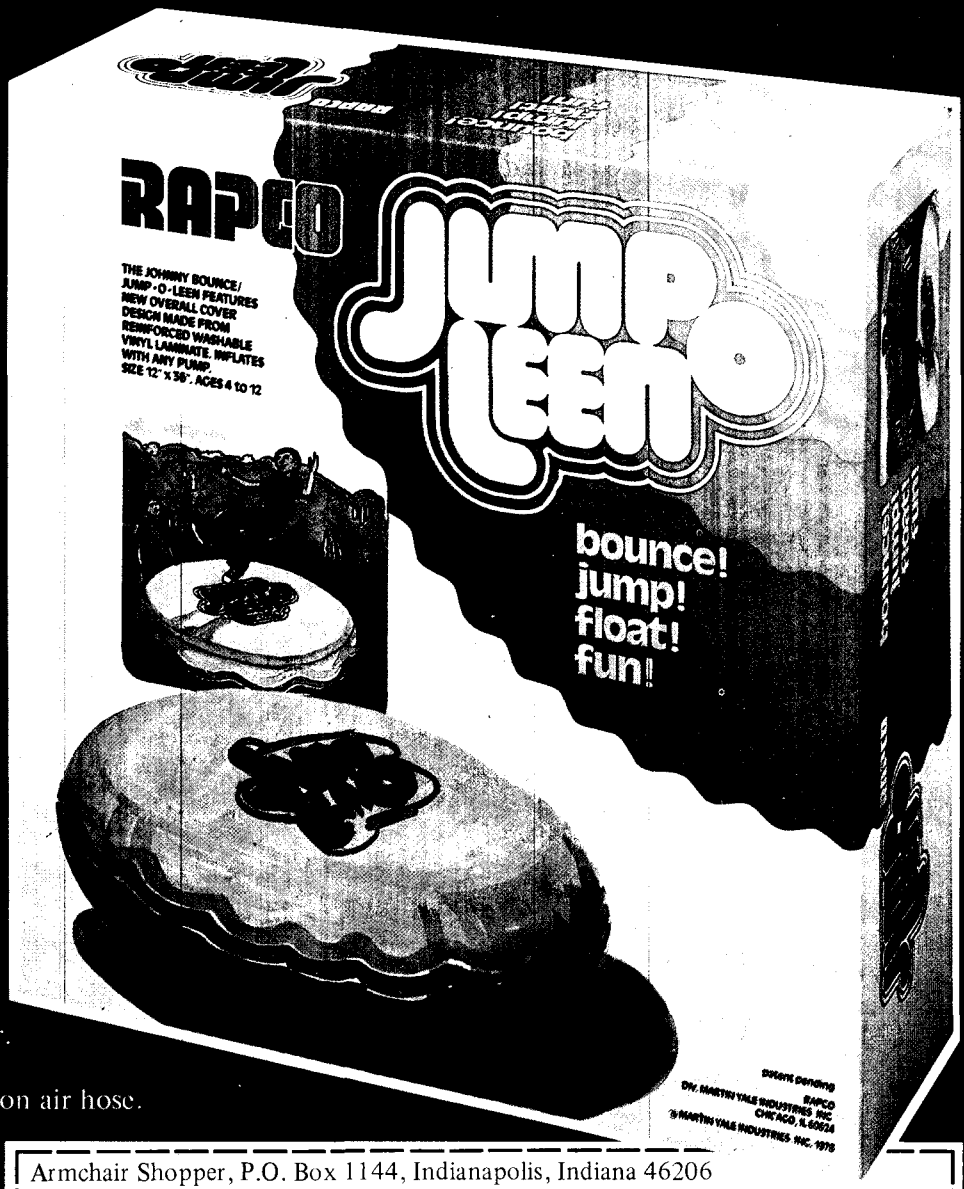

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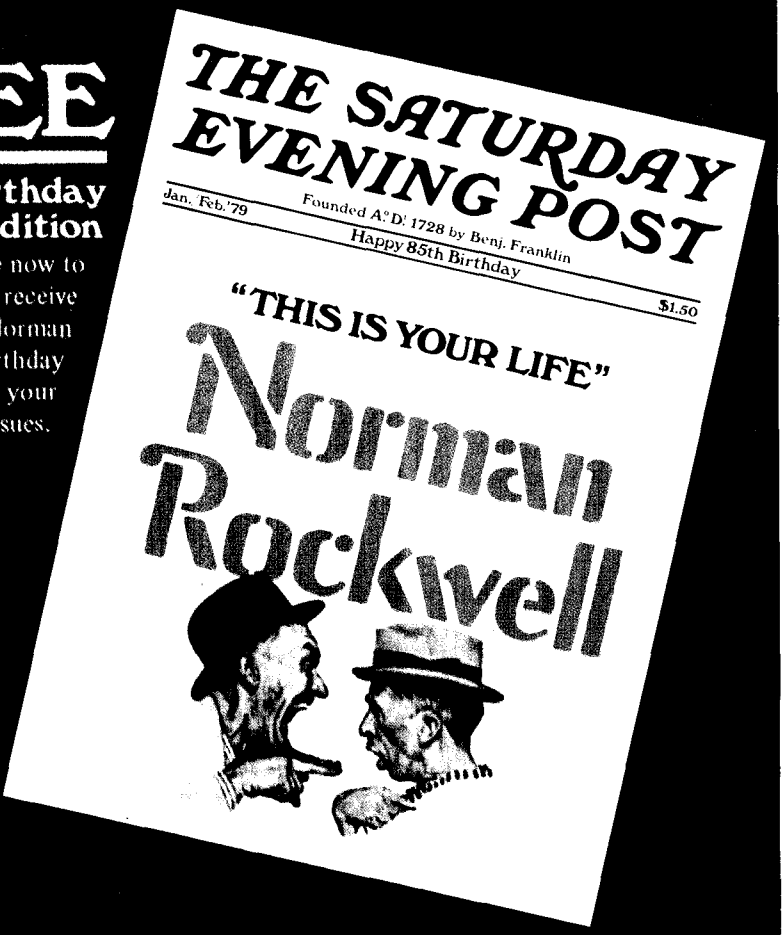

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Many and various are the ills of barren women." —Hippocrates

AID for Childless Couples

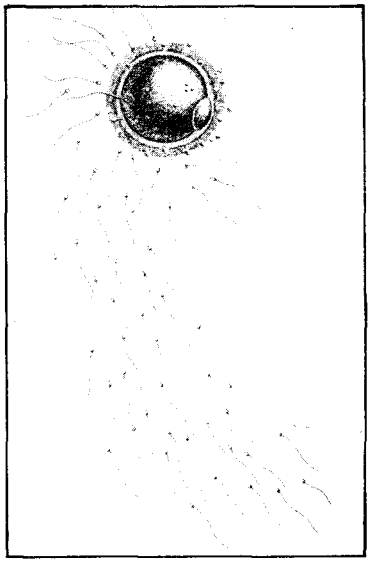
Recent studies show that couples who seek artificial insemination with a donor sperm (AID) have only one-eighth as many divorces as couples in the population as a whole. Since stable marriages make the best environment for child rearing, this would be an argument to encourage deserving couples who seek AID.

I recently interviewed a respected fertility specialist in Africa who related accounts of the happiness and love present in families where babies have been thus conceived. The mothers never fail to cry when they are first assured that they are pregnant, he told me. Parents send him pictures of their children at Christmastime and include heart-warming notes of gratitude to this kindly physician who made their parenting possible. He told me of one couple in which the husband was on an artificial kidney machine requiring him to take immunosuppressive drugs for life. These drugs destroyed his sperm to the extent that he could not become a father. Both he and his wife wanted most desperately to rear a family. His life expectancy was reasonably good, but he could never hope to have active sperm. The couple now are devoted parents of two lovely children whose ages are seven and five. Only the doctor and the parents know the method by which they were conceived.

This same physician told me of another couple in which the husband was a paraplegic (paralyzed from his waist down). He, too, had a reasonable life expectancy, and the couple wanted to have a family. I could sense the drama in the doctor's life as he told me of the fulfillment found in this home as a result of the wife's pregnancies. "They have been dedicated and loving parents for over seven years," he related.

"How many couples have you been able to help by artificial insemination by donor?" I asked.

The young doctor thought for a moment and then replied, "I would guess 75 to 100. Usually after the conception my patients are referred back to their own obstetricians for delivery. Since I specialize in fertility problems, or more correctly, sterility problems, I usually do not deliver the babies. For that reason, in some cases I lose count. Many of the couples have returned for several babies. Usually the obstetrician delivering the baby is not aware that it was conceived by AID."



Although just one sperm can enter and fertilize the egg, millions are needed to accomplish fertilization.

"Are the pregnancies conceived by this method any more likely to end in spontaneous abortion (miscarriages)?" I asked my colleague.

"Not at all," he said. "There have never been any statistics to show that this is the case."

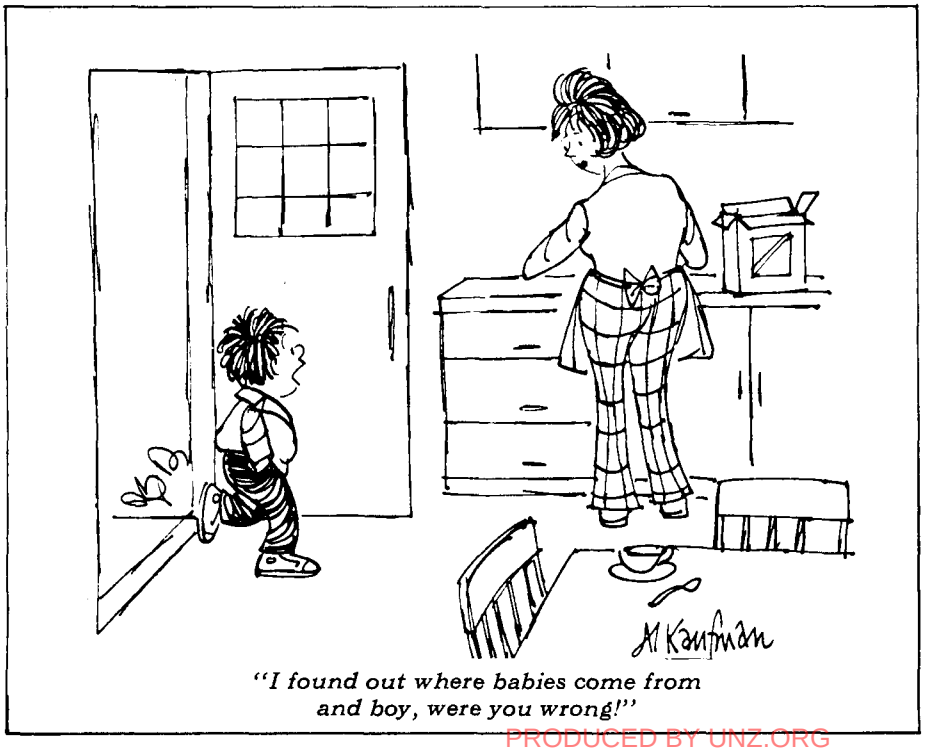
"What about birth defects?"

"No. There just isn't any increased incidence of birth defects either. The babies are normal in every way."

"Who provides the semen for the artificial insemination?"

"The semen is usually provided by medical students, interns, and medical residents. We are able to get good medical histories from the sperm donors. This is important since it is, of course, desirable to screen out any possibly dangerous hereditary diseases."

"Do most couples in your country who want to have a child by



"I found out where babies come from and boy, were you wrong!"

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artificial insemination know that this possibility exists?"

"I think not, unfortunately. It seems that many couples are reluctant to discuss the matter with their physicians, who might in turn refer them to a fertility and sterility specialist who does AID."

"Are there any laws in your country that prohibit the use of AID?"

"No, fortunately, there are no such laws here, and I do not know of any such laws in any other country. If everyone could see the joy and happiness in the faces of the fathers and mothers who have been blessed by children in this manner, there would never be any criticism anywhere."

A prominent fertility researcher in this country, Dr. Pierre Soupart, formerly of Brussels, Belgium, and now at Vanderbilt University, told me that the Australians are quite advanced in the use of AID and sperm banks.

"In Australia it is almost impossible for would-be parents to adopt babies. AID is quite popular there and sperm banks are well organized. I believe this is because the Australian population is more rural and the farm people are more practical and better informed about breeding procedures," he said. "Family planning and birth control are well accepted and this is the reason adoptive babies just aren't available in Australia."

"What are some of the reasons people choose AID over adoption?" I asked a U.S. fertility practitioner who has been helping barren couples with AID since the 1940s.

"Today adoption options are nonexistent for most couples," he said. "Abortion has dried up the market. But even before that, many couples sought AID because of the confidentiality. To his friends the husband had finally impregnated his wife. This is a remarkable morale boost to an impotent or sterile male. For mothers AID satisfies the craving for 'carrying a child,' which adoption does not."

"How many AID babies would you suppose have been born in the U.S.?"

"I would estimate 350,000 to 400,000."

"How many sperm banks are there in the U.S.?"

"I know of about eight."

"Do you know of any egg banks for women who are barren because infections have closed their Fallopian tubes?"

"To my knowledge there are none in existence."

Give a Health Gift for Christmas

***Q.** Dr. Art Ulene on the "Today" show said he keeps his blood pressure around 110 over 70. I think he said that "normal" blood pressure in this country is really higher than it should be. What is yours?*

A. My blood pressure is 100 over 65. I simply omit using a salt shaker and make sure I get plenty of exercise every day to keep it there. I applaud Dr. Ulene's efforts in urging people to keep their pressures below the accepted "normal." In this country it is "normal" for too many of us to have coronary vascular disease.

I'm glad you asked about blood pressure. This Christmas, I hope our readers will think about giving an easy-to-use, automatic blood pressure cuff as a family gift or a few gift watches with sweep second hands for quick pulse checks.

If you know what things you do to cause blood pressure to go up (like sitting down all day at the office, driving for extended periods without exercise breaks, or flying on a long trip without moving about), you can avoid them. There is no way to know without checking results. Lose five pounds and you may find a dramatic lowering of your pressure. Take up running or a new sport and the same thing might happen. Lighten up on the salt shaker and watch your pressure drop. (You'll quickly discover how your palate adjusts to less salt. In no time at all, restaurant food will taste too salty.)

Pulse and blood pressure are vital signs that are very easy to monitor on yourself and your family so that you can report any changes to your doctor between checkups. He will, no doubt, hail your scientific approach to well-being.

At your family Christmas reunion, try taking pulses and recording them in the family Bible so that next Christmas you can check for improvement. Last night we took pulses while telling after-dinner stories in the dining room. A daughter who jogs daily and plays tennis had a pulse of 58. Her dinner guest, a

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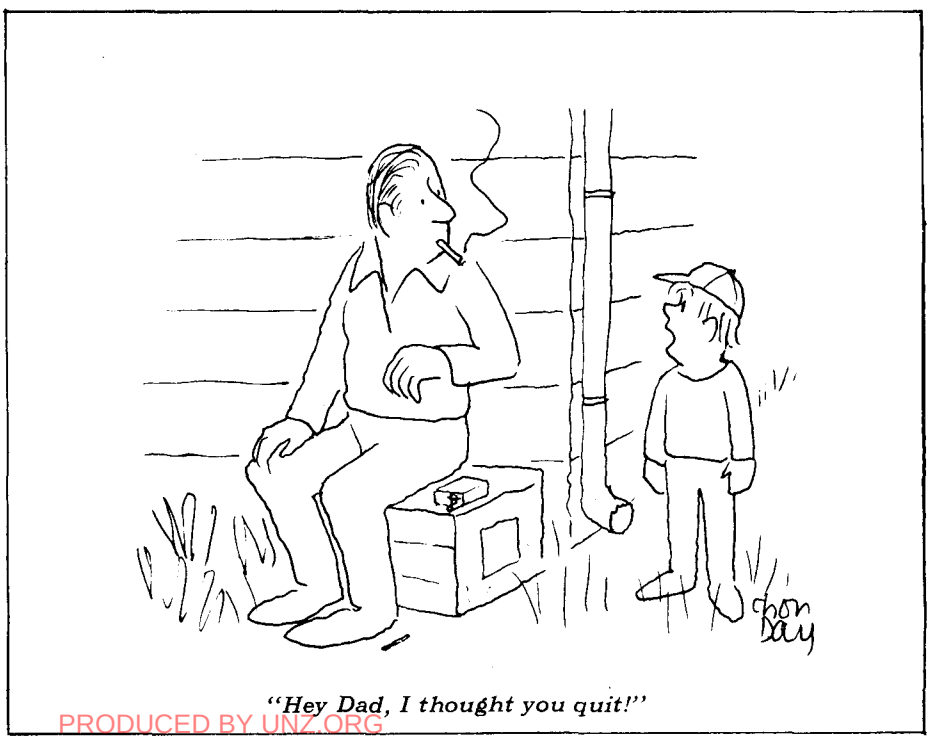

"Hey Dad, I thought you quit!"

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young man who jogs with her, had exactly the same pulse rate. Our youngest daughter, whose favorite luxury is extra sack time or sunbathing around a pool, had a pulse of 92. Both daughters are svelte.

Just being thin doesn't mean you are in good physical condition. You can lose weight until you are thin and still not be in "good shape." You can be short-winded and have a fast pulse that could be improved.

An easy way to take the pulse is to count it for 15 seconds and multiply by 4.

Solzhenitsyn

continued from page 126

new form of solitary confinement—forced labor in solitary cells. That means cold, hunger, and impossible work norms; the failure to fulfill these norms is punished by confinement under even more brutal conditions.

Alas, such is human nature that we never feel the sufferings of others, and they never darken our temporary well-being, until they become our own. I am not certain that in my addresses here I have succeeded in conveying the breath of that terrible reality to a complacently prosperous American society. But I have done what I could and what I consider my duty. So much the worse if the justice of my warnings becomes evident only some years hence.

Your country has just recently passed through the extended ordeal in Vietnam, which exhausted and divided your society. I can say with certainty that this ordeal was the least of a long chain of similar trials which awaits you in the near future.

Whether or not the United States so desires, it has risen to the peak of world history and carries the burden of leadership for at least half the world. The United States has not had a thousand-year preparation for this task. Perhaps the 200 years of your existence has not been time enough to produce a sense of national awareness. Meanwhile, the load of obligations and responsibilities has fallen on you unbidden.

That is why, members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, each one of you is not just an ordinary member of an ordinary parliament—you have been elevated to a particularly high position in the comtemporary world. I would like to convey to you how we, the subjects of Communist states, look upon your words, deeds, proposals, and enactments, which are made known to the world through the media. We sometimes greet them with passionate approval, at other times with horror and despair. But we never have a chance to respond aloud.

Perhaps some of you, in your minds, still consider yourselves to represent only your state or party. But, from over there, from afar, we do not perceive these differences. We do not look upon you as Democrats or Republicans, or as representatives of the Eastern Seaboard or the West Coast or the Midwest; we see you as statesmen, each of whom will play a direct and decisive role in the further course of world history, as it proceeds toward tragedy or salvation.

In the oncoming conjunction of a world political crisis with the present changes in a humanity exhausted and choked by a false hierarchy of values, you or your successors on Capitol Hill will have to confront—you are already facing—problems of overwhelming difficulty, incomparably greater than the short-term calculations of diplomacy, of interparty struggles, or of the clash between President and Congress. There is but one choice: to rise to the tasks of the age.

Very soon, only too soon, your country will stand in need of not just exceptional men but of *great* men. Find them in your souls. Find them in your hearts. Find them in the depths of your country.

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Mugwumps

continued from page 65

—which was the chorus of a song popular with the homesick Yankee soldier.

A number of words the colonists had brought from England took on new meanings. *Lumber*, which originally described the pawnshops of *Lombardy*, in England meant old furniture; in America it was applied to cut-up trees. These were hauled out of the woods on rough *dirt* roads; back home, dirt was not "earth" but "filth"—a sense retained figuratively in the recently current reference to "a dirty old man." Dirt roads developed potholes or rough ridges, "washboards"; in some places logs were laid crosswise, forming *corduroy* roads; improvements were therefore sought; to smooth the tops, roads were *macadamized*. This word, from the name of the man that invented the process, combines Gaelic *Mac* with Hebrew *Adam*, Greek *-ize*, and Old English (Germanic, Indo-European) *-d*, encapsulating in a word why the United States came to be called the melting pot of nations.

The use of colorful expressions will not pass. Individual words and phrases may go, but Americans continuously replace them with fresh locutions, keeping the language live and lively: to *cop out*, *splashdown*, *think tank*, *pantyhose*, *jetliner*, *waterbed*. Moonlight has long been in popular consideration, both in the mood of romantic lovers, leading to the *honeymoon*, and in the reputed influence of the full moon on dogs and humans (*lunatic*, from Latin *luna*, "moon"); *moonlighter*, a recent coinage, in turn gave birth to the verb *to moonlight*, to work at a job in addition to a regular one. The list is long and, even as I write, changing.

Those desirous of copulation without population speak of "the pill" as though there were no others—as we all speak of *the* truth and *a* lie, as though on every occasion lies may be many and truth but one. Indeed, noting this, Mark Twain said, manifestly minimizing the number, "There are 869 different ways of lying, but only one of them is squarely forbidden: Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." This leaves us widely free, and that freedom everyone not only employs but enjoys.

Some of the almost forgotten phrases of the last century are amusing and vivid enough to be, if not used, at least remembered. "I'll be there with bells on!" bespeaks an enthusiastic acceptance, from the days when one arrived with bells jingling on the harness of the horses that pulled the little buggy with the fringe on top. *Callithumpian* parties, which went on all night, are echoed in the fortissimo rock festivals of our day. Akin to the callithumpians were the *cowbellians*, who liked to "kick up a jollification"; the word is synonymous, and rhymes, with *hellions*. *To deacon* has gone but no expression has replaced it, for the practice of putting the best berries at the top of the basket. *To acknowledge the corn* was a picturesque term for admitting guilt of a minor offense, to avoid punishment for a major crime. It arose when a man, accused of stealing four horses and the corn to feed them, declared: "I acknowledge the corn." The best we have for the continuing practice is *to cop a plea.*

A further frequent change in the United States came in the family name, the surname. Most of the name changes in America were made because of the difficulty, on American lips, in sounding the names of immigrants from Eastern Europe. These names, although their endings might mean "from" or "son of," were frequently long, and unfamiliar to Americans. Often they were changed by ignorant or well-meaning immigration officials, registering the newcomers at Ellis Island, New York's reception center and long the main gateway to the States. Some newcomers, as the Kabachinsky family, went to court to legitimate the new name.

This family, in Boston, wanted to change its name to Cabot; the Cabots' attorney attended, to request a refusal. The judge ruled that no name, however distinguished, was the hallowed, exclusive property of a single line; that Kabachinsky was a difficult name, and not of an American tone; and he welcomed the new Cabots to citizenship in their new country. The next week, a columnist printed the familiar jingle pricking the pride of the "proper Bostonians":

Here's to good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots,
And the Cabots speak only to God.

—save that in the column the last line was altered:

And the Cabots speak Yiddish,
by God!

Since then, there have been few objections to the simplifying of names.

A special problem developed in German-speaking countries when, in the early 19th century, everyone was required to take a surname. In numerous villages, the clerk assigned an obscene or otherwise objectionable name, allowing himself to be persuaded, by an adequate gift, to substitute a more pleasant appellation. The more fortunate received neutral names, like *Berliner*, *Eisenhauer* ("horse-shoer"); the wealthier acquired pleasant ones, *Rosenberg*, *Apfelbaum* ("appletree"), *Geltman*, *Adlerbloom*.

The study of names is *onomastics;* a bad name is a *caconymic*. Equally those that bear them have all joined in that most democratic of processes—the growth of the language.

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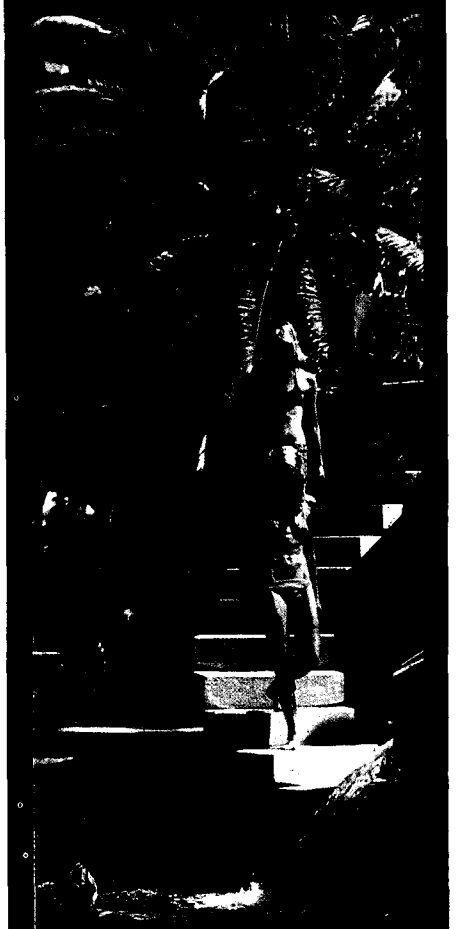

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Christmas Past

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eats and I'll take care of the rest."

He wasn't going to get away with that. I dug out an almost new erector set for Tim. I found a fragrant souvenir pillow from Michigan with a needlepoint message that seemed to express my sentiments for Laura exactly: *I Pine For You And Maybe Balsam*. My mother gave me a teary kiss when I explained why I wouldn't be at the table for Christmas dinner. Then she stuffed and baked a capon and included half a mincemeat pie and other assorted goodies.

My old man blew his nose and grumped around before kicking in with a dollar. "Got to have Christmas candy," he said. I bought a lot of Fanny May chocolates for that buck, and had 'em wrapped real fancy.

On the big day I met Rabinowitz at the appointed time. He was loaded down with a small fir tree decorated with bright ribbons and colored popcorn strings. He also had several gaily wrapped gifts.

"Hah!" I said. "Some Jew. What are you doing with a Christmas tree?"

"No, no. You're wrong," he replied. "This is a Hanukkah tree. Didn't you know today's the twenty-fifth day of the Hebrew month of Kislev? What an amazing coincidence! See how the branches on this tree spread out like a holy candelabra?" He grinned at me. "But Tim and Laura wouldn't understand the significance of Kislev so we've got to let them think of this tree in the traditional Yuletide spirit."

To make a long story shorter than maybe it ought to be (How do you describe spontaneous happiness?), it was a grand Christmas. Laura had indeed fixed something special, a kind of watery stew that she was pouring over bread in order to thicken it when we arrived, red-faced from the cold and slightly intoxicated with the spirit of the season. I was very original, shouting over and over, "Merry Christmas! Ho, Ho, Ho." Ronnie had acquired a couple of dime-store sleigh bells which he jingled at a great rate as he raced about the two rooms like a red Indian on the warpath.

Laura did put up a feeble protest, but one look at her brother's entranced and happy face put an end to that. Amidst loud *Ho, Ho, Hos* and a merry rendition of "Jingle Bells," we stood the tree on top of the icebox, stuffed the chicken in the oven to warm, and piled the presents enticingly in one corner. Whatever was missing in material wealth was more than compensated in spirit and boisterous comraderie.

Young Tim was very nearly speechless, but did manage three prayers before dinner: one for me, one for Ronnie, and one thanking God for all the blessings that had come to him and his sister. Laura kissed us both although, to my way of thinking, Ronnie got the better of it. Nevertheless, let me say again, of all my many wonderful Christmases that one in a cold-water flat on Halsted Street turned out to be the capper of the bunch.

Nowadays, you hear a lot about how awful the future is going to be and how we must face up to the harsh realities of our bitter lives. Well, realities were pretty darn grim in 1936—but there were a lot of happy endings, too, just as there are today and, if we but allow it, will be in all our tomorrows. Ronnie and I figured we had done a good thing and we had derived a lot of pleasure from it. But it was only one day—perhaps happier than most, but still, like all days, now spent and gone. Was that all it was? A return for Tim and Laura to the dismal way it was before? I wouldn't believe it. As I traveled home on that cold, star-studded night, I had to believe that everything was going to work out just great for all of us.

And it did, too. Ronnie talked his way into the Swift's branch management school. He also kept going back to the flat on Halsted Street. Me? I had a chance to go to college but even so, I kept in touch. Ronnie made it into management and I was the best man when he and Laura were married in 1940. They moved to better quarters on the north side and Tim had the first real family he had ever known.

A few years later I received a letter just before the Christmas holidays. Ronnie was back from the wars in Germany and the Rabinowitz family was again setting up its Hanukkah tree. "Please come and share our Christmas," Laura wrote. "It will be just like before—only you won't have to bring the food this time."

But I'm selfish. I wrote a warm letter and sent a gift to Tim as I always do, but I didn't go. No matter Laura's words, it wouldn't be the same. And I didn't want anything to spoil the lovely memories that I still retain of that wonderfully special Christmas.

"I will grant you three washes."

Who Am I

continued from page 27

best performance yet. Ordinarily it was Harry who set the pace. But on Saturday Harry had to work to keep up with Helene.

When the curtain came down on the final curtain call, Harry wanted to get away, but he couldn't. Helene wouldn't let go his hand. The rest of the cast and the stage crew and a lot of well-wishers from the audience were all standing around Harry and Helene, and Harry was trying to get his hand back.

"Won't you please take me to the cast party?" she said.

He got very red. "I'm afraid I'm not much on parties," he said. All the Marlon Brando in him was gone. He was tongue-tied, he was scared, he was shy—he was everything Harry was famous for being between plays.

"All right," she said. "I'll let you go—if you promise me one thing."

"What's that?" he said, and I thought he would jump out a window if she let go of him then.

"I want you to promise to stay here until I get you your present," she said.

He promised. It was the only way he could get his hand back. And he stood there miserably while Helene went down to the ladies' dressing room for the present. While he waited, a lot of people congratulated him on being such a fine actor. But congratulations never made him happy. His only desire was to get away.

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Helene came back with the present. It turned out to be a little blue book with a big red ribbon for a place marker. It was a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*. Harry was very embarrassed. It was all he could do to say "Thank you."

"The marker marks my favorite scene," said Helene.

"Um," said Harry.

"Don't you want to see what my favorite scene is?" she said.

So Harry had to open the book to the red ribbon. Helene got close to him, and read a line of Juliet's. " 'How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?' " she read. " 'The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, and the place death, considering who thou art, if any of my kinsmen find thee here.' " She pointed to the next line. "Now, look what Romeo says," she said to Harry.

"Um," said Harry.

"Read what Romeo says," said Helene.

Harry cleared his throat. He didn't want to read the line, but he had to. " 'With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,' " he read out loud in his everyday voice. But then a change came over him. " 'For stony limits cannot hold love out,' " he read, and he straightened up, and eight years dropped away from him, and he was brave and gay. " 'And what love can do, that dares love attempt;' " he read, " 'therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.' "

" 'If they do see thee they will murther thee,' " said Helene, and she started him walking toward the wings.

" 'Alack!' " said Harry, " 'there lies more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords.' " Helene led him toward the backstage exit. " 'Look thou but sweet,' " said Harry, " 'and I am proof against their enmity.' "

" 'I would not for the world they saw thee here,' " said Helene, and that was the last we heard. The two of them were out the door and gone.

They never did show up at the cast party. One week later they were married.

They seem very happy, although they're kind of strange from time to time, depending on which play they're reading to each other at the time.

I dropped into the phone company office the other day, on account of the billing machine was making dumb mistakes again. I asked her what plays she and Harry'd been reading lately.

"In the past week," she said, "I've been married to Othello, been loved by Faust, and been kidnaped by Paris. Wouldn't you say I was the luckiest girl in town?"

I said I thought so, and I told her most of the women in town thought so, too.

"Most of 'em couldn't stand the excitement," I said. And I told her I'd been asked to direct another play. I asked if she and Harry would be available for the cast. She gave me a big smile and said, "Who are we this time?" ☒

Partridge

continued from page 50

ment, sir? Perhaps I could mix you up a few grand pianos?

Geese, sir? You mean wall plaques? Flying geese? I'm afraid the only ones we have in are the common or garden plaster of Paris variety, but we could always get our workshop to encrust them with jewels.

"This must be the place."

I'm with you now, sir. Geese a-laying. I didn't realize we were back on live birds. Forty-two pregnant geese, first lot for delivery on the sixth day of Christmas. And you say you don't want them in trees? How about if we strung them all up on Christmas trees, sir?

You're quite right, sir, it *would* be overdoing it. Anything else in the bird line before we move on?

Swans coming up, sir.

Ah, now I'm afraid if you want them a-swimming we can't do them at the price marked on the tag. It's a special order, see, sir. We'd have to get them a garden pool apiece.

If it's no trouble to the lady, sir, it's no trouble to us, believe you me. Anything you'd like with the garden pools? Lilies? Stone frogs? Goldfish? Gnomes?

I'm sorry, sir, we don't do human beings.

Well, I suppose we could always book you some maids a-milking through an agency, but there'd be a small surcharge. Do you want the same eight to turn up each day, or were you thinking of more of a cumulative effect?

I quite agree, sir. It'll give the lady a good laugh. And we'll do the same with the lords a-leaping, the pipers piping, and all the rest of the crew. Just leave it with me, sir.

I'll tell you what'd go very nicely with this lot, if you don't mind my saying, sir. Seeing the lady has a sense of humor, you want to top it all off by sending a hearse round.

A hearse, sir. Our funeral department offers a discreet and sympathetic service.

Beg pardon, sir, it was just a suggestion.

And you say you're not interested in the ostrich? What I was thinking was we could wire it up in a zonking gray-silver birch tree. *Betula verrucosa*. It's number six in the catalog—very popular with the ladies. An elegant tree requiring light porous soil with—

As you please, sir.

And will that be all, sir? Any bronzed fruit, caviar, four-poster beds, light aircraft, service flats? The first battalion of the Coldstream Guards?

I'll make out your bill, sir. Let me see now, that's one dozen Jargonelle pear trees, one dozen live partridges, 22 turtledoves, 30 French hens, three dozen colly birds, 40 gold rings, 42 geese a-laying, 42 swans a-swimming with matching garden pools, 40 maids a-milking, three dozen ladies dancing, 30 lords a-leaping, 22 pipers piping, and one dozen drummers drumming.

No, sir, I'm afraid we don't accept credit cards. ☒

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Lie Detector

"Judge," pleaded the prisoner, "I don't know what to do."

"What's your problem?"

"Well, I swore to tell the truth, and every time I try, some lawyer objects."

—*Rose Sands*

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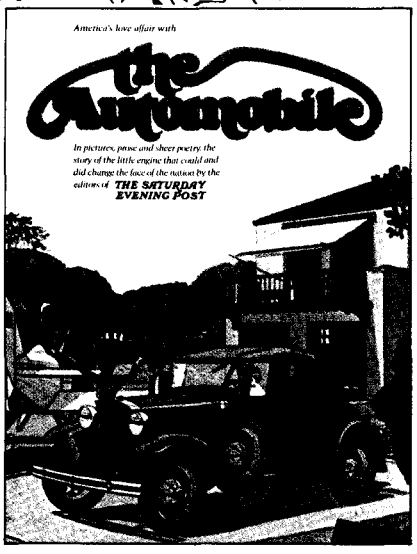
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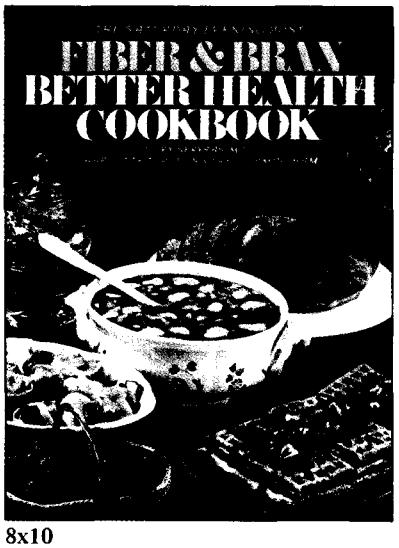

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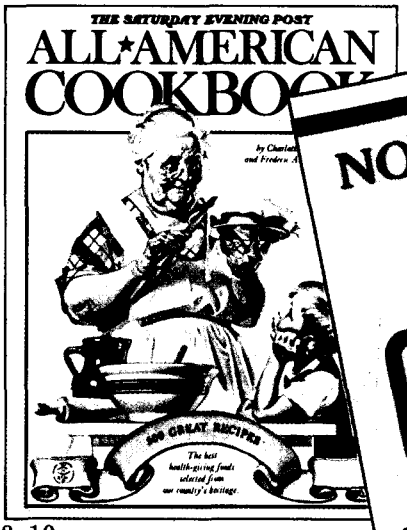

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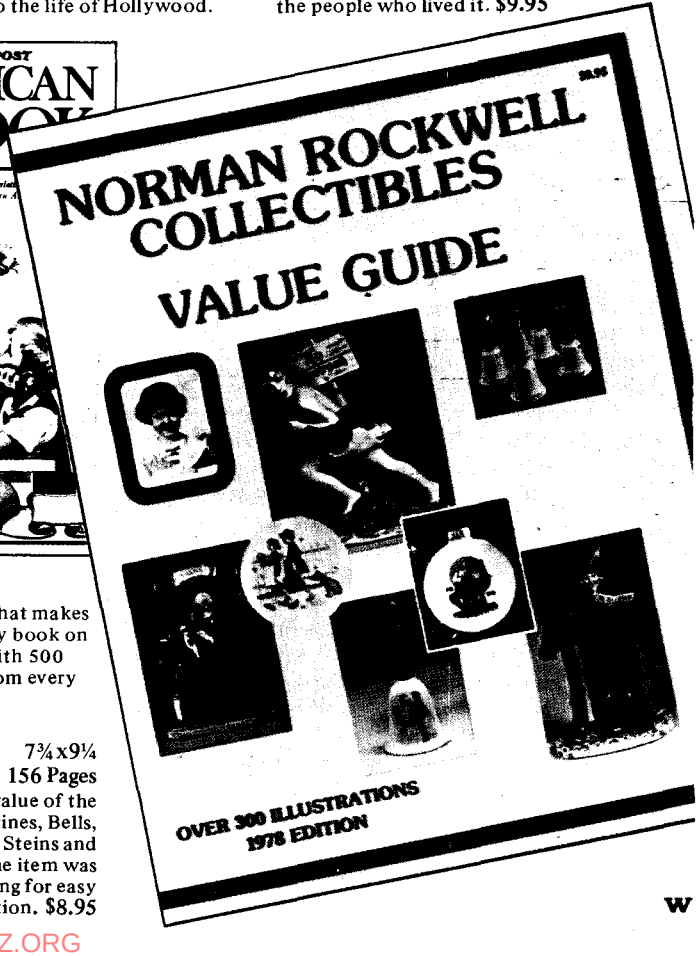

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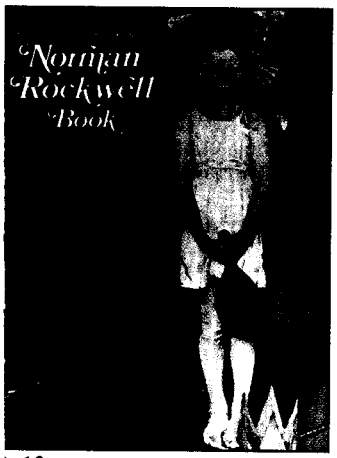

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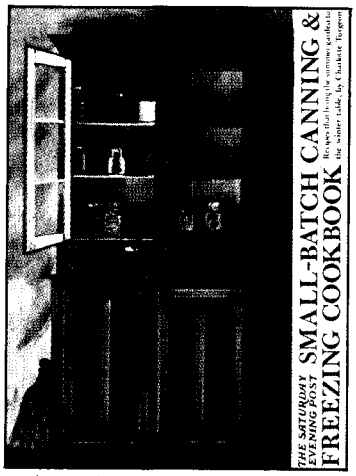

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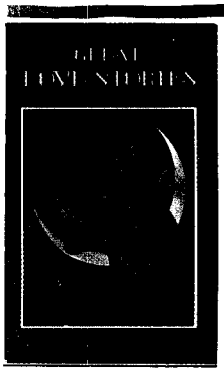

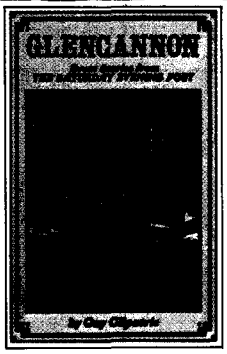

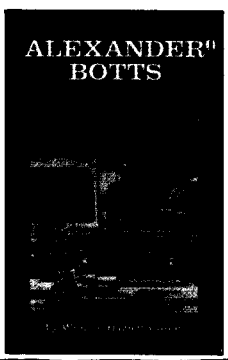

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Patient at Peacocks

continued from page 32

"Francia!" John spoke sharply in the quiet room.

Her great eyes fluttered open and she looked full at him. Recognition was complete. There was even surprise.

"John," she said in a silly little baby voice, and her small claw of a hand which still had crimson lacquer on its nails closed pathetically over his.

In another moment she had gone again. He released himself gently and stood up and wiped his forehead.

"We've done it," he said. "She'll do. That's phase one. Now, Ann, wake the nurse."

When Nurse Tooley came hurrying in, he was walking about the room like a lunatic.

"Broth," he said abruptly. "Anything hot and fluid and nourishing. She'll wake up starved in a minute. You did this, nurse, you and Doctor Fowler."

"You must take the credit yourself, sir." She was beaming at him, and for the first time I saw little beads on her wide bumpy forehead. So she had been scared, too, had she? "She is so frail, you see. I thought——"

"Yes," he said, looking down, "so very little."

I hardly heard him. I went into the bathroom and met a drawn, hard, powderless face with red eyes peering at me out of the mirror. My hair looked as though someone had been trying to pull it off in a bunch. My bag was in there, and I did what I could with myself.

When I came out, John had fixed himself a high seat where he could command the bed, and he was sitting there, one hand on her pulse, his gaze fixed steadily on her face.

"Damned nearly normal," he said over his shoulder. "Do you think I'd raise the house if I burst into song?"

I bit back what I was going to say and made myself very busy.

Francia stirred again and we gave her water, and I washed her mouth. She was gaining every minute, and every minute I was seeing more and more clearly the sort of person I thought she must be. Her beauty was but the half of it, I suspected.

John cut into my thought. "Of course you don't know her, do you?" he said cheerfully. "You wait."

On the last word he bent over her again, and so, mercifully, did not see my face.

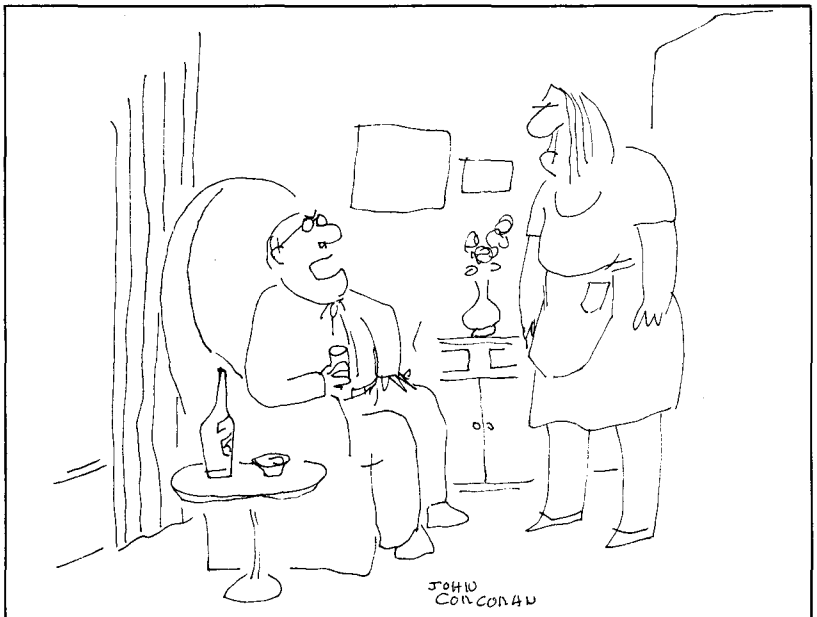
The nurse returned triumphant with a smoking bowl on a tray. "Just tinned soup," she apologized, "but it's a good kind. Mr. Gastineau had to come out and find this for me himself or I shouldn't have got a thing. I've told him to send down to the town, wake somebody up, and get me some meat extract."

John waved her to the hearth. He was still in ecstatic mood.

"Keep it hot a minute. She won't be so long now."

Since there was absolutely nothing for me to do, I sat down in the larger of the two chairs by the fire.

The heat crept over me and the relief from the strain of the last 13 hours was very relaxing. Sleep hit me like a hammer. I felt it and hardly struggled against it. There was nothing I could do.



"And I'll tell you something else. I've come to rue the day you loomed on the horizon."

I awoke feeling that I was sailing slowly up an enormous lift shaft, and opened my eyes to see the cold light turning the chintz curtains gray. In the room, very far away, someone was speaking. It was a voice I had never heard before, female and husky and affected, and it said, unless I was still dreaming, "Not t'irsty, t'ank you."

I sat up and saw Nurse Tooley looking down at me, a harassed expression on her shining face.

"Well, it's a wonderful thing to be able to sleep," she remarked. "I've heard you say so yourself, doctor. Good morning to you."

"I say, I'm sorry!" I got up and stretched my cramped legs. John was still at the bedside. I could see his shoulder blades, sharp and weary looking, showing through the white linen of his coat as he leaned over the patient.

Raised now, on a heap of pillows, her hair combed and her eyes wide open, lay Francia. As I went over, I realized that something was different, and before I reached the bedside I knew what it was. The entire atmosphere had changed. During all the terror and misery of the night, we three had been comrades, linked by a single outlook. Now that was gone. A stranger had arrived.

John got up. He was exhausted and there were dark rings to his eyes.

"Take over, will you? I don't want her to sleep for a bit. See what you think of the general condition."

"You're going to leave me?" The patient, who was as weak as a fish and still had the drug about her, managed to convey a sort of halfhearted seductiveness, and her little hands moved.

"Just for a while." John spoke firmly and kindly and exactly as any other doctor would have done. "Doctor Fowler will look after you."

"Vewy well." Her great eyes rolled away from him and came to rest on me. "Can you move me? I'm tired. One of my shoulders hurts. I don't know which one. Well, find out, can't you?"

Her speech was still slurred and she must have been only half there, but it was perfectly plain that she had one manner for men and another for women, neither of them guaranteed to be successful, I should have thought.

In the next 25 minutes I learned about Francia Forde. An hour later I could have written an essay on her, and I was a less jealous but infinitely more puzzled woman. She was the most unsubtle person I had ever met and she had one interest—Francia. She was practically without subterfuge, and greed, which is of all the vices the one most instantly apparent to the average human being, gleamed out of every word and every look.

Whatever I had expected, it had not been this. Gastineau's story was completely convincing in every particular save the important one. It seemed impossible to me that he should have loved her. Yet, when I remembered that the incident had taken place at the beginning of the war, 10 years ago, when she must have been still in her teens, perhaps it was not so difficult. She must

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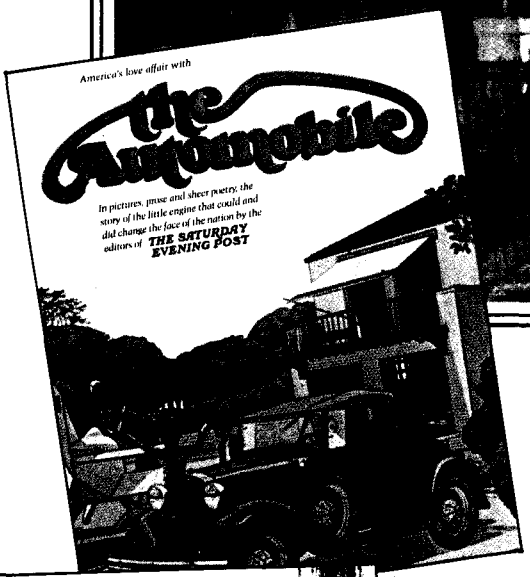
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have looked like a flower. Perhaps even her greediness had been pretty, like a child's.

The thing I did not understand at all was John. He was sitting with his back to me in the chair I had slept in, and I saw his dark head above it. If he had been taken in, even for an hour, by this, he simply wasn't the man I thought he was.

I left Francia to Nurse Tooley and went to him. He considered me with narrowed eyes and did not move. His arms were folded and he looked like a sleepy bird.

"What are we going to do with her?" He did not speak aloud, but mouthed the words very elaborately, so that I was bound to follow them.

After a bit he tried again. "Can't leave her here, can we?"

It was the one mood I had not expected. We were in a fine old predicament, the two of us.

"I'll find out."

I spoke with decision. The problem of Gastineau was yet to be solved. Our duty was plain. We ought to remove the woman and inform the police, and yet I shrank from it. I was not a detective . . . or a judge either. Yet one could hardly leave him loose, perhaps to try to kill again. However, I could make him talk. He owed me that, at least. I went out of the room, stepped onto the dark landing, closed the door very softly behind me as a doctor should, and froze. Seated near the top of the stairs was the man with the umbrella. He still had it with him, neatly rolled, hanging over the back of the chair. His hat was on his knees. He rose as I appeared and favored me with one of his apologetic stares.

"Good morning, doctor. May I hope that the patient is a little better?"

I was not afraid of him any more. I made the discovery with a stab of delight. Indeed, eyeing him now, it seemed absurd that I ever had been, he was so meek and gentle looking.

"Yes, thank you," I said cheerfully, and was about to pass when he made a most surprising remark.

"I fear everyone else has gone," he said. "That was why I thought it best to come up here."

"Gone?" I repeated stupidly.

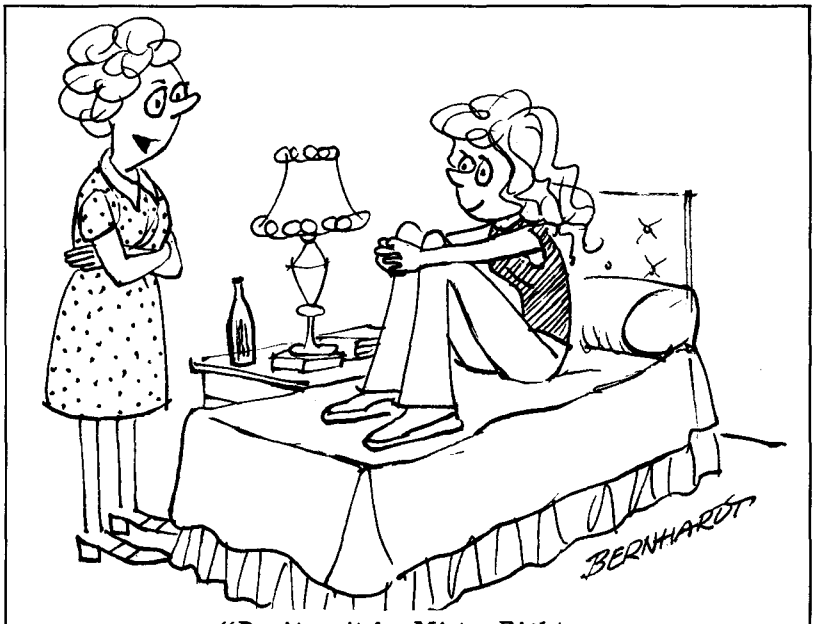
"Oh, dear." It seemed to be his favorite expletive. "I made sure you knew. Otherwise I should have ventured to warn you. But since you had seen Mr. Gastineau destroying his papers, I made certain you had guessed his intentions. He and his servants went off in the car after the nurse came down for broth."

It was the longest speech I had ever heard him make. He towered over me and his pale eyes were frighteningly intelligent as they looked down into mine.

"I sincerely hope I've not been unhelpful, but since I heard you trip over the manservant's trunk in the back kitchen, I really thought that you were aware that they contemplated flight."

"Who are you?" I nearly said, "Who on earth are you?" but I had the impression that might have hurt him. He was very dignified. He produced a card at once—with relief, I thought. Engraved on the pasteboard were the words:

Reacquaintance, Ltd.
Mr. Roland Bluett



"Don't wait for Mister Right—hold out for Doctor *Right."*

"Oh, a detective agency!" I exclaimed in triumph, and a flush appeared on his high cheekbones.

"We don't call ourselves that, doctor," he protested gently. "We are a very old, established firm. We specialize in finding lost people with the maximum amount of discretion. Most of our work concerns lost relatives, of course, but this—this was rather different. In this case we represent Messrs. Moonlight, a rather larger concern than our own, if not quite so long established."

"I see," I agreed slowly.

He sighed. "I'm so glad," he said simply. "I did so fear you might have formed a wrong impression. My clients were merely anxious to make certain that nothing of—er—how shall I say?—an unfortunate nature would appear about Miss Forde in the very same newspapers which had arranged to carry their advertisements. You do see, doctor, that would have been most embarrassing?"

"Do you know how nearly it might have happened?" I felt unkind as soon as I had spoken. He looked both intelligent and appalled.

"I gathered it," he said earnestly. "I've been on tenterhooks, believe me. But my position was particularly difficult, since the lady was in the care—and not the very good care, I fear—of her husband."

My heart jumped violently, but I didn't understand him. I stood looking at him blankly until he said primly, "Miss Forde was married to Mr. Gastineau some years ago in Sweden. We have verified that."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Oh, without a doubt," said Mr. Bluett firmly. "Otherwise my position would have been so much easier, wouldn't it? You would have found me at the front door, doctor, not the back. It was the return of Mr. Gastineau, virtually from the dead, which has made most of our trouble."

"But I thought Miss Forde was married to—to someone else," I said huskily.

He regarded me with horror and said the last thing I expected. "Now that really would be intolerable! I know there was an unfortunate publicity story which appeared before she was famous, about some runaway—er—escapade in Italy, but, believe me, that was pure fiction. Miss Forde herself assured my clients, when they were checking her credentials, that there was nothing in it. They understood that she was a widow, Mr. Gastineau's widow. When they learned that she had vanished after going to dine with her husband, who had so suddenly reappeared, they were naturally anxious, so they put matters in our hands."

I said nothing. My mind was seething with a thousand questions, and it was some seconds before I heard his polite inquiry.

"When do you think she will be well enough for me to take her back, doctor?"

When it did sink in, I nearly fell over. "Take her back?" I whispered.

"Naturally." He was surprised by my stupidity. "Quite frankly, now that I have found her, I have no intention of leaving her side. My clients are in the

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process of spending two million pounds in publicizing their product in advertisements which—er—incorporate her face. Now that Mr. Gastineau has gone, she will hardly want to stay here. I should like to take her back to her flat in London."

I didn't know what to do. I stood there shaking, wondering if I should tell John at once, wondering if I should clasp dear Mr. Bluett by the hand, wondering if I should sit down and cry with relief. The thing which settled the matter was the most unexpected incident in the whole of that hectic weekend.

Downstairs in the front hall somebody coughed loudly and, looking over the banister, I found myself facing Percy Ludlow and a police sergeant. They were both cold and miserable, and Percy looked furious. As he saw me he heaved a noisy sigh.

"Ann! Thank God for somebody sensible! Come down, can you? Give this feller some sort of statement."

Mr. Bluett had faded into the background like a shadow, so I went down to them alone. Percy was stamping on the tiles to keep his feet warm. It was clear that he had been dragged out of bed, for he was unshaven and there was a muffler around his throat. He surprised me by taking my arm.

"You look tired. Had a bad night? Patient doing?"

"Not bad," I assured him.

"That's all right, then. Sorry to bring you more trouble, but we can't get on without you. The two survivors can't speak anything but monkey talk."

"Survivors?"

"Yes." He blew the word into a bubble. "Another blessed road smash. And I tell you what, Ann—and I don't mind saying it in front of a policeman, he can take it down if he likes—it's solely the fault of that fool woman."

"What woman?"

He exploded. "Why, Lizzie! She was the only woman on the road. She admitted to running out to a fast-moving car and shining a flashlight in the eyes of the driver. I ask you! I hope she gets a reprimand from the court—in fact, I'll see she gets it! Car turned clean over! One man died instantly!"

"Who?" I asked, although I thought I knew.

Percy patted me. "Your patient, my dear. Sorry, but there you are. I think I'm right. Osteoarthritis, far advanced."

"Yes, that's Gastineau."

"That's all I want to know, doctor." The sergeant was gentle. "Just the name and approximate age. I can't get a word of sense out of the others."

Percy stayed with me and, when the policeman had gone, tried to comfort me, I don't quite know why.

"Poor feller," he murmured, standing on the doorstep, his legs wide apart, his old eyes roaming the morning scene. "Poor, poor feller. But still, arthritis. Joints badly affected. He hadn't much to look forward to, had he?"

"No." I spoke more softly than I had intended. "No, he hadn't."

Nurse Tooley and Mr. Bluett stayed with Francia, and before I left Peacocks I arranged for the Mapleford ambulance to take her back to London, but not to Barton Square. Mr. Bluett, who revealed remarkable resource, arranged for a London nurse to travel with her.

"What makes you think taxation with representation is any better?"

No one appeared to notice that it was a little odd that Gastineau and his servants should have decided to go driving in the dawn with a car full of luggage. Mapleford was so aghast at the accident, and so intrigued by its cause, that it missed the obvious, and the only person who would have been certain to seize on it was not saying very much just then. Poor Miss Luffkin had taken to her bed.

I took John home to breakfast and Rhoda met us with a look which said as plainly as words that we could tell her what we liked, but, as she saw it, we'd been out all night.

We sat in the sunny window with coffee, homemade bread, and the butter which Rhoda has given to her by a woman who knows a cow, and we did not look at each other. The world was quiet and warm and green, and I was happy and hungry and curious.

John was happy, too. It glowed in him and made him different and exciting, and not at all as I had known him as a boy.

After a long time, he said abruptly, "I had a talk with Mr. Bluett, and if he's right about Francia and Gastineau, you'll have to have me led around by a keeper, Ann. Choose someone kind."

"Is he right?"

"I don't know." He spoke very slowly, putting out his hand to find mine. "The thing that makes it credible is the otherwise unbelievable attitude of Messrs. Moonlight and Company."

"Why?"

"Well, my dear girl, a concern of that size doesn't merely choose a pretty face, however famous. It's a serious business, that sort of advertising. They must have examined her record very carefully before they risked using her in a scheme as vast as that. If she said she was Gastineau's widow, they'd have spotted any legal second marriage, or so I should have thought."

I turned round to him, put my hands on his shoulders, and looked into his face.

"It's time I had that story, John."

His face was close to mine, but there was no deeper color in it and his eyes were thoughtful rather than ashamed.

"Now we've saved her silly little life for her, I don't seem anywhere near so sore," he observed unexpectedly. "That was why I was so thrilled when I saw her reviving, I suppose. She surely made a monkey out of me!"

"What was this?" I burst out with some asperity. "A shotgun wedding?"

That annoyed him, and his arms closed around me to make certain of me while he talked. In some ways he had not changed since he was 10.

"I didn't write and tell you about the film offer because I knew that you'd never approve of my giving up medicine, and I wanted to get it all fixed before you could advise against it," he announced with all the peculiar irritability of a man making a confession.

"Very wise," I murmured.

He sighed and pushed my head down on his shoulder.

Continued on following page

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Wedgwood Blue and White Jasper
Zodiac Plate—9¼"
The original designs were modelled in 1774
by the famous artist William Hackwood,
commissioned by the Wedgwood Collector's Society
in 1969, and made at
Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd., Barlaston, England.

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WEDGWOOD

with this Zodiac Plate—for members only

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The Wedgwood Collectors Society is unique in the art world. The Collectors Society has received *exclusive permission* to make these unusual Wedgwood special editions available. The Society is supplied and permitted to use "Wedgwood" in its title by Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Inc., U.S. subsidiary of the English company, Wedgwood Limited, registered owners of the trademark "Wedgwood."

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8J

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"I told you. I fell for the movie offer and I helped push the thing through with the army. The company was going to make a film with the old French stage star, Dusé, a wonderful old dear, Ann. I was to be the young army officer bursting with charm who was to make hay with her daughter's heart as I came charging in with my men to liberate 'em all."

"Yes, I see all that."

"I don't think you do," he said grimly. "I was so dead keen and so were all my buddies in the regiment. Some of 'em were to be borrowed for small parts, and we were like kids about it all. The war was over and this was the first pleasant thing to happen to us for years. Unfortunately, I was teacher's pet and I didn't know the ropes at all. There's a hell of a lot of jealousy in that business, Ann."

"I believe you," I laughed, and he pushed my head down again.

"It's not quite as you think, all the same. The movies are a much more chancy business than most, and publicity seems to mean such a hell of a lot to everybody. You see, until the little director chap discovered me, and got a story published about my being given indefinite leave because I was just what they wanted and typical and all that, until then the daughter was supposed to be the second most important person in the show."

"Oh, I see. And she was to be played by Francia?"

"Exactly. Francia had been spotted playing bits in Sweden, and had been sent over for the part. She was a go-getter in her way. At least she wouldn't let anything stand in it. But, unfortunately, when she arrived, I had appeared on the scene and seemed all set to steal her thunder."

He paused. "Mind you, there was not a great deal of thunder to go round. We only had what Dusé left. However, the director had become sold on me, and he had the scriptwriters enlarge my part. The result was that it didn't look as if Francia's big chance was going to get her very far."

"Did she make it clear that she resented that?"

He grinned. "Not to me. I suppose I was the only soul in the outfit who had no notion what was happening. My idea was to act. I didn't know there was any more to the job. I was green! Francia began by snubbing me, and then after she'd had a good look round, suddenly made a dead set at me. I wasn't attracted and I kept out of her way. That's why what happened took me completely by surprise." He hesitated. "I think I exasperated her," he said at last. "Anyway, just as all the preliminary publicity was going out she gave a party. I couldn't get out of going. I drank what I was handed, and after that it was the Bristol-splice trick, pure and simple."

I wriggled my head round to look at him and sat up. "What's that?"

He was sneering, his fastidious nose contemptuous. "The Bristol splice is the trick that in the 17th century the ladies of the town used to play on those prudent sailors who had left their pay with the mate, my dear. I didn't remember the end of the party, and when I did wake, with my head on fire, it was the day after tomorrow, so to speak. I was in a country hotel bedroom, Francia was dancing about in a negligee, and a friend of hers—one of the lads who wrote publicity—was showing a pack of Italians, who he said were newspapermen, a picture of Francia in a wedding dress and an Italian civil marriage certificate. Everybody was drinking our health."

"What did you do?"

He smiled angrily. "Oh, same as the sailors, I'm afraid. It's a time-honored reaction, except that I had the presence of mind not to talk. I knocked out the publicity writer, and while Francia was reviving him, dressed hurriedly in the bathroom and lit out of the window. So ended my movie career."

"But, darling," I protested, "didn't you go back to the film people at all?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Where was the use? I'd got it into my head that the certificate was genuine. I was trapped. If I made a row I damned myself and the film, and if I didn't—well, I had Francia on my hands. Besides——"

"Besides what?"

He gave me a curiously timid glance from under his lids. "I thought I was probably better at medicine. Oh, have a heart, Ann! I'd come smartly out of the rose-pink fog. I was sick to death of the whole lot of 'em."

I sat thinking. He might at least have told me. And yet I knew a little of the odd mental conditions which appeared in men who had suddenly been released from years of active service. For a time, some of them had developed the self-consciousness which would have been considered excessive in a Victorian miss of 17.

We were still holding hands, and I moved a little nearer to him.

"You'd better find out about the marriage now."

"Good Lord, yes!"

I couldn't resist it. "Lucky I waited," I observed coquettishly.

He pulled me close to him and kissed me squarely on the mouth.

"I had my eye on you all the time."

"What?"

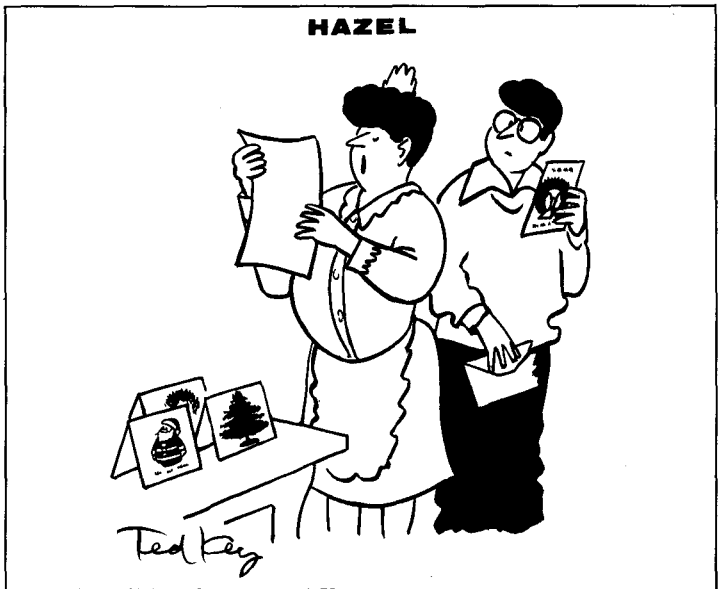
"I found out where you were when I got back. Then I had to get a job, and I had to make good at it. Last week I thought the time had come, and I set about breaking things to you gently. I began by letting it be known in Southersham that the prodigal had returned. I knew someone would pass it on."

I sat up at that. "Do you mean to say that you were conceited enough to expect me to approach you?"

He pulled me back again and chuckled. "Hang it," he said, "I got a telegram."

Rhoda stopped the fight by appearing in the doorway, the morning papers in her hand.

"See here!" Her voice was packed with admiration. "Look at that Miss Francia doing her washing! Doesn't she look lovely? All over a whole page!"



"Holiday Greetings! Well, here we are again with the Cramers' yearly doings. It was another bummer, folks. Carol's husband walked out on her, so she and the six kids are with us now. Plus the three dogs. Great to have them back again. Carol bunks with Cindy Lou, waiting for her divorce. Then Ed caught Billie's chicken pox and gave it to his boss. That was just before the IRS called about the back taxes . . ."

An aging detective, assigned to his last case, sorts through obscure clues to solve the baffling murder mystery, "Unbreakable Alibi," a two-part serial by Mary Roberts Rinehart which will begin in the January-February issue of the *Post*.

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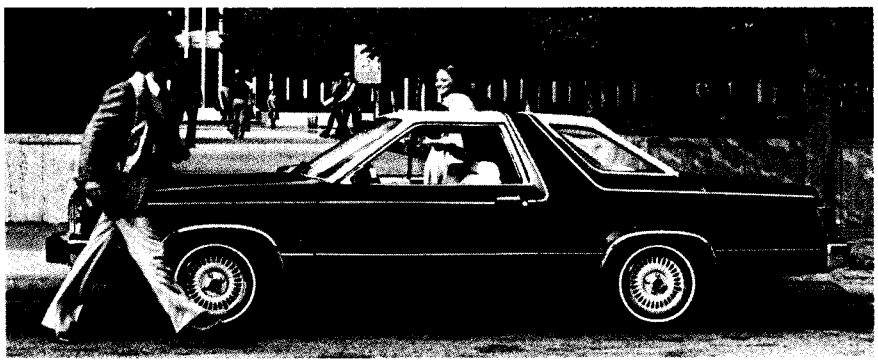

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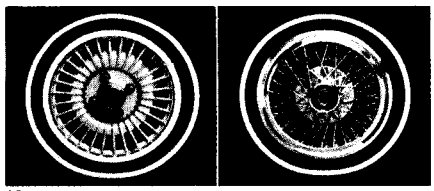

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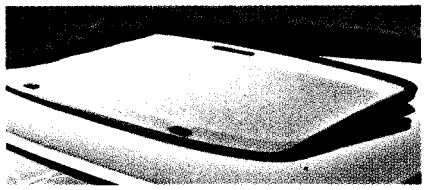

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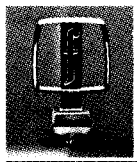

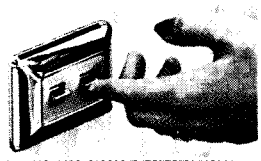

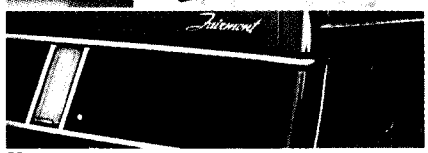

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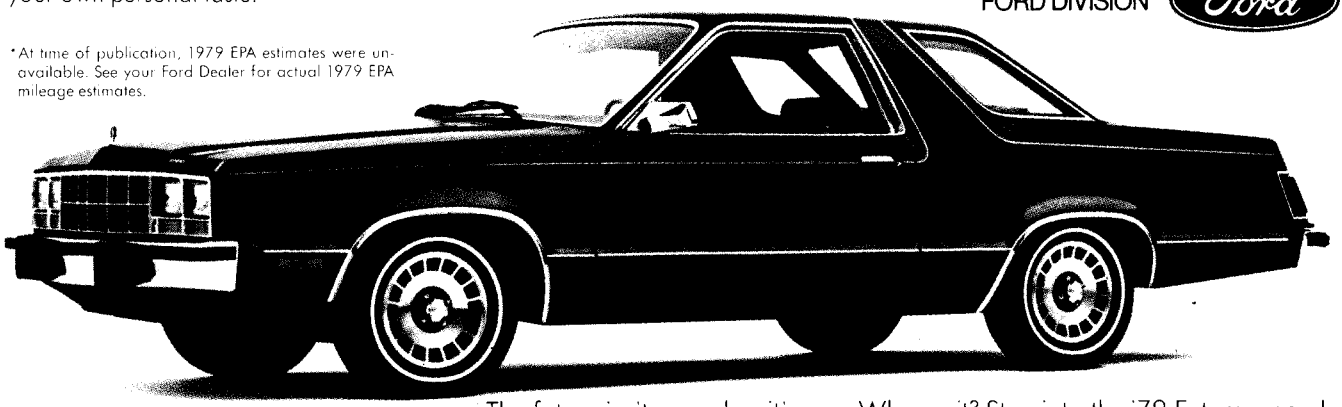

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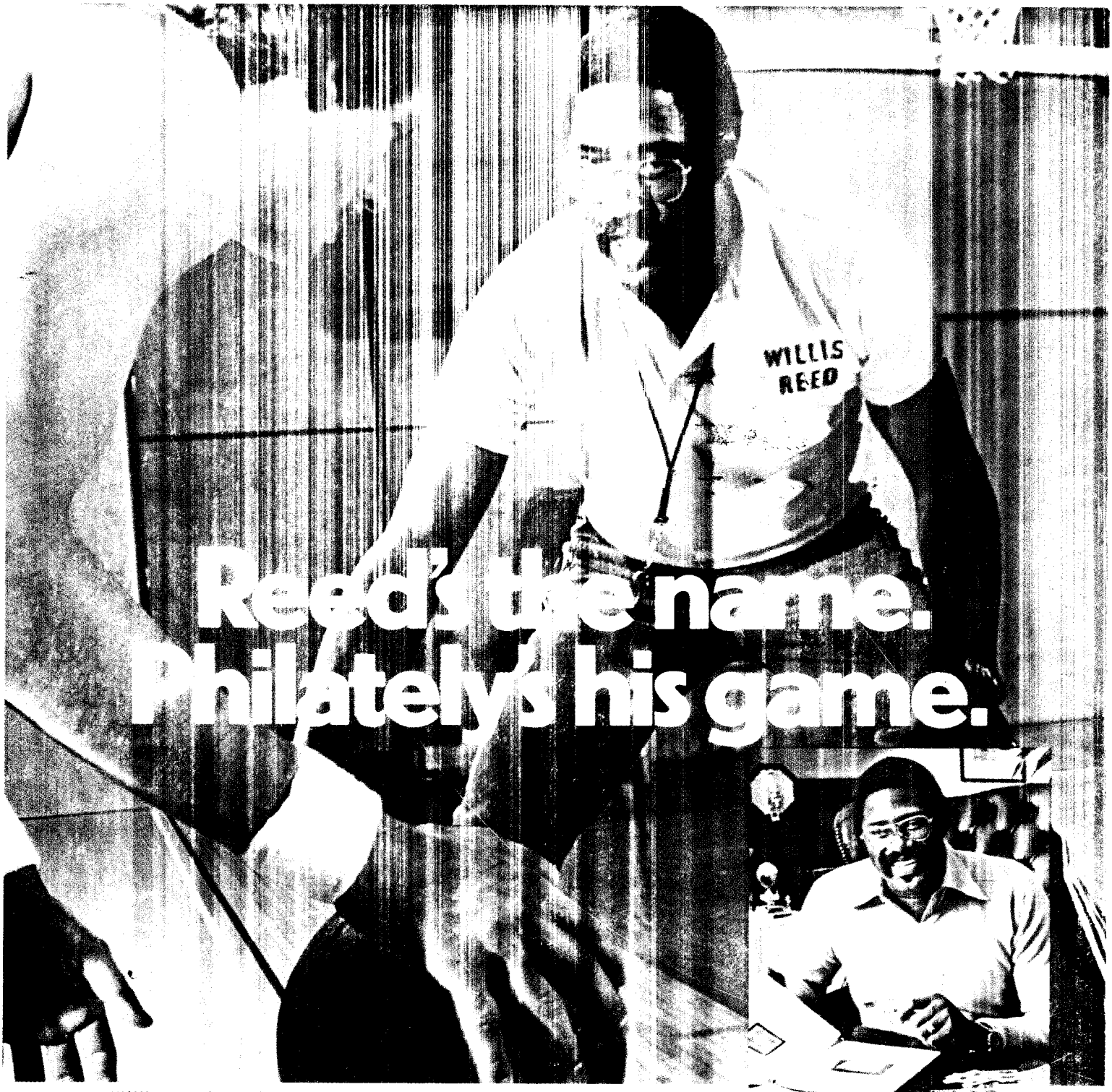

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